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### VON HAMMER'S HISTORY OF THE ASSASSINS.\*

THERE is no term in more familiar use throughout Europe than that of Assassin, yet to the generality of readers little is known of the singular sect from which the appellation has been derived. William, archbishop of Tyre, and the Cardinal de Vitri, bishop of Acre, writers of the thirteenth century, gave some short notices of that terrible band of murderers, the followers and ministers of the celebrated Old Man of the Mountain, with whom the champions of the cross came in contact in Syria; and Benjamin of Tudela, the Jewish traveller, Hariton, the Armenian prince, and Marco Polo, the illustrious Venetian and father of modern travel, made known their first and chief establishment in Persia. The notions concerning them were vague and unsettled; their religious system and political constitution, remained enveloped in obscurity; and the wonderful narrative of the last-named traveller, the details of which will be found in the course of this article, tended to cast a veil of mystery and fable over the society to the eyes of Europeans.

But in the eighteenth century, Asia and every thing connected with it began to excite considerable attention, and the subject of the Assassins could not long remain unnoticed. D'Herbelot had, in his celebrated work, already given some account of them from his oriental authorities; and the copious and even profuse learning of Mr. Falconet, poured forth, (to use the language of Gibbon,) in two Memoirs read before the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, all that was known concerning them. Gibbon's own account, derived from Falconet, does not occupy more than half a page, and in that short space more than one error may be detected. Latterly, the French orientalists have turned their attention to this interesting subject, and the labours of Silvestre de Sacy, Quatremère, and Jourdain, have tended much to illustrate the history and constitution of the society of the Assassins.

In Germany their history has been written

\* Die Geschichte der Assassinen, aus Morgenländischen Quellen, durch Joseph Von Hammer. Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1818. In 8vo.

Museum.—VOL. XIII.

by Witthof,\* whose work we have not seen, but from the character given of it by the author whose work we are now to review, we should regard it as of little value. The last and completest work on the subject is that which stands at the head of this article, written by one of the most celebrated orientalists that modern Europe has produced. This history brings forward, from purely oriental sources, new and surprising views of the nature and organization of the Order, as Mr. Von Hammer denominates it. In English, we may here observe, there is no satisfactory account of the Assassins, except the short notice given of them by Sir John Malcolm, in his valuable History of Persia; and his statements do not, on every point, exactly tally with those of their German historian.† The work has now been published nine years, but we have reason to believe that it is very little known in England, and are tempted to think that the interest and novelty of its details will induce our readers to excuse us for going so far back.

Mr. Von Hammer depicts the Assassins as forming an Order, at once military and religious, like the Templars and the Teutonic Knights, with whom he compares them; and, like them, subject to the control and guidance of a Grand Master, who was named the Sheikh-el-Jebel, corruptly rendered the Old Man of the Mountain, who, from his seat at Alamoot in the north of Persia, like the General of the Jesuits from Rome, directed the motions of his numerous and devoted subjects, and made the most haughty monarchs tremble at his name. This novel and interesting view of the subject Mr. Von Hammer derives from Arabic and Persian authorities, from Ibn Khaledeon and Macrisi, from Mirkhond, Lary, Jelalee, of Kaim, and others. His work is divided into seven books, in which, after a very valuable introduction, he narrates the origin, progress, and downfall, of the Order, and concludes with a very spirited and detailed account—the first ever given in Europe—of the capture of Bagdad and the overthrow of the Caliph, which fell, along

\* Das meuchelmörderische Reich der Assassinen. 8vo. Leipzig. 1765.

† Mariti gives some account of the Assassins, but he only repeats what is to be found in preceding writers. The same may be said of the different historians of the Crusades, with the exception of Wilken.

No. 71.—A

with the empire of the Assassins, beneath the victorious arms of Hulagoo, the Tartar Khan. From this work we shall endeavour to convey to our readers some idea of the organization of the sect, and display the mighty ills which may be brought on the human race by the agency of secret associations, in the history of the most powerful and most destructive one which ever existed. We must, however, previously, with Mr. Von Hammer, give some account of the state of Islam, in the times that succeeded the death of the Prophet.

Mohammed appointed no Caliph to succeed him. The murder of Othman transferred the Caliphate and Imamate, i. e. the supremacy in empire and in religion, to Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet, and his deposition and death again transferred them to Moawiah. From this period dates the great schism of the Mohammedan church. The Sunnites, with their numerous subdivisions, acknowledged the first three Imams and Caliphs; the Sheaites maintain that Ali and his posterity were the only rightful successors of the Prophet. The principal sects of the latter were four, dissenting from each other on the grounds of Ali's claims to the Imamate, and the order in which it descended to his posterity. Of these we shall only notice the Imamees, as being the one most immediately connected with the Assassins.

The Imamees were divided into Imamites and Ismailites, who both held that after the twelfth Imam according to the former, or the seventh according to the latter, the Imam had *vanished*, and that the dignity was continued in a succession of *invisible* Imams. The latter derived their appellation from Ismail, the son of Jaafar Zaid, the seventh, and, according to them, the last visible Imam; the former continued the series through Ismail's younger brother, Musa Kasim, to Askeree, and his son, Mohammed Mehdee. The claims of these Imams to the Caliphate were, in the time of the first Abbassides, so strong and so generally acknowledged, that Maimoon publicly declared Ali Reeza, the eighth of them, his successor, to the great discontent of the whole family of Abbas, who would probably have contested the point, had not Ali Reeza fortunately died before Maimoon, and with him died the hopes and prospects of the Imamees. But the other branch, the Ismailites, was more fortunate, and at length succeeded in placing one of their members, named Obeid-allah, on the throne of Egypt.

To understand fully how this was accomplished, we must cast a glance on the state of opinion in the East at that period. The ancient religion of Persia, pure as it was in its commencement, had been in the course of time greatly corrupted. Macrisi enumerates seven sects, one of which, named Mazdekee, from Mazdek its founder, advanced principles destructive of all religion and morality. It professed universal freedom and equality, the indifference of human actions, and the community of goods; and strange as it would appear, did not history furnish instances of similar folly, it numbered among its adherents the king of Persia, Cobad, the father of Noosheerwan. The imprudence of this monarch cost him his crown; and his son, Noosheerwan, con-

vinced of the pernicious influence of the sect, endeavoured totally to eradicate it with fire and sword. In this he did not completely succeed; the opinions continued to exist in secret, and again broke out, in the time of the Caliphs of the house of Abbas, when the followers of Mokannah\* and Babek filled Persia with blood and devastation.

In this stormy period there lived at Ahras, in the south of Persia, a man named Abdallah, the son of Maimoon al Kaddah. He had been educated in the maxims of the ancient religion and policy of Persia; and national animosity inspired him with the idea of overthrowing the faith and the empire of the victorious Arabs. The bloody experience of his own times taught Abdallah the folly of attempting to overturn the prevailing religion and the reigning dynasty, so long as the conscience and the swords of the military were under their direction; and he saw clearly that secretly to undermine them was the only path to ultimate success. Knowing, also, how hazardous it is to attempt all at once to eradicate those prejudices in favour of the throne and altar, which are so deeply rooted in the minds of men, he resolved that the veil of mystery should envelope his design, and that his doctrines, which, in imitation of the schools of India and of Pythagoras, he divided into seven degrees, should only be gradually communicated to his disciples. The last and highest of these degrees taught the vanity of all religions, and the indifference of all actions, as neither here nor hereafter would they be rewarded or punished. With the greatest zeal, by means of missionaries, he disseminated his opinions and augmented the number of his disciples, and to gain them the more ready acceptance among the followers of Islam, he masqued his projects beneath a pretended zeal for the claims of the descendants of Mohammed the son of Ismail, to the Imamate.

During the life-time of Abdallah and his sons, these principles spread, in secret, far and wide, by the activity of their missionaries or *Dais*, as they were called. The plan of Abdallah was to extend his system gradually, and never to proclaim it openly until the throne should be in the possession of one of its disciples; but this deep-laid scheme was broken by the impetuosity of Ahmed of Cufa, surnamed Carmath, who, fully initiated in all the degrees of the secret system, boldly proclaimed the doctrine of *INDIFFERENCE*, and erected the banner of insurrection against the Caliphs, who were still in the height of their power. The contest was long and bloody, the holy city of Mecca was conquered, 30,000 Moslems fell in its defence, and the sacred black stone was carried off in triumph to Hajar. The struggle continued during a whole century, till the conflagration was at length quenched in the blood of the followers of Carmath. Notwithstanding this severe check, the doctrines of Abdallah still spread in secret, and at length, in the year 297 of the Hejira, an able missionary, a second Abdallah, succeeded in delivering from prison a pretended descendant of Mohammed the son of Ismail, and in placing him on the throne in Africa, under the name of Obeid-Allah Mehdee.

\* The celebrated veiled Prophet.

This was the foundation of the dynasty of the Fatemite Caliphs of Egypt, who deduced their line from Ismail the son of Jafer, and through him from Fatima the daughter of the Prophet.

The secret doctrine had now, in a great measure, attained its object; it had placed its creature upon a throne, and had become the established system in Africa. But it contemplated farther triumphs, and its Dais still overflowed Asia, making proselytes to the claims of Ismail, in the hope of yet overturning the throne of the Caliphs at Bagdad. M. Von Hammer (if his authority, Macrisi, may be depended upon\*) gives, in this place, a most curious and interesting account of the structure and organization of what he terms the Lodge at Cairo, in which the members were, after a gradual progress through nine degrees, fully instructed in the doctrines of iniquity and impiety. Immediately, he says, after the establishment of the throne of the Fatemites, history mentions the meetings, which were held every Monday and Wednesday in presence of the Dai-el-doat or Chief Missionary, and were attended by great numbers of both men and women, who had separate lodges. These assemblies were named Mejalis-al-hicmet, or the Societies of Wisdom, and the members attended attired in white. On these days the Dai-el-doat always waited on the Caliph, and, when it was possible, read something to him, but, at all events, got his signature on the outside of the Lecture. When the lecture was finished, the scholars kissed his hand, and respectfully touched, with their foreheads the signature of the Caliph.

In the reign of the sixth Fatemite Caliph, the notorious Hakem-bi-mr-illah, the assemblies and their place of meeting were placed upon a most extensive footing. A large lodge, named Dar-al-hicmet or the House of Wisdom, was erected, and abundantly provided with books, mathematical instruments, and professors of every description. Disputations were frequently held in presence of the caliph, in which the professors, divided according to the four faculties, Logic, Mathematics, Law, and Medicine, appeared in their robes of ceremony, which robes, it is curious to observe, were exactly the same in form as those now worn by the doctors in Oxford and Cambridge. A yearly sum of 275,000 ducats was appropriated to the support of this institution, in which were taught all branches of human science, and, in nine ascending degrees, the secret doctrines of the Ismailites. The first of these degrees—the longest and most difficult—instilled into the mind of the pupil the most unlimited confidence in the wisdom of his instructor; it perplexed him by pointing out the absurdity and contradiction to reason of the text of the Koran, and excited his curiosity by hinting at the secret text which lay beneath the shell of

the outward word: on which subject, however, he most steadily refused any satisfaction, until he had taken the oath to receive the secret doctrine with implicit faith and unconditional obedience. When he had done this, he was admitted to the *second* degree, which inculcated the acknowledgment of Imaams, appointed of God as those from whom all knowledge was derived. In the *third* was taught the number of the Imaams, which was seven. The *fourth* informed the pupil that since the creation of the world there had been seven divine lawgivers or *speaking* prophets, each of whom had seven assistants, who succeeded each other during the epoch of the speaking prophet, and, as they did not appear publicly, they were named the *dumb* (zamt). The last speaking prophet was Ismail, and the first of his dumb ministers was Mohammed the son of Ismail: as, therefore, this last was not dead more than a century, the teacher had it in his power to declare whom he would, to those who had not passed this degree, to be the dumb prophet of the present age. In the *fifth* degree the pupil learned that each of the dumb prophets had twelve apostles to assist him in spreading the doctrine. The *sixth* taught that all positive religion was subordinate to philosophy. This degree was tedious, and not till the pupil had been well imbued with the wisdom of the philosophers was he admitted to the *seventh*, in which he passed from philosophy to mysticism, which was the doctrine of All is One, now held by the Soofees. In the *eighth* the doctrines of positive religion were once more brought forward; after what had preceded, they could not make any long stand, and the pupil was now fully instructed in the superfluity of all prophets and divine teachers, the non-existence of heaven and hell, the indifference of actions, and thus prepared for the *ninth* and last degree, and to become the ready instrument of every project of ambition. *To believe nothing and to dare every thing*, was the sum and substance of this wisdom.

The claims of the Fatemite Caliph, and the secret doctrine of the Lodge at Cairo, were actively disseminated through Asia by the zeal of the Dais, and of their Refeek or Companions, persons initiated in one or more degrees of the secret doctrine, and attached to the Dais as assistants, which their name denotes. Among the converts and members of the Lodge then gained, was one who founded, some years after, the society which, during more than a century and a half, filled Asia with terror and dismay. This was the celebrated Hassan Ben Sabah, the founder of the Assassins or Eastern Ismailites, as writers name them, to distinguish them from their Egyptian or Western brethren.

Hassan was one of those characters that appear from time to time in the world, as if sent to operate some mighty change in the destinies of mankind. Endued with mental powers of the first order, conscious of his own superiority, filled with ambition the most immoderate, and possessed of the courage, patience, and foresight requisite for the accomplishment of his deep-laid plans, Hassan must, at any period of the world, have been a distinguished actor in its scenes; but no period more calculated for the display of his transcendent talents could

\* In the opinion of De Sacy M. Von Hammer has completely succeeded in developing the organization and principles of the Ismailites. De Sacy is, however, of opinion that the original terms do not fully justify M. Von Hammer in ascribing to them, to the extent he does, the doctrines of atheism and the indifference of moral actions.

have occurred than the one in which his lot had been cast. He was the son of Ali, a strenuous Shee-ite, who resided at Rei. Ali was strongly suspected of entertaining heretical and impious opinions, and could hardly, by the most solemn oaths and protestations, obtain credit for his orthodoxy. He retired at length into a convent, and to clear himself as much as possible from the suspicions entertained against him, he sent his son to Nishaboor, to be educated by the Imaum Mowafek Nishabooree, the most illustrious Doctor of the Soannah, in the East; of whom it was said, that every one who studied the Koran and the Soannah under him was certain to be fortunate in after-life. Here the young Hassan had for his fellow students Omar Khiam and Nizam-ul-Mulk, the former of whom became celebrated for poetry and philosophy, and the latter, under three successive monarchs of the house of Seljuk, filled the first posts of the empire.

Even at this early period the ambitious mind of Hassan, and his long-sighted views of future advancement and dignity, displayed themselves. He one day, as Nizam-ul-Mulk himself informs us, addressed his two companions, reminded them of the general opinion of the success of the Imaum's pupils, and proposed that they should enter into an agreement that in whichever of the three this opinion should be verified, he should share his fortune with the other two. Omar and Nizam readily assented, and the latter devoting himself to politics, soon attained the Viziership under Togrul, and Alp Arslan, the great Seljuicides. During the reigns of Togrul and of Alp Arslan, Hassan remained in privacy and obscurity; but no sooner had Melek Shah, the successor of the latter, ascended the throne, than the descendant of Sabah appeared at court, and, in the severe terms which the Koran uses of breakers of their word, reminded the Vizier of the promise of his youth, and called upon him to perform it. Nizam received him with honour, gave him rank and revenue, and introduced him to the intimacy of the Sultan. Hassan's object in waiting for the accession of Melek Shah had evidently been to supplant his friend Nizam, an object more easily attainable with a youthful prince than with an experienced monarch. He accordingly sought by every means, under the mask of bluntness and honesty, to gain an ascendancy over the mind of the Sultan, and succeeded so far, that Melek Shah consulted him upon every affair of moment, and acted according to his advice. Nizam's credit and influence were visibly in the wane, for his rival sedulously conveyed to the ears of the sultan even the slightest errors of the Divan, and, by his artful insinuations, threw the entire blame on the prime Vizier. But, according to Nizam-ul-Mulk's account, the worst trick he played him was his undertaking to lay before the Sultan, within forty days, a statement of the revenue and expenditure of the Sovereign; a task, to accomplish which the Vizier had required ten times the space. The clerks of the treasury were all placed under Hassan, and Nizam-ul-Mulk acknowledges that he performed what he had undertaken within the given time; but, as he adds, that Hassan derived no advantage from it, but was, on the contrary, at the instant of

giving in the account, covered with disgrace and obliged to quit the Court, for which Nizam assigns no cause, we are obliged to find an explanation of it in the narrative of other writers. According to them, Nizam himself, trembling for his place, contrived secretly to abstract some of the leaves of his rival's accounts, and when Hassan presented himself before the Sultan in full assurance of a complete triumph, to his extreme mortification, the mutilated state of his papers, for which he could in no way account, drew down on him the highest displeasure of the Sultan. Nizam, indeed, confesses, with great naïveté, that had not this occurred, he himself would have been obliged to follow the same course as Hassan.

The latter, inwardly meditating vengeance against the Sultan and the Vizier, retired to Rei, and from thence went to Isfahan, where he remained concealed in the house of the Reis Abou'l Fazl, to escape the perquisitions of Nizam-ul-Mulk. While there he made the remarkable declaration, that if he had but two devoted friends, he would soon overthrow the Turk and the peasant, as he called Melek Shah and Nizam-ul-Mulk. The simple-hearted Reis believed him to be out of his mind, and began secretly to administer to him aromatic draughts to strengthen his brain. Hassan was soon aware of the opinion of his host, and resolved to leave him and proceed to Egypt, to the grand lodge of the Ismailites, of whose society he had long been a member. The account of his first connexion with that sect is given by Mirkhond in Hassan's own words, and as they enable us to form a clear idea of the character of the man, and show that like Mohammed, Cromwell, and almost every fanatic, he was sincere at first, whatever he might have become afterwards, we will lay them before our readers.

"From my childhood, even from the age of seven years, my only object was to attain to knowledge and capacity. I was, like my father, brought up in the doctrine of the twelve Imaums (Imamee), and I formed an acquaintance with the Ismailite Refeek, named Emiredd-Dharab, with whom I knit the bond of friendship. My opinion was, that the doctrine of the Ismailites was like that of the philosophers, and that the sovereignty of Egypt was a man who was initiated in it. As often as Emire spoke in support of his doctrine, I fell into a controversy with him, and many an argument on points of faith arose between us. I never gave way to the charges which Emire brought against my sect, though secretly they made a strong impression on my mind. Meanwhile Emire departed from me, and I fell into a severe sickness, during which time I frequently reproached myself that although I knew the doctrine of the Ismailites to be the true one, out of mere stiff-neckedness I hesitated to acknowledge it; and that if, which God avert, death should surprise me, I should die without having attained to the truth. At length I recovered from that sickness, and met with another Ismailite, named Abou Nej'm Zaraj, of whom I inquired concerning the truth of his doctrine. Abou Nej'm explained it to me in the most circumstantial manner, until I saw fully into the depths of it. At last I met a Dai call-



ed Moomeem, whom the Sheikh Abd-al-melek Ben Attash, the director of the missions of Irak, had authorized to execute this office. I besought him to accept my homage in the name of the Fatemite Caliph; he at first refused, because I had been in a higher rank than himself; but when I pressed him thereto out of all measure, he at length consented. When now the Sheikh Abd-al-melek came to Rei, and by his intercourse with me came to know me, my deportment was pleasing to him, and he immediately conferred on me the office of a Dai. He said to me, 'thou must go into Egypt, and become a partaker of the happiness of serving the Imam Moustansar, the then reigning Caliph. When the Sheikh Abd-al-melek went from Rei to Isfahan I departed for Egypt.'

Hassan, whose fame had preceded him, was received in Egypt with the highest honours; the Dai-al-dot and other distinguished personages were sent to the frontiers to meet him, and the Caliph assigned him a residence, and loaded him with favours. But happening to take an active part in the dispute concerning the succession, his enemies prevailed against him; he was thrown into prison, and afterwards forced on board a ship bound for the coast of Africa. A storm drove the vessel to the coast of Syria, where Hassan disembarked; he then passed some years in travelling through different countries of the East, zealously spreading his doctrines, and acquiring proselytes. He had observed that during the space of two hundred years that had elapsed since Abdallah first introduced the secret doctrine into Islam, though the missionaries had been indefatigable, and the disciples numerous, except in the instance of the establishment of the Fatemite dynasty in Egypt, no temporal dominion, the attainment of which was the leading object of the society, had been acquired. He saw moreover that the Seljuicides, as protectors of the phantom of a Caliph who sat at Bagdad, had risen to the highest power; and he conceived that as he was now strengthened by numerous disciples, he might, as the champion of the rights of the descendants of Ismail, take his rank with princes, when possessed of dominion and power. To attain this object, all he required was some strong position, from which as a centre he might gradually extend his possessions; and he fixed his eye upon the hill-fort of Alamoot, (that is—the Vulture's Nest, so named from its lofty and impregnable site,) situated in the district of Roodbar, to the north of Kasveen. Alamoot was gained partly by force and partly by stratagem; he first sent thither one of his most trusty Dais, who converted a great number of the inhabitants, and with their aid expelled the governor. Historians say, that he employed the same stratagem that Dido had used to gain the soil on which she built Carthage, but stories of that kind are common in the East; and Sir John Malcolm informs us, that the person with whom he read this piece of history told him, that it was in this manner the English obtained Calcutta of the poor Emperor of Delhi.

In possession of a strong fortress, Hassan turned his mind to the organization of that band of followers whose daggers were to spread the dread and the terror of his power throughout

Asia. Experience and reflection had shown him that the many could never be governed by the few, without the salutary curb of religion and morality; that a system of impiety, though it might serve to overturn, was not calculated to maintain and support a throne; and his object was now to establish a fixed and lasting dominion. Though as an adept, initiated in the highest degree of the lodge at Cairo, he had been long satisfied of the nothingness of all religion, he determined to maintain among his followers the religion of Islam in all its rigour. The most exact and minute observance of even its most trivial ordinances was to be exacted from those who, generally unknown to themselves, were banded for its destruction; and the veil of mystery, within which few were permitted to enter, shrouded the secret doctrine from the eyes of the major part of the society. The claims of Ismail, the purity of religion, were ostensibly advanced; but the rise of Hassan Sabah, and the downfall of all religion, were the real objects of those who directed the machinery.

The Ismailite doctrine had hitherto been disseminated by missionaries and companions alone. Heads without hands were of no avail in the eyes of Hassan; it was necessary to have a third class, which, ignorant of the secret doctrine, would be the blind and willing instruments of the designs of their superiors. This class were named the Fedavee or Devoted, were clothed in white, with red bonnets or girdles, and armed with daggers; these were the men who, reckless of their lives, executed the bloody mandates of the Sheikh-el-Jebel, the title assumed by Hassan. As a proof of the fanaticism that Hassan contrived to instil into his followers, we give the following instance. In the year 1126, Kasim-ed-devlet Absoncor, the brave prince of Mosul, was, as he entered the mosque, attacked by eight assassins disguised as dervises; he killed three, and the rest, with the exception of one young man, were massacred by the people; but the prince had received his death wound. When the news spread that Kasim-ed-devlet had fallen by the daggers of the assassins, the mother of the young man who had escaped painted and adorned herself, rejoicing that her son had been found worthy to offer up his life in support of the good cause; but when he came back the only survivor, she cut off her hair and blackened her face, through grief that he had not shared the death of glory. "Such," observes M. Hammer, "was the Spartanism of the Assassins."

A display of the means by which the chief of the Assassins succeeded in infusing this spirit of strong faith and devotion into his followers forms an interesting chapter in the history of man. It might seem incredible, did not experience abundantly prove it, that the human mind could ever be brought to believe, or act on the most unfounded and irrational opinions; but those who reflect on the follies of the disciples of the various fanatics and impostors who have deluded mankind, will cease to be surprised at the blind devotion of the Fedavee. Even in our own days the chief of the Wahabees contrived to instil into his followers the persuasion that he could dispose of the man-

sions of eternal bliss.\* It is not undeserving of remark that the two powers that waged war simultaneously against Islam, the Christians of the West, and the Assassins of the East, were both stimulated by their spiritual heads with the same motives. Those who fell in the crusade were pronounced by the Pope to be martyrs, and entitled to the kingdom of Heaven; and to the Fedavee who fell in executing the mandates of his superior, the gates of Paradise unfolded, and he entered into the enjoyment of the ivory palace, the silken robe, and the black-eyed houries. This known quality of the human mind might suffice to account for the blind devotion and the contempt of life of the Ismailite Fedavee; but Marco Polo, whose fidelity and veracity, like those of Herodotus, become every day more apparent, as we become better acquainted with the history and manners of the East, gives a particular description of the mode in which the Ismailite chief instilled into the minds of those whom he deemed fit subjects, the longing after the joys of Paradise, and the disregard of earthly existence. As Marco Polo's narrative is confirmed by oriental writers, M. Von Hammer is disposed to regard it as true in the main circumstances; but De Sacy and Wilken seem inclined to suppose that the description applies to the visions excited in the mind of the votary by the intoxicating draught which he had swallowed, and not to any scenes of reality.

According to the Venetian traveller and the Arabian author of the "Sireh Hakem-biemrillah," there was at Alamoot, and also at Masiat in Syria, a delicious garden, encompassed with lofty walls, adorned with trees and flowers of every kind—with murmuring brooks and translucent lakes—with bowers of roses and trellices of the vine—airy halls and splendid kiosks, furnished with the carpets of Persia and the silks of Byzantium. Beautiful maidens and blooming boys were the inhabitants of this delicious spot, which ever resounded with the melody of birds, the murmur of streams, and the ravishing tones of voices and instruments—all inspired contentment and pleasure. When the chief had noticed any youth to be distinguished for strength and resolution, he invited him to a banquet, where he placed him beside himself, conversed with him on the happiness reserved for the faithful, and contrived to administer to him an intoxicating draught prepared from the hyoscyamus. While insensible, he was conveyed into the garden of delight, and there awakened by the application of vinegar. On opening his eyes all Paradise met his view; the black-eyed and green-robed houries surrounded him, obedient to his wishes; sweet music filled his ears; the richest viands were

served up in the most costly vessels; and the choicest wines sparkled in golden cups. The fortunate youth believed himself really in the Paradise of the prophet, and the language of his attendants confirmed the delusion. When he had had his fill of enjoyment, and nature was yielding to exhaustion, the opiate was again administered, and the sleeper transported back to the side of the chief, to whom he communicated what had passed, and who assured him of the truth and reality of all he had experienced, telling him such was the bliss reserved for the obedient servants of the Imaum, and enjoining at the same time the strictest secrecy. Ever after the rapturous vision possessed the imagination of the deluded enthusiast, and he panted for the hour when death, received in obeying the commands of his superior, should dismiss him to the bowers of Paradise. Can it be possible that all this is true; or is it purely the invention of the orthodox to throw odium on the sect?

We will observe *en passant*, that we have here, according to De Sacy, the true origin of the name Assassin. Hyde derived it from Hassa, to kill; others from the Jewish Essenes; the prevailing derivation, which is even the one given by Sir John Malcolm, is from Hassan the first chief; but M. de Sacy thinks that Lemoine was near the truth when he deduced it from a word signifying *herbage*, and consequently *gardens*; the word *Hashish*, which signifies the bang or opiate of hemp-leaves, is, according to M. de Sacy, whose opinion is adopted by Hammer, the true root, and they obtained their appellation from the use they made of the opiate prepared from that plant.

Let us now take a view of the society as constituted by Hassan Sabah. The mystic number *seven* appeared every where. They acknowledged *seven* Imaums; the degrees were *seven*, viz. the Sheikh, the Dai-al-kebir, or chief of the Dais, the Dai, the Refeek, the Fedavee, the Laseek, or aspirants, and the Profane, or the common people. For the use of the Dais, Hassan drew up a particular rule consisting of *seven* heads, which our author regards as the proper breviary of the Order. The *first* head, called Ashinni-risk, or knowledge of their calling, contained the maxims of the requisite knowledge of human nature for the selection of fit subjects for initiation, and to this belonged the numerous proverbs and dark sayings which were current among the Dais, as formerly among the Pythagoreans, and since among the Jesuits. The *second* rule, called Teenees, gaining of confidence, taught to gain the candidates by flattering their passions and inclinations. The *third* instructed to puzzle them by doubts and questions on the precepts of religion and the absurdities of the Koran. The *fourth* imposed the Ahd, the oath of silence and obedience; and the candidate swore most solemnly never to impart his doubts to any but his superior, and blindly to obey him in all things. The *fifth* rule, Tedlees, taught the candidates that their opinions coincided with those of the greatest men in church and state. This was done to entice them by the example of the great and powerful. The *sixth*, Tesees; merely went over again what had preceded, to con-

\* A follower of the modern Wahabee, who a few years ago stabbed an Arabian chief, near Bassora, not only refused to save his life, but anxiously courted death, grasping in his hand a paper, which he seemed to prize far beyond his existence. This, when examined, proved to be an order from the Wahabee chief for an emerald palace and a number of beautiful female slaves, in the delightful regions of eternal bliss.—Sir John Malcolm, from a Persian MS.

firm and strengthen the pupil therein. The seventh and last, Tevîl, the allegorical instructions, closed the course. This taught to neglect the plain sense, and seek an allegorical one in the Koran; and it formed the essence of the *secret doctrine*. Hence the Assassins were named *Batenee*, the internal. This system has frequently been applied to the Bible as well as to the Koran, and its powers in explaining away articles of faith and precepts of moral duty, and establishing the principle of every thing being permitted to the chosen, can easily be conceived. This higher knowledge was confined to a very few; the great majority of the members were straitly curbed by the positive precepts of Islam.

Thus constituted, the power of the Order began to display itself. By force or by treachery, the castles or hill-forts of Persia fell one after another into their hands. A bloody period ensued; the doctors of the law excommunicated the adherents of Hassan, and the Sultan, Melek Shah, directed his generals to reduce their fortresses; the daggers of the Assassins were displayed against the swords of the orthodox, and the first victim to Hassan's revenge was the great and good Nizam-ul-mulk, who fell by the dagger of a Fedavee. His death was followed by that of his master, not without strong suspicion of poison. "The governments were arrayed in open enmity against the Order, and heads fell like an abundant harvest beneath the two-fold sickle of the dagger of assassination and the sword of justice."

Simultaneously with the Crusaders, the Assassins appeared in Syria, and by means of Riswan, Prince of Haleb, or Aleppo, acquired fortresses in that country. In Syria, as in Persia, they were persecuted and massacred; and there also the dagger amply avenged those who fell by the sword. In Persia, after a protracted contest, a dagger planted opportunely on the ground at Sultan Sanjer's head, reminded him of the danger of continued enmity, and peace was established between the Seljuicide Sultan and the Sheikh of Alamoot. The Ismailites agreed on their part to add no more works to their forts, to purchase no arms or military machines, and to make no more proselytes; and the Sultan released them from all taxes in the district of Kirdkoo, and assigned them a portion of the revenues of the territory of Koomees as an annual pension.

After a reign of five-and-thirty years, Hassan Sabah saw his power extended over a great portion of the Mohammedan world. Three grand missionaries (Dai-al-kebir) presided over the three provinces of Jebal, Cuhistan, and Syria; while from his chamber at Alamoot, (which apartment he left but twice during his long reign,) Hassan directed the operations of his followers, and occupied his leisure in drawing up rules and regulations for the Order. He died at a very great age, leaving no children; for he had put his two sons to death, one for the crime of murder, the other for the transgression of some trifling precept of the Koran. When he felt the approach of death, he summoned to Alamoot the Dai Keah Buzoorg Oomeid from Lamseer, and Abou Ali from

Casveen, and divided the government between them, so that Abou Ali should direct the external operations and the internal administration of the society; Keah should, as the proper chief, possess the highest spiritual power and guidance of the Order. Sir John Malcolm, it therefore appears, was wrong in stating that Keah Buzoorg Oomeid was the son of Hassan Sabah.

Keah Buzoorg trod in the footsteps of the founder of the Order. Hostilities were renewed between him and the Seljuicides, and Alamoot fell for a time into the hands of Sultan Mahmood. But the power of the Order had struck root too deeply to be easily overthrown, and it speedily recovered from its temporary disasters. In Syria too, though violently opposed, it extended its influence. It was at this period that the first connexion occurred between the Assassins and the crusaders. Aboul-Wefa, the Ismailite Dai-al-kebir, was also Hakem or chief judge of Damascus, and he entered into a treaty with Baldwin II. King of Jerusalem, by which he engaged to deliver on a Friday, when the Emir and his court were at prayer in the mosque, the gates of the city into the hands of the Christians, on the condition of the city of Tyre being given to him as a reward. Baldwin's chief adviser in this compact with the secret enemies of Islam was Hugo de Payens, the first Grand Master of the Templars, which order had now been established about ten years. M. Von Hammer traces a great, though perhaps in some points a fanciful resemblance, between the Asiatic and the European orders. The Templars were divided into Knights, Esquires, and Lay Brethren, which answer to the Refeek, Fedavee, and Laseek of the Assassins, as the Prior, Grand Prior, and Grand Master of the former correspond with the Dai, Dai-al-kebir, and Sheikh of the Mountain of the latter. As the Ismailite Refeek was clad in white, with a red mark of distinction, so the Knight of the Temple wore a white mantle adorned with the red cross; and the preceptories of the Templars in Europe corresponded to the castles of the Assassins in Asia; and as these last held a secret doctrine destructive of all religion, the accusations of their enemies, and the extorted confessions of their members, cast similar imputations on the Knights of the Temple. M. Von Hammer is so satisfied of the correspondence, that throughout his work he uses the terms Grand Master and Grand Prior as synonymous with Sheikh-al-jebel and Dai-al-kebir.\*

The enterprise against Damascus failed; the prince of that city got timely information of the plot; the Vizier, the great friend and protector of the Assassins, was put to death; and

\* M. de Sacy, though admitting the resemblance between the Templars and the Assassins, does not think him sufficiently authorized in this transference of appellations. M. Von Hammer has embodied the accusations against the Templars in a long and curious dissertation inserted in the *Mines de l'Orient*, in which, according to the opinion of the same learned and judicious critic, he has allowed his imagination to lead him too far astray.

an indiscriminate massacre of these fanatics ordered, to which six thousand fell victims. The Christian army, on its march to Damascus, was assailed by a valiant band of the Damascene warriors, as well as overtaken by one of those awful storms of thunder, rain, and snow that at times occur in the regions of the East. Their superstitious minds ascribed this to the vengeance of heaven, justly incensed at their unhallowed union with treachery and murder, and they fled in dismay before their enemies. All that they acquired was the castle of Banias, the strongest hold at that time of the Assassins in Syria, which the governor, dreading to share the fate of his brethren in Damascus, delivered up to the Christians. This event occurred at the same time that Alamoot was gained by Mahmood, and the Ismailite power in Persia and in Syria was thus shaken to its foundation. But the hydra was not thus to be slain; the house of Seljuk was soon glad to agree to terms of peace; the Syrian fortresses were again recovered; in the reign of Keah Buzoorg the daggers of the Order were first imbued in the sacred blood of the successors of the Prophet; and a Caliph of Bagdad, and, notwithstanding his descent from Ismail, another of Cairo, were the victims.

Keah Buzoorg departed from the maxims of the founder, and appointed his son Mohammed as his successor, perhaps with paternal partiality esteeming him the person best adapted to govern the Order. Mohammed was, however, weak and inefficient, but his son and successor, Hassan II., merits particular attention.

Hassan was distinguished for his learning and talents, and the people, despising the weakness and incapacity of Mohammed, attached themselves to his son, who, during the lifetime of his father, countenanced the opinion which was spread abroad, that he was the Imaum promised by Hassan Sabah. The members of the Order attached themselves to him more and more every day, until at length Mohammed was roused from his apathy, and assembling the people, he declared publicly, "Hassan is my son. I am not the Imaum, but one of his missionaries. Whoever maintains the contrary is an infidel;" and in the true spirit of the Order he confirmed his words by instant action. Two hundred and fifty of Hassan's adherents were executed, and two hundred and fifty more expelled from the fortress; and it was only by publicly cursing, and writing treatises against the Illuminators, as he and his adherents were called, that Hassan escaped the vengeance of the incensed Grand Master. But when Hassan had succeeded to the supreme authority, he could not resist the vanity of becoming a teacher and Illuminator; forgetful of the prudent counsels of the founder to the initiated, to conceal under the mask of religious zeal the ambition and infidelity which were to be their secret guides, he, by his mad disclosures of the mysteries, justified the curses of the people, the excommunications of the church, and the death-warrants of kings against the Order.

In the month Ramazan, the Mohammedan Lent, Hassan convoked all the inhabitants of Roodbar to Alamoot. A pulpit was erected

in an open place before the fort, and turned towards Mecca; and on the 17th of the month, when the people were all assembled, the Grand Master ascended the pulpit, and commenced his discourse, by raising doubts and confusion in the minds of his hearers. He informed them that a messenger had come, bearing to him a letter from the Imaum (the Egyptian Caliph), directed to all the Ismailites, by which the fundamental doctrines of the sect were renewed and strengthened. He declared to them, that by this letter the gates of favour and mercy were opened to all who should obey and hearken to him; that they were the true elect, released from all the obligations of the Law, and from the burden of commands and prohibitions; and that he had now conducted them to the Day of the Resurrection, that is, the Revelation of the Imaum. He then read the forged missive of the Imaum, which declared Hassan to be his Caliph, Dai and Hujet, or evidence, and enjoined all the followers of the Ismailite doctrine to yield obedience to him, in all points. The conclusion of it was, "They shall know that our Lord hath had compassion on them, and hath conducted them to the most High God." Hassan then descended from the pulpit, caused the tables to be spread, commanded the people to break their fast, and, with music and dancing, as on festival days, to abandon themselves to every species of enjoyment; for this, said he, this is the Day of the Resurrection. How similar are the workings of human nature, and how closely does this scene resemble the wild extravagances which have been occasionally acted by fanatics in the Christian world!

Hassan, the Illuminator, was, after a short reign, murdered by his brother-in-law and his son Mohammed, who succeeded him, and who rivalled him in knowledge, and in the open disregard of morality and religion.

At this period the history of the Assassins in Persia presents little to interest; but the Syrian branch was involved in friendship and enmity with the great Saladin, and the Christian sovereigns of Jerusalem. The life of the former was assailed more than once by their daggers, and but for the intercession of the prince of Hamar, he would have completely exterminated them. The Grand Prior engaged that no more attempts should be made on the life of the gallant Sultan, and he faithfully kept his engagement, for, during the remaining fifteen years of Saladin's reign, he was never approached by an Assassin. The name of this Grand Prior was Sinan, one of those personages who have at various times in the East, by an extraordinary appearance of austerity and devotion, gained, in the eyes of the credulous multitude, the reputation of divinity. He gave himself out to be an incarnation of the Deity; he wore no clothing but sackcloth; no one ever saw him eat, drink, or sleep; and from sunrise to sunset he preached, from the top of a lofty rock, to the assembled multitude, who listened to his words as to those of a God. But the popular idea of divinity is loose and unsettled; a lameness which Sinan had contracted by a

\* This was precisely one of the heretical notions which St. Paul combated.



wound from a stone, in the great earthquake of A. D. 1157, having proved him a mere mortal in the eyes of the multitude, they were on the point of conferring on him the glory of martyrdom, when he descended from his rock and invited them to eat; and such was the power of his eloquence that they unanimously swore obedience and fidelity to him, as their superior. His influence continued unimpaired during his life, and at the present day his writings are held in high veneration by the remnant of the sect which still lingers in the mountains of Syria.

Sinan had read the books of the Christians, as well as those of his own religion; and whether from conviction or (what is much more probable) from a wish for peace and exemption from tribute, he sent an ambassador to Almeric, king of Jerusalem, offering, in his own name and that of his people, to submit to baptism, if the Templars, their near neighbours, would remit the annual tribute of two thousand ducats, which they had imposed on them, and live with them hereafter in peace and brotherly concord. The king received the embassy with joy, agreed to all the conditions, offered to reimburse the Templars from his treasury, and after detaining the envoys a few days, dismissed them with guides and an escort to their own borders. But as they approached their castles, they were assailed by an ambush of the Templars, led by Walter of Dumesnil, and the ambassador was murdered. The king, incensed at this treacherous and cruel deed, assembled the princes, and, by their advice, sent two of their number to demand satisfaction from the Grand Master, Odo de St. Amando. But the haughty and impious priest replied that he had already imposed penance on brother Dumesnil, and would send him to the Holy Father, by whom it was forbidden to lay violent hands on him, and more to the same effect. The king, however, had the murderer dragged from the habitation of the Templars, and thrown into prison at Tyre; and the perfidious Grand Master, having been taken by Saladin in the battle of Sidon, the loss of which was laid to his charge, died the same year, unlamented, in a dungeon. The king was justified in the eyes of Sinan, but all hopes of the conversion of the Assassins were at an end, and the dagger, after a truce of forty-two years, was again brandished against the crusaders. Its most illustrious victim was Conrad, marquis of Montferrat; and as both oriental and occidental writers agree in laying the guilt of it on Richard Cœur de Lion, we shall examine the evidence with some attention.

Conrad, marquis of Tyre and Montferrat, was attacked and murdered, in the marketplace of Tyre, by two of the Assassins. On this point all writers are agreed; but who the real author and promoter of the murder was, is still contested. At the time, both Christians and Mahomedans joined in imputing it to Richard, king of England, who was known to be on ill terms with the marquis. Albericus Trium Pontium says expressly that the murderers were hired by that prince. Bohadin, the Arabic biographer of Saladin, says that the Assassins, when tortured, confessed they had been employed by the English king; and Mr.

Museum—Vol. XIII.

Von Hammer gives the following passage from the Arabic History of Jerusalem and Hebron, which he considers quite decisive on the subject. "The marquis went, on the 13th of the month Ribce-ul-ewal, to visit the bishop of Tyre. As he was going out, he was attacked by two Assassins, who slew him with their daggers. When taken and stretched on the rack, they confessed that they had been employed by the king of England. They died under the torture." He adds that the same work contains instances of treachery and perfidy of Richard, which stain his character, and confirm the charge of his participation in this murder. We think that Mr. Von Hammer is not justified in making so strong an assertion. We have looked over the extracts from that work, given by himself, in the *Funegeben des Orients*, (*Mimes de l'Orient*), where it is to be supposed he would omit nothing of the kind, and we could find nothing but an accusation of having put some Moslem prisoners to death, and a passionate assertion of the zealous Musulman writer, that nothing could be settled with Richard, "because he always broke off what he had arranged, by continually retracting what he had said. May God curse him." Mr. Von Hammer, too, seems forgetful of the other and most probably the real cause of the enmity of the duke of Austria to Richard, when he regards the assassination of the marquis Conrad, who was a kinsman of Leopold, as the cause of the arrest and imprisonment of the king of England, and thus endeavours to remove the stigma which has hitherto adhered to the character of the Austrian duke. But our author, be it recollected, is a subject of Austria, and may, therefore, be desirous of vindicating the fame of that house; in our eyes, even were Richard-guilty, Leopold was treacherous and unmanly.

Cœur de Lion, unfortunately, cannot be fully acquitted. The defence set up for him by his zealous subjects only tends to confirm his guilt in the eyes of posterity. Nicholas de Trevech, and Brompton have, indeed, given letters said to be written by the Old Man of the Mountain to the duke of Austria, and to the princes and people of Christendom, in exculpation of Richard; but modern writers have, almost without exception, concurred in regarding them as forgeries. In these the Chief of the Assassins warmly undertakes the defence of Richard, and asserts that the marquis was slain by his direction, because some of his people, who had been shipwrecked near Tyre, had been robbed and murdered; and when he sent to demand satisfaction of the marquis, the latter threatened to throw the messengers into the sea; that he had therefore determined on immolating the marquis, and had his decree executed by two brethren, in the view of the people. Against these documents it is objected by Mr. Von Hammer, that the one commences with swearing by the Law, at the very time that the Assassins openly trod the Law under foot, and is dated by the era of the Seleucidæ, when the Assassins had commenced a new era, that of the removal of the Law by Hassan the Illuminator; that the superscriptions are contrary to the oriental mode; and that it is incredible the Chief of the Assassins would draw on himself

No. 71.—B

the vengeance of the Christians for the sake of a monarch of whom he had no knowledge. Yet we see not but that some defence might still be set up for this "absurd and palpable forgery," as it is called by Gibbon. Sinan was the Syrian Grand Prior, and he was not the contemner of the Law that Hassan was. The era of the Seleucide was the one in common use in Syria, and therefore it is more probable he would use that than one only known to the Assassins themselves; Sinan might, like Saladin, have felt an esteem for the chivalrous king of England, and have written the letter at his request; and as for the vengeance of the Christian princes, the Order had, on more occasions than one, shown how little they regarded it. The objection to the superscription is, however, hardly to be got over. The Dail-ekbir of Syria would scarcely style himself Sheikh-el-jebel, of which the Latin *Vetus de Monte* is a fair translation. Yet a translator might have taken upon him to substitute the title best known in Europe. At all events, the weakness of the defence set up by an injudicious advocate does not necessarily infer the guilt of the accused. There is also an oriental witness, at least negatively, in favour of Richard; the continuator of Tabari (see Michaud's *Histoire des Croisades*) says that the murderers, when about to be executed, refused to confess by whom they had been employed; and, lastly, Mr. Falconet and others, with whom we agree, argue, from the generosity and magnanimity of the Plantagenet, the impossibility of his being concerned in a base and treacherous assassination. Mr. Falconet is of opinion that the true author of the murder was Humphrey, lord of Thoron, the first husband of Isabella, daughter of Almeric, and heiress of the kingdom of Jerusalem, who, provoked at the annulling of his marriage, and at seeing his wife and the crown passing to Conrad, employed the Assassins to avenge him.

The reign of Jellal-ed-deen, the son of Mohammed, was a period of repose for Asia. He directed all his efforts to the restoration of religion and piety; sent circular letters, to that effect, to the Caliph and Sultan, and other princes; was dignified by the doctors of the law, whom he succeeded in convincing of his sincerity, with the appellation of New Mussulman; and obtained from the Caliph the title of prince, which had never been conceded to any of his predecessors. His harem made the great pilgrimage to Mecca, and the Caliph gave precedence to the banners of the pilgrims from Alamoot over those of the mighty Sultan of Khwarezm. The Grand Master, also, with the consent of the Caliph, espoused the daughter of Kai Kawas, prince of Ghilan. But the reign of Jellal-ed-deen was too short to undo the evil introduced by his two predecessors; and on his death, occasioned by poison, the dagger again raged among his kindred, to avenge him, at the command of his son and successor, Ala-ed-deen, a boy of nine years. For such was the idea of the Ismailites concerning the Imaum, that they obeyed his commands, as proceeding from one inspired by the Deity, with cheerful submission, satisfied that the ignorance or imbecility of the Vicar of God could not extend to his inspired dictates.

Ala-ed-deen, after a blood-stained reign, was, like several of those who had preceded him, murdered; and the direction of the society devolved on his son, Roken-ed-deen, who had conspired against him. In the time of this last, the entreaties of the feeble Caliph of Bagdad, and of the judge of Casveen, invoked the mighty Mangoo Kaan, to free the earth from this murderous band, who made existence a misery to those who dared to provoke their resentment; and the conqueror of the world issued his mandate to his brother, Hulagoo, to exterminate the dangerous race. His mandate was obeyed; the treachery of Nasseer-ed-deen, the great astronomer and vizier of the Assassin prince, facilitated the operations of the Tartars; Alamoot surrendered; Roken-ed-deen entered the camp of Hulagoo as a prisoner; the other fortresses followed the example of Alamoot; Kirdcoo alone, for three years, resisted the efforts of the Tartar troops; orders for the indiscriminate massacre of the Assassins, wherever found, were given by Mangoo; and, without distinction of age or sex, they fell by thousands beneath the sword of justice and of vengeance. Fourteen years after, the Syrian branch was destroyed by Bibars, the great Mameluke sultan; and though the sect, like the Jesuits, still clung together, in hopes of once more attaining to power, the opportunity never offered; and the merchants and peasants, who still hold the speculative tenets of the Order, have scarcely a recollection of the bloody part it once enacted on the theatre of the world.

We have thus endeavoured to convey to our readers a sketch of the history and constitution of the Order of the Assassins; but it is only in M. Hammer's book that full and satisfactory information can be obtained, and that not concerning the Ismailites alone, but on many most important points of Oriental history and manners; for, from time to time, he makes a pause, and casts a glance over the then state of the Mohammedan world, and numerous are the details, anecdotes, and reflections we have been obliged, unwillingly, to leave unnoticed.

In the opinion of competent judges, M. Von Hammer's work is complete; it contains all that is, or can be, known in the east or west respecting the Order. The correspondence, too, which he is at all times anxious to trace out between them, the Templars, Jesuits, and Illuminati, is often striking, but frequently, to our apprehension, merely fanciful. Slight analogies should have less influence on a powerful mind! and it is to be regretted that he should indulge in such a remark as this: "The *Ancient of the Mountain* resided in the hill-fort of Alamoot, clad in white, like the *Ancient of Days* in Daniel." The following, however, is remarkable:—

"The first and last of the monarchs of the western and eastern Roman empires, of the Seljuces, of the rulers of Thaberistan, the Prophet of the Moslems, and the last of his successors of the house of Abbas, bore the same appellation. The names of Augustus, Constantine, Mohammed, Togrul, Kaiumers, commence and close the series of the Roman, Byzantine, Arabian, Seljuicide, and Persian royal lines;

and perhaps the Turkish empire in Europe will end with an Osman as it began with an Osman.<sup>128</sup>

M. Von Hammer, we doubt not, worships truth with sincerity, but he writes too much in the spirit of a partisan; and he curses and hates the Hassans and Mohammeds of Alamoot as sincerely as if he were a contemporary dreading the visit of a Fedavee. But he is, we should remember, a subject of the sworn foe of secret institutions, and, we doubt not, was in part stimulated to trace thus minutely the history of the great eastern society, as in its destructive career he conceived he saw an exemplification of the evils to be dreaded from secret associations, and a justification of the measures of the cabinet of Vienna. But his censures are too indiscriminate; even the Ismailites were perhaps not so ruthless and abandoned as they are painted; their historians are the orthodox, and the subjects of legitimate autocrats. We know how groundless were many of the charges made against the Templars and the Jesuits; and had Christianity, which was in its origin a secret society, been crushed, all its genuine records, like those of the Assassins, destroyed, and only those of its triumphant enemies preserved, what would be now our idea of its doctrines, and of the characters of its Divine Founder and his missionaries?

Few, very few, of M. Von Hammer's countrymen have as yet attained to the true style of historic composition; and we shall look in vain among them for the elegant simplicity of Hume, or the sober dignity of Robertson. In their writings we are either perplexed and disgusted with tiresome circumlocution and mile-long sentences, couched in the obscure dialect of their national metaphysics, or we encounter the metaphors and similes of poetry and extravagant eloquence. The present work is, in the last particular, eminently faulty. It is completely oriental in every respect but language; its style and its subject are so in an equal degree. Another fault is, that the writer takes for granted too great a proportion of knowledge in the reader. Eastern history, romance, poetry, manners and customs, are as

frequently and as concisely alluded to, as those of Greece and Italy in the works of other authors. We know not how this may answer with the learned Germans, but with us, should the work be, as it deserves, added to our literature, a copious selection of notes would be absolutely indispensable to make it perfectly intelligible.

The History of the Assassins is, in every point of view, a valuable work. It contains, as we have already observed, all that is or can be known of them; for all the books and records of the society were destroyed at the taking of Alamoot, and that is matter, for the most part, hitherto totally unknown in Europe. It fills up an important chasm in the history of the world, and of the human mind; and it is not among the least important benefits which the genius and the industry of its author have bestowed upon literature. The libraries of the east, by M. Von Hammer's account, contain immense treasures hitherto little known and little used; and we trust that his example will stimulate many an Orientalist to make communications from them to the west. From the present work, we may, in the concluding words of our author, "easily estimate what hidden rarities and precious pearls still lie on the unexplored bottom of the ocean of Oriental history. Success attend the diver!"

Mr. Von Hammer has recently published the first volume of his *History of the Ottoman Empire*; of this work we propose giving an account in an early Number.

From the London Weekly Journal.

THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.  
A Poem. By Robert Montgomery. Post 8vo.  
London, 1828. Maunder.

THIS little volume, though not entitled to the extravagant encomiums bestowed on it by two of our contemporaries, is certainly no contemptible production. Though the principal poem in the volume is full of imperfections, it is also sprinkled over with many beautiful thoughts and vivid images, that could only have emanated from a truly poetic mind. As Mr. Montgomery is a very young man, we may fairly anticipate, from his future exertions, far better things, unless, indeed, the judgment of the critics alluded to may be considered infallible. In that case, we should advise him to lay aside his pen for the rest of his life, and repose under the shadow of his full-grown laurels. According to these sagacious oracles, he has attained the climax of poetic fame. The Literary Chronicle assures its readers (that is to say, upwards of thirty or forty persons), that his "*thoughts and language are perfectly astounding*!" and Fine Ear's Family Journal pronounces the Omnipresence of the Deity, "*a magnificent and sublime composition*," in which the author has already "*reached the nobler, the noblest aspirations of the muse*." It is obviously to be inferred from these commendations, that he has even now fully equalled both Shakespeare and Milton; for what more could be said of the former, than that his

\* In spite of philosophy, even the strongest minds will be affected by, and dwell on, these casual coincidences. Niebuhr devotes more than a page of his immortal work to showing how the twelve *Secula*, which, according to Tuscan augury, the twelve vultures seen by Romulus, portended as the duration of Rome, ended in the pontificate of Gregory the Great, and remarks, that the six portended by the legitimate Augurium of Remus, terminated with liberty in the days of Sulla or Cæsar. He farther mentions, from Servius, that, according to one tradition, 360 years intervened between the taking of Troy and the building of Rome; and adds, that from thence to the taking by the Gauls was 360; and, in his note, points out the strange sport of chance, in there being 360 years from that time to the taking of Alexandria, and founding of the monarchy; and 360 more to the building of Constantinople.

"thoughts and language are perfectly *astounding*;" or of the latter, than that he has produced a "*magnificent and sublime composition*," in which he has "reached the noblest aspirations of the muse?" If these critics were unquestionable authority, we should caution our author not to hazard his present elevation by further efforts, for great might be the fall. He has no cause to blush for his equals. Montgomery—Shakspeare, and Milton, form a matchless trio! Even supposing him hereafter to surpass his rivals (the mightiest spirits the world has yet worshipped), no additional wreath could be awarded him,—the language of glory is exhausted, and we should be compelled to "muse his praise" in silence. But, alas! for many an ambitious minstrel, the dicta of our modern critics are not always echoed by the voice of Fame. The bigoted populace irreverently reject the new Gods, and continue the worship of their ancient Idols. As proofs of the lamentable stupidity of the times, we may as well take this opportunity to record the following disgraceful facts. A living poet of the name of Pennie is the author of an Epic Poem, the only "*fault*" of which is (if we may credit his critic), that it is "*too full of excellencies—the splendour is overpowering*"!!! Will it be believed, that this gentleman is lingering in poverty and obscurity, and that his work is no more regarded, than if it were a common *catch Pennie*? A poem, entitled "The Course of Time," by a young clergyman of the name of Pollok, has lately been published in the Modern Athens, which the learned and ingenious editor of the Eclectic Review (a publication of much weight), has solemnly assured us, is of such an extraordinary description, that of the two poems—the Paradise Lost, and the Course of Time—he would greatly prefer being the author of the latter! and yet the mellifluous twin-names of Pollok and Pennie have no enchantment for the public ear! The writer of the "Course of Time,"—the most stupendous effort of human intellect,—has been utterly neglected; while the name of an inferior individual—a Mr. John Milton, is indelibly engraven on the hearts of all men! In Fine Ear's Family Journal, but little more than three brief months ago, another "*astounding*" genius was introduced, in the most solemn manner, to the unbelieving and ungrateful world. We will subjoin this magnificent announcement.

"Of William Kennedy, (esq.) it had never been our fortune to hear; and his book came upon us with an effect, immensely increased by the circumstance that no previous warning was given, of even the existence of a genius of so high an order. *It was like the hurricane at midnight last week*; the torrent, the flash, and the rolling bolt, descended at once,—and our astonishment really exceeded what we can find words to express!—But we have supplied all that our space permits, for this appearance of a new star in the poetical horizon.—We have now only to leave him to that *high celebrity*, as a poet, which he has so deservedly earned!"—*Literary Gazette*, Oct. 20, 1827.

Immortal infamy to the age we live in! this "new star" has already disappeared from the "poetical horizon;" and but three persons in

the whole universe have any recollection of its former lustre.—Mr. Kennedy, his publisher, and his critic! So *short-lived* is the "*high celebrity*" of a young genius! Not to multiply instances of the obstinacy and bigotry of the public, who have invariably rejected the revelations of the Literary Gazette, we may just add, that a Poem, called "Lycus, the Centaur," by a young gentleman of the name of Hood, published but a few months ago, was affirmed, by that *discriminating* Journal, to contain a number of passages evincing such *intense power*, that they would do honour to any poet, (Homer, Shakspeare, Milton, &c.) age, or country." This glorious composition is now so little known, that scarcely a dozen literary men in London have any remembrance of its existence.

We hope these few circumstances (which we have taken almost at random from thousands of a similar description,) will convince Mr. Montgomery of the fallibility of our contemporaries, and make him doubt his footing on the mountain of Parnassus. It is our own opinion that he has given evidence of considerable industry and energy; and, if he is not rendered blind and indolent by self-conceit, he may hereafter attain a much higher position than he has yet occupied.

The Omnipresence of the Deity, as the title imports, is intended to illustrate the universal presence and pervading influence of the Almighty, to teach us "to look through nature up to nature's God," and "justify the ways of God to man." It is unnecessary to follow the pompous analysis prefixed, by the author, to the head of each of the three portions, into which the poem is divided. It will be sufficient to remark, that the first part commences with an apostrophe to the Deity, and is chiefly devoted to the various proofs of his presence and power in external nature. The second part demonstrates the immediate influence of God on the affairs of human life; and the third concludes the poem, with a consideration of the folly and impiety of Atheism, and a description of the day of judgment. We shall now proceed to present our readers with a few of the best passages in the poem.

The following description of the cessation of a storm, is elegant and picturesque:

List! now the cradled winds have hush'd their  
roar,  
And infant waves curl pouting to the shore,  
While drench'd earth seems to wake up fresh  
and clear,  
Like hope just risen from the gloom of fear,—  
And the bright dew-bead on the bramble lies,  
Like liquid rapture upon beauty's eyes,—  
How heavenly 'tis to take the pensive range,  
And mark 'tween storm and calm the lovely  
change!

First comes the Sun, unveiling half his face,  
Like a coy virgin, with reluctant grace,  
While dark clouds, skirted with his slanting ray,  
Roll, one by one, in azure depths away,—  
Till pearly shapes, like molten billows, lie  
Along the tinted bosom of the sky:  
Next, breezes swell forth with harmonious  
charm,  
Panting and wild, like children of the storm!—



Now sipping flowers, now making blossoms  
shake,  
*Or weaving ripples on the grass-green lake;*  
And thus the tempest dies—and bright, and still,  
The rainbow drops upon the distant hill!

p. 13—14.

The next brief extract is pretty:

How sweet, upon yon mountain's tranquil brow,  
While ruddy sunbeams gild the crags below,  
To stand, and mark with meditative view,  
Where the far ocean faints in hazy blue,  
While on the bosom of the midway deep  
The emerald waves in flashing beauty leap!—  
Here, as we view the burning God of time,  
Wrapp'd in a shroud of glory, sink sublime,—  
Thoughts of immortal beauty spring to birth,  
And waft the soul beyond the dreams of earth!

p. 16—17.

The following passage, though too closely  
resembling the "Human Life" of the elegant  
and tender Rogers, has considerable merit:

Survey the scene of life:—in yonder room,  
Pillow'd in beauty 'neath the cradle gloom,  
While o'er its features plays an angel smile,—  
A breathing cherub slumbers for awhile:  
Those budding lips, that faintly-fringed eye,  
That placid cheek, and uncomplaining sigh,  
The little limbs in soft embrace entwined,  
Like flower-leaves folded from the gelid wind;  
All in their tender charms, her babe endear,  
And feed the luxury of a mother's fear.

Next, mark her infant, raised to childhood's  
stage,

Bound in the bloom of that delightful age—  
With heart as light as sunshine on the deep,  
And eye that wo has scarcely taught to weep!  
The tip-toe gaze, the pertinacious ken,  
Each rival attribute of mimic'd men,  
The swift decision, and unbridled way,  
Now picture forth his yet auspicious day.  
Whether at noon he guides his tiny boat  
By winding streams, and woody banks re-  
mote,

Or climbs the meadow tree or trails the kite,  
Till clouds aerial veil his wond'ring sight;  
Or wanders forth among far woods alone,  
To catch with ravish'd ear the cuckoo's tone,—  
A hand above o'ershades the ventures boy,  
And draws the daily circle of his joy!

And thus, when manhood brings its weight of  
care,

To swell the heart, and curb the giddy air,  
The father, friend, the patriot, and the man,  
Share in the love of Heaven's parental plan;  
Till age o'ersteal his mellow'd form at last,  
And wintry locks tell summer youth is past;  
Then, like the sun slow-wheeling to the wave,  
He sinks with glory to a welcome grave!

p. 66—68.

The description of the last dread scene is ex-  
tremely spirited.—The closing line of the sub-  
joined extract is particularly fine:

O! say, what Fancy, though endow'd sublime,  
Can picture truly that tremendous time,  
When the last sun shall blaze upon the sea,  
And Earth be dash'd into Eternity!  
A cloudy mantle will enwrap that sun,  
Whose face so many worlds have gazed upon!

The placid moon, beneath whose pensive beam  
We all have loved to wander and to dream,  
Dyed into blood, shall glare from pole to pole,  
And light the airy tempests as they roll!

And those sweet stars, that, like familiar eyes,  
Are wont to smile a welcome from the skies,  
Thick as the hail-drops, from their depths will  
bound,

And far terrific meteors flash around!—  
But while the skies are shatter'd by the war  
Of planet, moon, rent cloud, and down shot  
star,—

Stupendous wreck below!—a burning world!  
As if the flames of hell were on the winds un-  
fur'd! p. 101—102.

The description of the resurrection of all  
men is equally spirited and forcible:

Hark! from the deep of heaven, a trumpet-  
sound

Thunders the dizzy universe around;  
From north to south, from east to west, it  
rolls,

A blast that summons all created souls!  
*And swift as ripples rise upon the deep,*  
The dead awoken from their dismal sleep:  
The sea has heard it!—coiling up with dread,  
*Myriads of mortals flash from out her bed;*  
The graves fly open, and, with awful strife,  
The dust of ages startles into life!

And lo! the living harvest of the Earth,  
Reap'd from the grave to share a second birth;  
*Millions of eyes, with one deep dreadful stare,*  
*Gaze upward through the burning realms of*  
*air;*

*While shapes, and shrouds, and ghastly fea-  
tures gleam,*

*Like lurid snow-flakes in the moonlight beam.*  
p. 104—107.

The above are the most favourable speci-  
mens of the author's powers, we have been  
able to select from the "Omnipresence of the  
Deity;" but there are a few lines in a Poem  
at the end of the volume, entitled "The Cru-  
cifixion," which in justice to the author we  
cannot think of omitting. The following pas-  
sage has much force and beauty:

Earth quail'd,  
As though some spirit of the skies had come  
To heave her huge foundations! Every rock  
And mountain shook, while o'er the muttering  
deep

The dismal waters coil'd,—as if they fear'd!  
And last, the graves unlock'd themselves, and  
shades

Stalk'd out, and glided through the quaking  
town,

*And floated by the living, like faint gleams  
Of fairy moonlight o'er a pallid wall!*

p. 179—180.

And the next, perhaps, is still more beautiful.  
Two thousand years have swiftly travell'd  
down

The gulf of time, since on the glorious Cross,  
Divinest Martyr, Thou wert nail'd!—The  
World,

With all its pageantry and pride, is moving on;  
Men smile and struggle,—labour, sin, and die,  
As if Thy blood had never blotted out

'The crimes of earth; as if, at last, Thy might  
And majesty should not appear. Still, Thou  
Hast said! and Thou wilt visit earth again!  
But not the homeless orphan of the world,  
To wander on in pain and wo,—and weep and  
starve,  
And perish on the tree;—but, on Thy car  
Of lightning, rolling from the unfathom'd  
depths  
Of heaven! while spirits, robed in light,  
Brandish their glittering banners o'er Thy  
throne,  
And all the clouds, like burning billows, flash,  
And bound beneath Thy feet!—The trump  
shall peal  
That deed-awakening blast, more full and  
deep  
Than thunder in its maddest roar! The Sea  
Shall yawn, and all her buried hosts arise!  
The graves burst open, and the dust unite  
Into a living form!—and then shall come  
The Judgment, and the Everlasting Doom!

p. 182—184.

From the portions of it, which we have now  
laid before our readers, it will be sufficiently  
evident that Mr. Montgomery's volume is not  
without indications of poetic genius. We re-  
ceive it as an earnest of future excellence:  
though it contains no single poem which may  
be considered, on the whole, as a successful  
performance. In every page there are certain  
puerilities of thought and language, which be-  
tray the immaturity of the writer, whose taste  
and judgment are exceedingly imperfect. As  
we have supported our commendation by speci-  
mens, we shall also prove the justice of our  
censure in the same manner. One of the most  
common faults in young poets is a love of an-  
tithesis, which consists more in the opposition  
of sound than of sense. The following lines  
are mere nonsense; but the balance of the mu-  
sic may hallow them in the writer's estima-  
tion:—

"With joys that gladden, and with woes that  
grieve.

"Unveils the villain, and condemns the man."

It is very odd, certainly, that joys should  
make us joyful, or that woes should make us  
sad: but how came the author to treat the vil-  
lain differently from the man—why only *un-  
veil the villain*, and actually *condemn the man*,  
perhaps to a seven years' transportation?  
Another proof of juvenility and bad taste is the  
continual repetition of the same word or rhyme.  
The word *tone* is not only used too frequently,  
but often incorrectly.

"Ere matter form'd at thy creative *tone*."

"And Seraphs shudder at thy dreadful *tone*."

"Beneath the terror of thy tempest *tones*."

"And when with bended knee and reverent  
*tone*."

"She shook not—shriek'd not—raised no ma-  
niac *tone*."

"Roars the deep thunder of his judgment  
*tone*."

"Adown the brushy dale their tinkling *tones*."

Pope tells us, in his Essay on Criticism, of

"Those who ring round the same unvaried  
chimes,

With sure returns of still expected rhymes:

Where'er you find 'the cooling western breeze,'  
In the next line it 'whispers through the  
trees';

If crystal streams 'with pleasing murmurs  
creep,'

The reader's threaten'd—not in vain—with  
'sleep';"

and so it is with Mr. Montgomery. He has  
couplets of favourite rhymes which are quite  
inseparable, and therefore the appearance of  
the one is the announcement of the other.

"Creation's master-piece! a breath of God,  
Ray of his glory, quicken'd at his nod."

"And while Creation stagger'd at his nod,  
Mock the dread presence of the mighty God."

"And here, while sitting 'neath the gaze of  
God,

Think how the universe obeys his nod."

"Sublime! supreme! and universal God,  
Though orbs unnumber'd hang beneath thy  
nod."

Among his peculiar phrases are "*racked surges*"  
—"racking nature,"—"a dizzy twine of yel-  
low lustre!" What is this?—"billows of music"  
—"billowy bosom of the air"—"*deathly gaze*,"  
&c. &c. In the following couplet the stars are  
represented as very cozy and comfortable, and  
not easily put out in the wettest weather:

"Ye quenchless stars! so eloquently bright,  
Untroubled sentries of the listening night."

As the Night herself keeps watch, there is  
of course no occasion for her sentries to trou-  
ble themselves.

We have next some curious metaphors and  
similes.

"The ramping winds fast sweep  
Their bristled pinions on the darken'd deep."

"Borne like a sunbeam on the writhing waves,  
One mariner alone the tempest braves."

"While round her neck her streamy ringlets  
fell,  
Like threaded sunbeams on a pallid cloud."

Of Napoleon it is said—

"Nature and him were giants twin."

Our next extracts are specimens of mere  
nonsense.

"With what a gloom the ushering scene ap-  
pears,

The leaves all shivering with expectant fears."

"An omnipresence so supreme as thine!"

A supreme omnipresence! The *expectant  
fears* remind us of Capt. Seely's "*retrospective  
recollections*." The following couplet contains  
a very original thought, which was marked by  
one of our contemporaries as a very beautiful  
one.

"Thou saidst—and lo! a universe was born,  
And light flash'd from Thee, for a birth-day  
morn!"

We must just add two specimens of the occa-  
sional inaccuracy of Mr. Montgomery's ear,  
and then conclude the disagreeable occupation  
of finding fault.

"Some parch'd-up forms, with bony cheek  
and beamless stare."

"Warriors, patriots, and philosophers—all."

"To wander on in pain and woe; and weep and starve."

We shall now close our account with Mr. Montgomery for the present; and he is very much mistaken if he imagines we are not as friendly to his good name as the senseless critics who would persuade him that he has already outrivalled the celebrated names of antiquity.

*From the London Weekly Review.*

#### GERMAN LYRICS.

*Goethe's Werke. Tübingen, 1828. Cotta.*

THE Lyric is the most original and fertile of all the poetic sources; the development of epic or dramatic poetry being more the work of cold calculation than of that divine impulse which inspires the lyric poet in embodying his conceptions; and if, in the epos or drama, any passage particularly awakens our sympathies, it is when the poet, ceasing as it were to be epic or dramatic, is borne by lyric enthusiasm to something more unearthly and sublime. In fact, if we consider the origin of the epos and drama, we find them to have been primarily enlarged lyrical poems, and that those countries that possessed no native lyric poetry, had neither an original epos or drama, as in the cases of Rome and France. To the chivalrous spirit of the Spanish romances literature is indebted for the wonderful productions of Calderon and Lope; and it was the deep interest of the old Saxon and Teutonic ballads that conjured up the mighty shades of Hamlet and Macbeth, Faustus and William Tell. In order, therefore, to form a just estimate of the poetry of a nation, we must be well acquainted with its lyric writers, and to us it appears surprising that our translators from the German should not have employed their exertions on this point, instead of pandering to a vitiated taste, by presenting only tales of ghosts and goblins, robbers and boisterous knights, or the still more contemptible scenes of maudlin sentimentalism, with which they have been pleased to afflict the public. Few attempts have been made to introduce the German lyrics amongst us, and those few have not afforded any real information on this very interesting portion of German literature. We shall endeavour, at least in some degree, to supply the deficiency, and, with this view, propose to present our readers with a series of articles on the lyrical poets of Germany from Haller (1777,) down to the present time, and to give biographical sketches of those among them who are least generally known. As chronological arrangement forms no part of our design, we shall take the field with Goethe, from respect to the living genius of

"Il signor dell' altissimo canto,  
Che sovra gli altri com' aquila vola."

Goethe's smaller pieces unquestionably contain some of the most original conceptions of modern poetry, uniting, as they do, the simplicity of the Greek with the depth of the German, and perfectly free from that besetting sin of our

times—a straining after effect by florid diction and forced display. The author's principal power in these smaller poems arises from his fine perception and description of nature, not, like Wordsworth, attaching himself to vulgarities, but perceiving and calling forth beauties in objects unnoticed or despised by the ordinary observer. He is the Raphael of Poetry, whose chaste delineations are for all people and all times. Goethe's smaller poems, flowing, ingenuous and elegant in thought and expression, have become, as it were, the national property of Germany, resounding alike in the palace and the peasant's humble dwelling. This is the true standard by which poetry should be tried, for, when thus delighting the simplest as the most cultivated taste, she is evidently the child of Nature, breathing the universal language of the human heart.

The poet himself has divided his shorter pieces into *Lieder* (songs), *Romanzen* (romances), *Sonaten* (sonnets), *Elegien* (elegies), and *Varmischten Gedichte* (miscellaneous poems). On the present occasion we will confine ourselves to a few selections from the *Lieder*.

Some critic, speaking of *Romeo and Juliet*, has said that love was the author's assistant in that composition, a remark which may be applied regarding the amatory poems of Goethe. They are full of the most tender feeling, and express all the various emotions of a lover's overflowing breast.

"*Lass mein Aug' den abschied sagen.*"

Taking farewell of a beloved object, has so frequently exercised poets in general, that (like the *Madonna* for a painter) it requires the hand of a master to throw the charm of novelty around it.

*O let me look Farewell.*

O let me look the fond farewell  
Which my faltering lips refuse!  
The pang of parting who can tell  
When grief the soul of man subdues!

Sad now is ev'ry pledge become  
Of love, which once could sweetly bless,  
The pressure of thy hand is numb,  
And cold the lip I fondly press!

O how has ev'ry stolen kiss  
In happier hours entranced my heart,  
Like to the fragrant balmy bliss  
Which spring's first violets impart!

No longer now I cull the flow'rs,  
Nor twine the rosy wreath for thee,  
For ah! though Spring may lead the hours,  
'Tis Sorrow's harvest-time for me!

"*Nähe der Geliebten.*"

This little poem beautifully expresses the mighty power of love, which from inanimate nature calls forth the image and voice of the beloved and distant fair.

*Near the beloved One.*

I think of thee, love! when the morning's ray  
O'er ocean gleams;  
I think of thee, love! when the moonbeams play  
On glassy streams.

I see thee, dearest! on the distant strath  
When dust-clouds rise;  
In deepest night, when o'er the small bridge path  
The wand'rer hies!

I hear thee, dearest! when the torrent strays  
With murm'ring fall;  
In silent groves for thee I go to gaze  
When hush'd is all!

I am by thee, love! though thou'rt ne'er so far,  
To me thou'rt near!  
Now sinks the sun, and smiles the rising star,—  
O, wert thou here!

*"An die Entfernte."*

In these stanzas the poet breathes his deep  
longing after her whom destiny has torn from  
him.

*To the distant Fair.*

Have I then lost thee, maiden dear!  
And fairest! art thou flown?  
Still, still thy voice I seem to hear,  
Each wonted word and tone.

As when at morn the wand'rer's eye  
Is heav'nward turn'd in vain,  
While viewless in the vaulted sky  
The lark sings forth his strain:

So seek I thee with anxious gaze  
Through meadow, wood, and grove,  
And call thy name in all my lays—  
Then O return, my love!

*"Schäfers Klagelied."*

This short poem may be said to unite the  
pastoral, descriptive, and elegiac styles of poetry,  
in the expression of

*The Shepherd's Lament.*

To yonder hill I daily go,  
And, leaning on my crook,  
Into the smiling vale below  
I gaze with wistful look.

My careful watch-dog guards the sheep  
That feed upon the brow,  
And downward to the vale we creep,  
I know not, reck not how.

And there the meadow's beauties bloom,  
And there they sweetly breathe,  
I cull them, knowing not for whom  
To twine the fragrant wreath!

In rain, and storm, and thunder's roar,  
I stand beneath the tree,  
Nor seek yon shelt'ring cottage-door—  
A mournful sight to me!

I view the rainbow's beauteous spread  
Above that cot expand!  
But ah, who dwelt therein, hath fled  
To some far foreign land!

To some far land, and farther—yes—  
Perchance beyond the sea,  
And hence, my sheep, so comfortless  
Your shepherd's days must be!

*"An den Mond."*

The influence of the "melancholy star,"  
whose rays seem to search the depths of a

poetic soul, is here expressed in a strain of tender  
feeling, as the shades of former joys pass  
before the poet's view.

*To the Moon.*

Bright now over wood and plain,  
And clothed in cloudy vest,  
Shines thy radiance, and again  
Relieves my longing breast.

Wide o'er all the landscape nigh  
Thy soft'ning rays I see,  
Mild as beams from Friendship's eye,  
Above my destiny.

What various feelings through the night  
This fervent heart oppres!  
Alternate sorrow and delight  
Are mine in loneliness.

Flow on, flow on, thou gentle stream!  
Ah! how can I be gay,  
When Love's and Truth's and Pleasure's  
dream  
Like thee have pass'd away?

I once that precious bliss possess'd  
Which man can ne'er forget;  
But ah! its memory haunts the breast  
With sad and vain regret!

Sweet river! roll the vale along,  
Still roll on restlessly,  
And whisper murmurs to my song  
In mournful melody:

Whether in the winter night  
Thy rushing torrent roars,  
Or laves in spring the flow'rets bright  
That bloom along thy shores!

O blest is he, who, not in hate,  
Can fly from crowds and noise—  
One only friend to share his fate,  
With whom his heart enjoys

The thoughts that men or do not know,  
Or value not aright,  
Which through the bosom's mazes glow  
In silence of the night.

*"Wand'ers Nachtlied."*

We conclude our selections for the present  
with the Wanderer's Night Song, expressive  
of the feeling which fills the philosophical mind  
after the alternate joys and griefs of this ever-  
varying state.

*The Wanderer's Night Song.*

Spirit of a loftier sphere,  
Soothe of our anguish here!  
Who, in sorrow's darkest hour,  
Dost revive the spirit's power,—  
A weary wand'rer prays release,  
By varying joys and woes oppress,  
Gentle Peace!  
Come, oh come into my breast!

These few specimens, falling, as they necessarily must, infinitely short of the originals, may yet serve to justify the praise which we have given to Goethe as a lyric poet. Similar beauties pervade all his smaller poems, and we shall take an early opportunity of making some selections from his elegies, romances, &c.



From the London Weekly Review.

# ANECDOTES OF THE HINDOOS.\*

THERE are few publications that would form a more appropriate and interesting addition to the library of any young person proceeding to the East Indies, either in a civil or military capacity, than this series of letters. Though not without occasional inaccuracies, both in style and matter, they contain a considerable portion of useful information, much good advice, and many curious and characteristic anecdotes. The writer is an observing and benevolent person, who has acquired from a long residence in the East, a rather extensive knowledge of the character and customs of the native; but being grieved at the ignorance and unfeeling conduct of many of his countrymen, on their first arrival, and extremely anxious to impress their minds with a favourable opinion of the people, it must be acknowledged that he has, in some respects, exaggerated their virtues, and has too often suppressed many of those unpleasing traits, against which it is actually necessary to caution the youthful stranger. It would certainly be little suspected by any one who should confine his reading to this publication, that the generality of native servants are so lamentably deficient in common honesty, that the most palpable discovery of their fraud and falsehood produces neither shame nor contrition in them. But the fact is almost universally admitted, and no where more frequently than in the public courts of justice, where the perjury and corruption of the Bengalees, (who usually compose the domestic establishments of the Europeans,) are as notorious as the drunkenness and debauchery of our English sailors, during their brief stay at Calcutta. Of the native Sepoys, however, too favourable an opinion cannot be well entertained. They are respectful, enthusiastic, brave, and honourable; and are invariably men of high caste, from the northern provinces of India. The Bengalees, though a more subtle and ingenious race, are mean-spirited and effeminate, and form no portion even of those Indian troops included under the general denomination of the *Bengal army*. The following anecdote is characteristic of the native soldier:—

"A singular instance of self devotion and chivalrous gallantry occurred during the siege of Bhurtpoor in 1806. The British army had been four times repulsed with heavy loss in attempting to storm. On the fifth and last attack, a native serjeant, attached as orderly to Lord Lake, perceiving him very thoughtful and anxious, asked his Excellency's permission to join his own (the grenadier) company, which was just about to quit the trenches to form part of the storming party. His request was not immediately attended to, till pressed through a staff-officer on the spot. Lord Lake recommended him to wait till it was his tour of duty, but after being much urged by his orderly, he allowed him to go—when putting his hand to

his cap, he said, 'Do not despair, General. The rascals! see how we will thrash them. Bhurtpoor, my Lord, shall fall this day, or you shall never see my face again.' The storming party went on, and the Sepoy grenadiers, headed by their gallant European officer, succeeded in gaining a footing on the rampart, and even planted on it the British colours. A desperate effort was made to retain their position, but being unsupported, after sustaining a heavy loss, and seeing their European officers severely wounded, the Sepoys were compelled to fall back. All but Lord Lake's native orderly serjeant returned. In vain was every effort made to induce him to retreat; he had behaved nobly, but was still unhurt. Disdaining to quit the spot, he stood on the top of the breach, loading a firelock he had picked up from among the slain; and when called to by his wounded officer, for God's sake to retire, he turned round and said, 'Tell Lord Lake where you left me; Bhurtpoor has not fallen, and I cannot show him my face.' He had scarcely uttered these words when he was seen to fall, and in an instant was hewn to pieces by the enemy."—p. 44-5.

The author very properly takes occasion to remark on the impolicy and injustice of leaving the native army so scantily supplied with European officers as it is now, and has been for many years; and after the repeated representations of the local government on this subject to the Court of Directors, it is unaccountable how so great an evil should so long remain unremedied.

"To each company and troop in the army is appointed one or two European officers, but it seldom happens in time of peace even that one officer is present with each company: and in the field, when most wanted, the casualties of a single campaign have in some instances reduced the number so considerably, that many of our regiments have been led into action by subalterns, and not unfrequently two or three European officers only have been present to carry the regiment to battle."—p. 40-1.

The extreme ingenuity and indefatigable exertions of the native police are well illustrated by the following anecdotes:—

"Two remarkable instances of the vigilance of the Indian police have come under my own observation. The one was that of a horse stolen, which was traced for five days, and was recovered at the distance of 150 miles from the place whence he was taken. The other was in following the tracks of nine men and a dog, which were pursued from village to village for more than fifty miles across the country, and five of the robbers were taken at different places after they had separated. On such occasions the watchmen measure the footsteps minutely and frequently, to identify them when they happen to be several,—and they will in this manner track a man through a crowd, and follow him from one street to another till he quits the village, and then continue the pursuit till they come up with him. There is a remarkable but well authenticated fact of a thief-taker, who, having in vain followed the tracks of a man who had stolen a horse from the lines of a regiment of European dragoons, accidentally recognised the same footsteps six months after,

\* Letters addressed to a Young Person in India; calculated to afford instruction for his conduct in general, &c. By Lieut. Col. John Briggs, late resident at Satara. 12mo. London, 1828. Murray.

in the middle of a fair at some town several miles off. The foot was particularly hollow, and left a very remarkable impression, by which it was known, and after several hours' tracking, the police-man traced the thief out of the fair, and apprehended him on his road to a neighbouring village, when he confessed the robbery of the horse, and led to its recovery."

It would be very convenient to many persons in this country, whose time is too valuable to be wasted on the garrulous and long-lingering visitor, if the custom mentioned in our next brief extract were as allowable here as in India:—"In Europe it is usual to wait till the visitor rises before the ceremony ends; in the East the master of the house determines the length of the visit by ordering spices, perfumes, and pân (the leaf eaten by the Indians after their meals,) to be brought, which he presents with his own hand, the leaf always being presented last by the host to the principal guest. When perfumes and pân are not at hand (which is sometimes the case in camp and at the houses of Europeans,) the visit is brought to a close by the master of the house observing, he hopes to see his guests soon again some other time, and by apologizing for not having the usual spices." &c. p. 182.

The following anecdote is very amusing:—"The bull is an object of worship, and in most Hindoo towns of eminence you will meet with tame bulls overburdened with fat, lolling their length in the streets and highways, obstructing passengers and carriages. They are fed by the people, or rather they feed themselves, for they make no scruple at shoving their heads into whole baskets full of grain or vegetables, exposed for sale in the shop-windows, or in open stalls; and although driven away by the waving of handkerchiefs in their faces, or by other gentle methods, yet no Hindoo of any character would think of striking one of these animals with such severity as to endanger its life, or would run the risk of maiming the sacred brute. And, ridiculous as it may sound, you may often see a Hindoo driving away one of these animals from his grain basket by hearty slaps on the face and on the back, addressing him at the same time by the respectful title of 'mahraj! mahraj!' meaning 'your holiness,' or 'your worship.'"

It appears that the Mahomedans have adopted many of the prejudices of the Hindoos, and refuse to allow persons of low caste to touch their culinary vessels, or to bring them water. The author remarks, that Europeans disregard all distinctions of this nature; but this is by no means the fact, for no English gentleman in India would allow a Pariah to wait at his table. It would be considered an insult to his guests, and be so disreputable in the eyes of the natives, that he would find it difficult to induce another servant of any respectability to remain with him. The more wealthy and well-informed Mahomedans pay considerable respect to these peculiarities of the Hindoos, and sometimes but very little attention to the dogmas of the Koran. The writer of this review has dined in company with Nawaubs, when pork has been a conspicuous dish: and was once present at an entertainment given by an English judge, when the company were kept waiting for a

Yorkshire ham, which the servants declined bringing to the table. The Nawaub Shumshar Bahadur, of Bandaht, in Bundelcund, as it happened, was one of the party; and, on hearing the cause of the delay, went himself into the Babachee Khannah, or cook-room, and brought in the dish in his own hands. When the servants beheld this, they very reasonably remarked, that it was well enough for so great a prince, who might do any thing with impunity, and even with éclat, but that such conduct might be the ruin of a humbler man.

Though the author of these letters is generally correct in his assertions, he has fallen into a few trifling errors, which are nevertheless of such a description as to excite our wonder, in a person of so much experience. He observes, for instance (at page 76), that "it is proper to mention the extreme disgust the Hindoos evince to the habit of spitting." Now it is a curious fact, that however cleanly the Hindoos are in most particulars, they are guilty of this custom to a remarkable excess. A *pig-dannee*, or brass spittoon, is an indispensable piece of furniture in every Hindoo habitation; and it is known to every officer in the Bengal army, that at exercise-parades, after any fatiguing manœuvres, the Sepoys are directed by the commanding officer to halt—stand at ease—and spit; when immediately, from one end of the line to the other, the native officers and privates indulge in this disgusting practice.

It is with much pleasure that we coincide in the opinion expressed in this work, that no person, whether in the civil or military service of the East India Company, may despair of honour and promotion who will carefully study the native languages, and attend the duties of his profession. Any young man of superior industry and intelligence, with a competent knowledge of the native languages, is almost certain of some lucrative appointment. The pecuniary reward however (so pompously offered in general orders) of a few months extra pay to those officers who should attain a proficiency in several of the most difficult oriental dialects, is too paltry, to encourage a single student. The mere salary of his moonshee, and the purchase of his books, would be nearly twenty times the amount. There is a report circulating among those interested in Indian politics, that the Court of Directors have at length agreed to admit a large class of persons into their service who have been hitherto unjustly excluded from all reputable employment in the East—we mean the Indo-Britains, or Anglo-Asiatics or Half-Castes, by whatever name it may be thought proper to designate them; for there has been a considerable controversy among themselves and the Bengal public on the subject of their nomenclature. If this report of the Indo-British emancipation be correct, as we have reason to believe it is, it will reflect more credit on the Company than the miserable government order before alluded to, or indeed any of their late public acts. Up to this period, any person unfortunately born of an Indian mother, however high the rank of the English father, has been held inadmissible to any respectable society, and disowned and despised alike by natives and Europeans.

Sir John Malcolm's excellent code of In-

structions to the servants of the East India Company, is bound up with the volume before us, and will add greatly to the utility of the work.

From the Literary Gazette.

ONE HUNDRED FABLES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED. By James Northcote, R.A., &c. &c. Embellished with Two Hundred and Eighty Engravings on Wood. 12mo. pp. 272. London, 1828. G. Lawford.

ALTHOUGH, from their invention by Æsop, or rather by Hesiod, fables have been, at all times and in all countries, a favourite mode of communicating instruction to the young, we confess that we have frequently had our doubts with regard to their beneficial tendency in that respect. The very fiction on which they are founded,—the ascribing to beasts, and birds, and reptiles, not merely human speech, but human passions and human reason,—is calculated to confound and mislead the infant mind; incapable as it must be of distinguishing between what is required in narratives of fact, and what is permitted in creations of fancy. Add to this, that the moral of a fable is not always sound; and that the morals of different fables are frequently contradictory.—In the case of “children of a larger growth,” however, these objections (at least some of them) are not equally applicable; and a brief and forcible apologue may frequently convey a lesson more effectively than any grave and elaborate didactic composition; and with a much better chance of being remembered.

Mr. Northcote observes, that his chief inducement in making the present collection was the amusement and employment it afforded him, in the way of his profession as a painter, in sketching designs for each fable.—Many of these designs are highly ingenious, and possess great merit. They are engraved on wood by some of our best artists in that line; and are, generally speaking, executed with much skill. If, occasionally, there may appear in them a little want of clearness, a little adhesion of one part to another, it is most likely that these deficiencies are attributable to the impracticability, even with the utmost care and attention, of giving to the impressions from blocks when printed in the page with type, the same beauty which they exhibit when printed by themselves.—The ornamental letter at the beginning, and the vignette at the end of every fable, are the invention of Mr. William Harvey, whom Mr. Northcote justly calls “one of the most distinguished artists in his profession.” Most of them are admirable; and the adaptation of the vignettes to the respective fables which precede them, is in many instances singularly happy. Mr. Harvey also, it seems, made the drawings on the wood, from Mr. Northcote’s designs, for the prints at the head of every fable.

Of the fables themselves, some are derived from foreign sources; but the greater number are of Mr. Northcote’s own invention. Mr. Northcote evinces in them considerable saga-

city and discrimination; although sometimes, perhaps, the view which he takes of human nature may be liable to the imputation of being rather cynical. The following extracts will show that his diction is generally perspicuous and unaffected; though we must except the beginning of the fable of the Lion and the Ape, which is the very reverse.

“*The Hunted Fox.*—An active young fox, who was exceedingly notorious for his depredations on the poultry in his neighbourhood, was once discovered in the fact, and so closely pursued by the enraged peasants, whose property he had invaded, that he did not escape without several severe blows and wounds, of which he made grievous complaint and great outcry when he arrived among his companions, declaring, at the same time, that he neither knew nor could imagine who they were that had thus cruelly assaulted him. A grave old fox who heard him, replied, that as he declared he could not conceive who they were who had so roughly treated him, he must of necessity be liable to one of these two odious accusations, either of which would be sufficient to exclude him from being an object of pity: that of having offended so many as to be confounded by the number of his enemies, or that of forgetting those to whom he had done injuries worthy of resentment.—*Application.* We too often meet with men who very much resemble the fox in this fable, who, from a violent partiality to themselves and their own interests, can with great facility gloss over their meanest actions, which are soon dismissed from their memories, leaving no more impression than if they had been written on the surface of the water; whilst, on the contrary, the slightest injuries done them, fix in their minds like inscriptions written with a pen of iron on a rock. But our actions in our own view are like the last syllables of words, which every man makes rhyme to what he thinks fit.”

“*The vain Glow-Worm.*—A certain glow-worm had long been the object of admiration amongst his humble acquaintance, the insects of the hedge where he made a figure; and every night would condescend to illumine them with the splendour of his light, and in return received the homage of his reptile court with a most gracious air of affected condescension. On one occasion a small-waisted flatterer obtruded himself on his notice, by observing, ‘that his humility was wonderful, and advised him by all means to make himself more public, and to shine in a more exalted circle, that the great world might become the witnesses of such attractions!’ ‘No, no,’ replied the grovelling spirited glow-worm, ‘that is not to my taste; for, between ourselves, my great delight is to be in company where I can preside, and be regarded as a wonder—no matter though it be from their inferiority or ignorance. Whereas, if I associate with those of higher endowments, I shall feel my pride mortified, and appear, even to myself, to be no better than a poor worm.’—*Application.* There are certain dispositions of the mind that incline men to a base and vulgar ambition, a desire of shining at any rate; and therefore they seek out for such companions only, as are confessedly their inferiors, where no improvement can be gained, where

flattery and admiration are received by them with pleasure, although offered by the meanest of mortals; and preferred before the counsel of the wise, or the admonition of the good. But such egotists must ever remain in all their errors. Instruction gives them pain, because it lessens their self-importance; nor can they bear the shock of feeling themselves surpassed, and from that mean motive shun such opportunities as might render them fit for the highest society; for he who would become a master, must first submit to the humble station of a pupil. None are so empty as those who are full of themselves."

"*The Lion and the Ape.*—An old lion had long been despotic sovereign of the forest, and of course accustomed to the abject homage of every inferior animal in it, as is common in courts, each trying to out-do his companions in servility;—when a pert malicious ape, who wished to give his powerful master some pain, and yet escape his rage, as he well knew it was as much as his life was worth to offend him openly, therefore sought how he might artfully mortify him under the mask of friendship, but keep out of the scrape himself, and at the same time insidiously cause the ruin of his competitors for court favour. With this intent he lost no opportunity of obtaining private conferences with the lion, and on all occasions was busy to inform him of what, he said, he had heard against his character and disposition, from those whom the lion had taken to be his best friends—saying, the fox had accused him of tyranny—the horse had complained he was blood-thirsty—the bull that he was selfish and cruel—and the stag, that he knew not what mercy was. At length the lion, no longer able to suffer this artful and malignant harangue, furiously replied: 'Thinkest thou, base and pitiful traitor, thus to abuse me to my face, in attributing all those crimes to me; and that thou canst escape my vengeance by saying they are the remarks of my good and faithful subjects? No, foolish animal, take thy death for thy officious pains, and thus become of some use to others by the terror of thy example.' So saying, he instantly crushed him to pieces."

—*Application.* There are some artful gossips, who take a malicious delight in tormenting their intimates, by relating every idle rumour which they have heard against them; and, under a pretence of pure friendship, accompanied with the pride of offering good advice, conclude they shall escape the odium of giving pain, which they deserve to incur: but the triumphs of those petty tyrants, notwithstanding all their art, turn out at last to their own hurt; for their visits are soon found to forebode our vexation, and at length we shun them as we shun disease. Those who blow the coals of others' strife, may chance to have the sparks fly in their own face."

"*The Congregation of Pious Animals.*—Once upon a time it is said that an extraordinary fit of piety influenced the animal creation to offer up their grateful acknowledgments to Jupiter for the various gifts and endowments he had bestowed upon them; and when assembled, some of the most forward of them, with much seeming humility and thankfulness, professed the deepest sense of the peculiar happy

talents and dispositions with which they vainly thought they were blessed. The peacock returned thanks for the exquisite sweetness of his voice—the hog for his love of cleanliness—the viper for his harmless disposition—the cuckoo for the pleasing variety of his musical notes—and the goose for the gracefulness of her carriage; and so on. Jupiter accepted this commendable act of duty, in return for real blessings that they undoubtedly did enjoy; but at the same time informed them, that their being so very particular as to specify those endowments was quite unnecessary, as the particular gifts which each of them had to boast of, were best known to himself, who gave them."

—*Application.* It frequently happens, that nature, in her freaks, makes men so perverse, as to pride themselves highly in thinking they possess those talents (in) which every one else can see they are deficient. Even in our acts of piety, we ought to be well aware of vanity and self-opinion, and not arrogantly imagine that we have greater claims to Heaven's promised favour than many of our neighbours, notwithstanding the appearance of things to our own partial and flattering perception."

From the Literary Gazette.

SALATHIEL; a Story of the Past, the Present, and the Future. 3 vols. post 8vo. London, 1823. Colburn.

AN early copy of this work, justly, we believe, ascribed to a very distinguished writer in the varied walks of literature, has reached us too late in the week to admit of our entering upon even a general outline. The hero is the Wandering Jew; and the first volume relates chiefly to his adventures in Judea, from the origin of the Christian era—with some Roman accessories. The second volume is of a different and gayer cast, the scene being laid in Italy, Syria, and Arabia. The third returns the Wanderer to Jerusalem, and narrates its fatal siege and destruction by Titus. We presume, of course, that this entire publication occupies that division of the title-page indicated by the word "past;" and that we may hope for the "present," (barring the bull,) as well as the future, hereafter. Without discussing this, however, we shall simply, by way of foretaste, quote a few specimens of the story, which, being unpublished, is as yet unfair game for the critic.

*The Cedars of Lebanon.*—"As we entered the last defile, the minstrels and singers of the caravan commenced a psalm. Altars fumed from various points of the chasm above; and the Syrian priests were seen in their robes performing the empty rites of idolatry. I turned away from this perversion of human reason, and pressed forward through the lingering multitude, until the forest rose in its majesty before me. My stop was checked in solemn admiration. I saw the earliest produce of the earth—the patriarchs of the vegetable world. The first generation of the reviving globe had sat beneath these green and lovely arches; the final generation was to sit beneath them."



No roof so noble ever rose above the heads of monarchs, though it were covered with gold and diamonds. The forest had been greatly impaired in its extent and beauty by the sacrilegious hand of war. The perpetual conflicts of the Syrian and Egyptian dynasties laid the axe to it with remorseless violation. It once spread over the whole range of the mountains; its diminished strength now, like the relics of a mighty army, made its stand among the central fortresses of its native region; and there majestically bade defiance to the further assault of steel and fire. The forms of the trees seemed made for duration; the trunks were of prodigious thickness, smooth and round as pillars of marble; some rising to a great height, and throwing out a vast level roof of foliage; some dividing into a cluster of trunks, and with their various heights of branch and leaf, making a succession of verdurous caves; some propagating themselves by circles of young cedars, risen where the fruit had dropped upon the ground: the whole bore the aspect of a colossal temple of nature—the shafted column, the deep arch, the solid buttresses branching off into the richest caprices of oriental architecture; the solemn roof high above, pale, yet painted by the strong sunlight through the leaves with transparent and tassellated dyes, rich as the colours of the Indian mine. In the momentary feeling of awe and wonder, I could comprehend why paganism loved to worship under the shade of forests; and why the poets of paganism filled that shade with the attributes and presence of deities. The airy whisperings, the loneliness, the rich twilight, were the very food of mystery. Even the forms that towered before the eye; those ancient trees, the survivors of the general law of mortality, gigantic, hoary, covered with their weedy robes, bowing their aged heads in the blast, and uttering strange sounds and groanings in the struggle, gave to the high-wrought superstition of the soul the images of things unearthly; the oracle and the God;—or was this impression but the obscure revival of one of those lovely truths that shone upon the days of paradise, when man drew knowledge from its fount in nature; and all but his own passions was disclosed to the first-born of creation?"

*A theatre destroyed at Rome by fire may be, just now, an appropriate extract.*

"Rome was an ocean of flame. Height and depth were covered with red surges, that rolled before the blast like an endless tide. The billows burst up the sides of the hills, which they turned into instant volcanoes, exploding volumes of smoke and fire; then plunged into the depths in a hundred glowing cataracts, then climbed and consumed again. The distant sound of the city in her convulsion went to the soul. The air was filled with the steady roar of the advancing flame, the crash of falling houses, and the hideous outcry of the myriads flying through the streets, or surrounded and perishing in the conflagration. \* \* \* \* \*

All was clamour, violent struggle, and helpless death. Men and women of the highest rank were on foot, trampled by the rabble that had then lost all respect of conditions. One dense mass of miserable life, irresistible from its weight, crushed by the narrow streets, and

scorched by the flames over their heads, rolled through the gates like an endless stream of black lava.

"The fire had originally broken out upon the Palestine, and hot smoke that wrapped and half blinded us, hung thick as night upon the wrecks of pavilions and palaces; but the dexterity and knowledge of my inexplicable guide carried us on. It was in vain that I insisted upon knowing the purpose of this terrible traverse. He pressed his hand on his heart in reassurance of his fidelity, and still spurred on. We now passed under the shade of an immense range of lofty buildings, whose gloomy and solid strength seemed to bid defiance to chance and time. A sudden yell appalled me. A ring of fire swept round its summit; burning cordage, sheets of canvass, and a shower of all things combustible, flew into the air above our heads. An uproar followed, unlike all that I had ever heard, a hideous mixture of howls, shrieks, and groans. The flames rolled down the narrow street before us, and made the passage next to impossible. While we hesitated, a huge fragment of the building heaved, as if in an earthquake, and fortunately for us fell inwards. The whole scene of terror was then open. The great amphitheatre of Statilius Taurus had caught fire; the stage, with its inflammable furniture, was intensely blazing below. The flames were wheeling up, circle above circle, through the seventy thousand seats that rose from the ground to the roof. I stood in unspeakable awe and wonder on the side of this colossal cavern, this mighty temple of the city of fire. At length a descending blast cleared away the smoke that covered the arena. The cause of those horrid cries was now visible. The wild beasts kept for the games had broke from their dens. Maddened by affright and pain, lions, tigers, panthers, wolves, whole herds of the monsters of India and Africa, were enclosed in an impassable barrier of fire. They bounded, they fought, they screamed, they tore; they ran howling round and round the circle; they made desperate leaps upwards through the blaze; they were flung back, and fell only to fasten their fangs in each other, and, with their parching jaws bathed in blood, die raging. I looked anxiously to see whether any human being was involved in this fearful catastrophe. To my great relief, I could see none. The keepers and attendants had obviously escaped. As I expressed my gladness, I was startled by a loud cry from my guide, the first sound that I had heard him utter. He pointed to the opposite side of the amphitheatre. There indeed sat an object of melancholy interest: a man who had either been unable to escape, or had determined to die. Escape was now impossible.—He sat in desperate calmness on his funeral pile. He was a gigantic Ethiopian slave, entirely naked. He had chosen his place, as if in mockery, on the imperial throne; the fire was above him and around him; and under this tremendous canopy he gazed, without the movement of a muscle, on the combat of the wild beasts below; a solitary sovereign, with the whole tremendous game played for himself, and inaccessible to the power of man."

There is an equally forcible and superb pic-

ture of a lion-fight before Nero: but a conflict between pirates and a Roman squadron may be a more diversified example of style and graphic power.

"The Roman squadron, with that precaution which was the essential principle of their matchless discipline, were drawn up in order of battle, though they could have had no expectation of being attacked on such a night. But the roar of the wind buried every other sound, and we stole round the promontory unheard. The short period of this silent navigation was one of the keenest anxiety. All but those necessary for the working of the vessel were lying on their faces; we feared lest the very drawing of our breath might give the alarm; not a limb was moved, and, like a galley of the dead, we floated on, filled with destruction. We were yet at some distance from the twinkling lights that showed the prefect's trireme; when, on glancing round, I perceived a dark object on the water, and pointed it out to the captain. He looked, but looked in vain. 'Some lurking spy,' said he, 'that was born to pay for his knowledge.' With a sailor's promptitude, he caught up a lamp, and swung it overboard. It fell beside the object, a small boat as black as the waves themselves. 'Now for the sentinel,' were his words, as he plunged into the sea. The act was rapid as thought. I heard a struggle, a groan, and the boat floated empty beside me on the next billow. But there was no time for search. We were within an oar's length of the anchorage. To communicate the loss of their captain, (and what could human struggle do among the mountain waves of that sea?) might be to dispirit the crew, and ruin the enterprise. I took the command upon myself, and gave the word to fall on. A storm of fire, as strange to the enemy as if it had risen from the bottom of the sea, was instantly poured on the advanced ships. The surprise was total. The crews, exhausted by the night, were chiefly asleep. The troops on board were helpless, on decks covered with the spray, and among shrouds and sails falling down in burning fragments on their heads. Our shouts gave them the idea of being attacked by overwhelming numbers; and, after a short dispute, we cleared the whole outer line of every sailor and soldier. The whole was soon a pile of flame, a sea volcano, that lighted sky, sea, and shore. Yet only half our work was done. The enemy were now fully awake, and no man could despise Roman preparation. I ordered a fire-galley to be run in between the leading ships; but she was caught half-way by a chain, and turned round, scattering flame among ourselves. The boats were then lowered, and our most desperate fellows sent to cut out, or board. But the crowded decks drove them back, and the Roman pike was an over-match for our short falchions. For a while we were forced to content ourselves with the distant exchange of lances and arrows. The affair became critical; the enemy were still three times our force; they were unmooring; and our only chance of destroying them was at anchor. I called the crew forward, and proposed that we should run the galley close on the prefect's ship, set them both on fire, and, in the confusion, carry the remaining vessels. But sailors, if as bold, are

as capricious as their element. Our partial repulse had already disheartened them. I was met by murmurs and clamours for the captain. The clamours rose into open charges that I had, to get the command, thrown him overboard. I was alone. Jubal, worn out with fatigue and illness, was lying at my feet, more requiring defence than able to afford it. The crowd were growing furious against the stranger. I felt that all depended on the moment, and leaped from the poop into the midst of the mutineers. 'Fools!' I exclaimed, 'what could I get by making away with your captain? I have no wish for your command. I have no want of your help. I disdain you:—bold as lions over the table; tame as sheep, on the deck; I leave you to be butchered by the Romans. Let the brave follow me, if such there be among you.' A shallop that had returned with the defeated boarders lay by the galley's side. I seized a torch. Eight or ten, roused by my taunts, followed me into the boat. We pulled right for the Roman centre. Every man had a torch in one hand, and an oar in the other. We shot along the waters, a flying mass of flame; and while both fleets were gazing on us in astonishment, rushed under the poop of the commander's trireme. The fire soon rolled up her tarry sides, and ran along the cordage. But the defence was desperate, and lances rained upon us. Half of us were disabled in the first discharge; the shallop was battered with huge stones; and I felt that she was sinking. 'One trial more, brave comrades, one glorious attempt more! The boat must go down; and unless we would go along with it, we must board.' I leaped forward, and clung to the chains. My example was followed. The boat went down; and this sight, which was just discoverable by the livid flame of the vessel, raised a roar of triumph among the enemy. But to climb up the tall sides of the trireme was beyond our skill; and we remained dashed by the heavy waves as she rose and fell. Our only alternatives now were to be piked, drowned, or burned. The flame was already rapidly advancing. Showers of sparkles fell upon our heads; the clamps, and iron-work were growing hot to the touch; the smoke was rolling over us in suffocating volumes. I was giving up all for lost, when a mountainous billow swept the vessel's stern round, and I saw a blaze burst out from the shore. The Roman tents were on flame! Consternation seized the crews thus attacked on all sides, and, uncertain of the number of the assailants, they began to desert the ships, and, by boats or swimming, make for various points of the land. The sight reanimated me. I climbed up the side of the trireme, torch in hand, and with my haggard countenance, made still wilder by the wild work of the night, looked a formidable apparition to men already harassed out of all courage. They plunged overboard, and I was monarch of the finest war galley on the coast of Syria. But my kingdom was without subjects. None of my own crew had followed me. I saw the pirate vessels bearing down to complete the destruction of the fleet; and hailed them, but they all swept far wide of the trireme. The fire had taken too fast hold of her to make approach safe. I now began to feel my situation.

The first triumph was past, and I found myself deserted. The deed of devastation was in the meanwhile rapidly going on. I saw the Roman ships successively boarded, almost without resistance, and in a blaze. The conflagration rose in sheets and spires to the heavens, and coloured the waters to an immeasurable extent with the deepest dye of gore. I heard the victorious shouts, and mine rose spontaneously along with them. In every vessel burned, in every torch flung, I rejoiced in a new blow to the tyrants of Judea. But my thoughts were soon fearfully brought home. The fire reached the cables; the trireme, plunging and tossing like a living creature in its last agony, burst away from her anchors: the wind was off the shore; a gust, strong as the blow of a battering-ram, struck her; and, on the back of a huge reflux wave, she shot out to sea, a flying pyramid of fire."

With these, hardly chosen, examples, we must rest for the present; for, whatever are its merits, *Salathiel* is not a production from which it is easy for the reviewer to make any extracts which can afford a just idea of its character.

From the London Weekly Review.

#### LIFE AND VOYAGES OF COLUMBUS.

—4 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Murray.—[unpublished.]

THOUGH we have a complete copy of this work in our possession, we shall not this week present our readers with a review of it. A few extracts relating to Columbus's first voyage, and the discovery of America, shall suffice for the present.—The author says, that on the day before the New World was discovered, "Columbus was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation became desperate. Fortunately, however, the manifestations of neighbouring land were such on the following day as no longer to admit a doubt. Beside a quantity of fresh weeds, such as grow in rivers, they saw a green fish of a kind which keeps about rocks; then a branch of thorn with berries on it, and recently separated from the tree, floated by them; then they picked up a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff artificially carved. All gloom and mutiny now gave way to sanguine expectation; and throughout the day each one was eagerly on the watch, in hopes of being the first to discover the long-sought-for land.

"In the evening, when, according to invariable custom on board of the admiral's ship, the mariners had sung the *salve regina*, or vesper hymn to the Virgin, he made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by such soft and favouring breezes across a tranquil ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs, increasing as their fears augmented, and thus leading and guiding them to a promised land. He now reminded them of the orders he had given on leaving the Canaries, that, after sailing westward seven hundred leagues, they should not make sail after midnight. Present appearances authorized such a precaution. He thought it probable they would make land that

very night; he ordered, therefore, a vigilant look-out to be kept from the fore-castle, promising to whomsoever should make the discovery, a doublet of velvet, in addition to the pension to be given by the sovereigns.

"The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the Pinta keeping the lead, from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety, and now, when he was wrapt from observation by the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unremitting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, in search of the most vague indications of land. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, and inquired whether he saw a light in that direction: the latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called Rodrigo Sanches of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves, or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

"They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the Pinta gave the joyful signal of land. It was first discovered by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral, for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail, and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

"The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself.

"It is difficult even for the imagination to conceive the feelings of such a man, at the moment of so sublime a discovery. What a bewildering crowd of conjectures must have thronged upon his mind, as to the land which lay before him, covered with darkness. That it was fruitful, was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived in the balmy air the fragrance of

aromatic groves. The moving light which he had beheld had proved that it was the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? Were they like those of the other parts of the globe; or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination in those times was prone to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian sea; or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as, with his anxious crews, he waited for the night to pass away; wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes, and gilded cities, and all the splendour of oriental civilization.

"It was on the morning of Friday, 12th of October, 1492, that Columbus first beheld the New World. When the day dawned, he saw before him a level and beautiful island several leagues in extent, of great freshness and verdure, and covered with trees like a continual orchard. Though every thing appeared in the wild luxuriance of untamed nature, yet the island was evidently populous, for the inhabitant were seen issuing from the woods, and running from all parts to the shore, where they stood gazing at the ships. They were all perfectly naked, and from their attitudes and gestures appeared to be lost in astonishment. Columbus made signal for the ships to cast anchor, and the boats to be manned and armed. He entered his own boat richly attired in scarlet, and bearing the royal standard; whilst Martin Alonso Pinzon, and Vincent Janes his brother, put off in company in their boats, each bearing the banner of the enterprise emblazoned with a green cross, having on each side the letters F. and I., the initials of the Castilian monarchs Fernando and Isabel, surmounted by crowns.

"As they approached the shores, they were refreshed by the sight of the ample forests, which in those climates have extraordinary beauty of vegetation. They beheld fruits of tempting hue but unknown kind, growing among the trees which overhung the shores. The purity and suavity of the atmosphere, the crystal transparency of the seas which bathe these islands, gave them a wonderful beauty, and must have had their effect upon the susceptible feelings of Columbus. No sooner did he land, than he threw himself upon his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts indeed overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude. Columbus then rising, drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and, assembling round him the two captains, with Rodrigo de Escobido, notary of the armament, Rodrigo Sanchez, and the rest that had landed, he took solemn possession in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, giving the island the name of San Salvador. Having complied with the requisite forms and ceremonies, he now called upon all present to take the oath of obedience to him as admiral and viceroy representing the persons of the sovereigns.

"The feelings of the crew now burst forth in the most extravagant transports. They had recently considered themselves devoted men,

hurrying forward to destruction; they now looked upon themselves as favourites of fortune, and gave themselves up to the most unbounded joy. They thronged around the admiral, in their overflowing zeal. Some embraced him, others kissed his hands. Those who had been most mutinous and turbulent during the voyage, were now most devoted and enthusiastic. Some begged favours of him, as of a man who had already wealth and honours in his gift. Many abject spirits, who had outraged him by their insolence, now crouched as it were at his feet, begging pardon for all the trouble they had caused him, and offering for the future the blindest obedience to his commands. The natives of the island, when, at the dawn of day, they had beheld the ships, with their sails set, hovering on their coast, had supposed them some monsters which had issued from the deep during the night. They had crowded to the beach, and watched their movements with awful anxiety. Their veering about, apparently without effort; the shifting and furling of their sails, resembling huge wings, filled them with astonishment. When they beheld their boats approach the shore, and a number of strange beings clad in glittering steel, or raiment of various colours, landing upon the beach, they fled in affright to their woods. Finding, however, that there was no attempt to pursue, nor molest them, they gradually recovered from their terror, and approached the Spaniards with great awe; frequently prostrating themselves on the earth, and making signs of adoration. During the ceremonies of taking possession, they remained gazing in timid admiration at the complexion, the beards, the shining armour, and splendid dress of the Spaniards. The admiral particularly attracted their attention, from his commanding height, his air of authority, his dress of scarlet, and the deference which was paid him by his companions; all which pointed him out to be the commander. When they had still further recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards, and examined their hands and faces, admiring their whiteness. Columbus, pleased with their simplicity, their gentleness, and the confidence they reposed in beings who must have appeared to them so strong and formidable, suffered their scrutiny with perfect acquiescence. The wondering savages were won by this benignity; they now supposed that the ships had sailed out of the crystal firmament which bounded their horizon, or that they had descended from above on their ample wings, and that these marvellous beings were inhabitants of the skies."

"The natives of the island were no less objects of curiosity to the Spaniards, differing, as they did, from any race of men they had ever seen. Their appearance gave no promise of either wealth or civilization, for they were en-

\* "The idea that the white men came from heaven was universally entertained by the inhabitants of the New World. When in the course of subsequent voyages the Spaniards conversed with the Cacique Nicaragua, he inquired how they came down from the skies, whether flying or whether they descended on clouds. Horera, *decad. 3, l. iv., cap. 5.*"



tirely naked, and painted with a variety of colours. With some it was confined merely to some part of the face, the nose, or around the eyes; with others it extended to the whole body, and gave them a wild and fantastic appearance. Their complexion was of a tawny or copper hue, and they were entirely destitute of beards. Their hair was not crisped, like the recently-discovered tribes of the African coast, under the same latitude, but straight and coarse, partly cut short above the ears, but some locks left long behind and falling upon their shoulders. Their features, though obscured and disfigured by paint, were agreeable; they had lofty foreheads and remarkably fine eyes. They were of moderate stature and well-shaped; most of them appeared to be under thirty years of age: there was but one female with them, quite young, naked like her companions, and beautifully formed.

"As Columbus supposed himself to have landed on an island at the extremity of India, he called the natives by the general appellation of Indians, which was universally adopted before the true nature of his discovery was known, and has ever since been extended to all the aboriginals of the New World.

"The Spaniards soon discovered that these islanders were friendly and gentle in their dispositions, and extremely simple and artless. Their only arms were lances, hardened at the end by fire, or pointed with a flint, or the tooth or bone of a fish. There was no iron to be seen among them, nor did they appear acquainted with its properties; for, when a drawn sword was presented to them, they unguardedly took it by the edge.

"Columbus distributed among them coloured caps, glass beads, hawks' bells, and other trifles, such as the Portuguese were accustomed to trade with among the nations of the gold coast of Africa. These they received as inestimable gifts, hanging the beads round their necks, and being wonderfully delighted with their finery, and with the sound of the bells. The Spaniards remained all day on shore, refreshing themselves after their anxious voyage amidst the beautiful groves of the island; they did not return to their ships until late in the evening, delighted with all that they had seen.

"On the following morning, at break of day, the shore was thronged with the natives, who, having lost all dread of what at first appeared to be monsters of the deep, came swimming off to the ships; others came in light barks which they called canoes, formed of a single tree, hollowed, and capable of holding from one man to the number of forty or fifty. These they managed dexterously with paddles, and, if overturned, swam about in the water with perfect unconcern, as if in their natural element, righting their canoes with great facility, and baling them with calabashes.

"They showed great eagerness to procure more of the toys and trinkets of the white men, not, apparently, from any idea of their intrinsic value, but because every thing from the hands of the strangers possessed a supernatural virtue in their eyes, as having been brought with them from heaven. They even picked up fragments of glass and earthenware as valuable prizes. They had but few objects to offer

in return, except parrots, of which great numbers were domesticated among them, and cotton yarn, of which they had abundance, and would exchange large balls of five and twenty pounds' weight for the merest trifle. They brought also cakes of a kind of bread called cassava, which constituted a principal part of their food, and was afterwards an important article of provisions with the Spaniards. It was formed from a great root called yuca, which they cultivated in fields. This they cut into small morsels, which they grated or scraped, and strained in a press, making it into a broad thin cake, which afterwards dried hard, would keep for a long time, and had to be steeped in water when eaten. It was insipid, but nourishing, though the water strained from it in the preparation was a deadly poison. There was another kind of yuca destitute of this poisonous quality, which was eaten in the root, either boiled or roasted.

"The avarice of the discoverers was quickly excited by the sight of small ornaments of gold, which some of the natives wore in their noses. These the latter gladly exchanged for glass beads and hawks' bells; and both parties exulted in the bargain, no doubt admiring each other's simplicity. As gold, however, was an object of royal monopoly in all enterprises of discovery, Columbus forbade any traffic in it without his express sanction; and he put the same prohibition on the traffic for cotton, reserving to the crown all trade for it, whenever it should be found in any quantity.

"He enquired of the natives where this gold was procured. They answered him by signs, pointing to the south; and he understood them that in that quarter there was a king of great wealth, inasmuch that he was served in great vessels of wrought gold. He understood also, that there was land to the south, the south-west, and the north-west; and that the people from the latter frequently proceeded to the south-west in quest of gold and precious stones, and in their way made descents upon the islands, carrying off the inhabitants. Several of the natives showed him the scars of wounds which they informed him they had received in battles with these invaders. It is evident that a great part of this fancied intelligence was the mere construction of the hopes and wishes of Columbus; for he was under a spell of the imagination, which gave its own shapes and colours to every object. He was persuaded that he had arrived among those islands described by Marco Polo, as lying opposite Cathay, in the Chinese sea, and he construed every thing to accord with the account given of those opulent regions. Thus the enemies which the natives spoke of as coming from the north-west, he concluded to be the people of the mainland of Asia, the subjects of the great Khan of Tartary, who were represented by the Venetian traveller as accustomed to make war upon the islands, and to enslave their inhabitants. The country to the south, abounding in gold, could be no other than the famous island of Cipango; and the king who was served out of vessels of gold must be the monarch, whose magnificent city and gorgeous palace, covered with plates of gold, had been extolled in such splendid terms by Marco Polo.

"The island where Columbus had thus, for the first time, set his foot upon the New World, was called by the natives, Guanahani. It still retains the name of San Salvador, which he gave to it, though called by the English, Cat Island." p. 229—249.

Of Exumeta, the next island discovered, the author observes:—"Delightful as were the others he had visited, he declares that this surpassed them all. Like those, it was covered with trees and shrubs and herbs of unknown kind, and of rich tropical vegetation. The climate had the same soft temperature; the air was delicate and balmy; the land was higher, with a fine verdant hill; the coast of a fine sand, gently laved by transparent billows.

"Columbus was enchanted by the lovely scenery of this island: 'I know not,' says he, 'where first to go, nor are my eyes ever weary of gazing on the beautiful verdure.' At the south-west end of the island he found fine lakes of fresh water, overhung with groves, and surrounded by banks covered with herbage. Here he ordered all the casks of the ships to be filled. 'Here are large lakes,' says he, in his journal, 'and the groves about them are marvellous, and here and in all the island every thing is green, and the herbage as in April in Andalusia. The singing of the birds is such, that it seems as if one would never desire to depart hence; there are flocks of parrots which obscure the sun, and other birds, large and small, of so many kinds and so different from ours, that it is wonderful; and beside, there are trees of a thousand species, each having its particular fruit, and all of marvellous flavour, so that I am in the greatest trouble in the world not to know them, for I am very certain that they are each of great value. I shall bring home some of them as specimens, and also some of the herbs.' Columbus was intent on discovering the drugs and spices of the east, and, on approaching this island, had fancied he perceived, in the air which came from it, the spicy odours said to be wafted from the islands of the Indian seas. 'As I arrived at this cape,' says he, 'there came thence a fragrance so good and soft of the flowers or trees of the land, that it was the sweetest thing in the world. I believe there are here many herbs and trees which would be of great price in Spain for tinctures, medicines, and spices, but I know nothing of them, which gives me great vexation.'

"The fish, which abounded in these seas, partook of the novelty which characterized most of the objects in this new world. They rivalled the birds in the tropical brilliancy of their colours, the scales of some of them glancing back the rays of light like precious stones; as they sported about the ships, they flashed gleams of gold and silver through the clear waves; and the dolphins, taken out of their element, delighted the eye with the changes of colours ascribed in fable to the camelion." vol. i. p. 261—263.

With one more extract we shall conclude for the present:—"As he approached this noble island (Cuba), he was struck with its magnitude, and the grandeur of its features; its high and airy mountains, which reminded him of those of Sicily; its fertile valleys, and long sweeping plains watered by noble rivers; its stately fo-

rests; its bold promontories, and stretching headlands, which melted away into the remotest distances. He anchored in a beautiful river, free from rocks or shoals, of transparent water, its banks overhung with trees. Here, landing, and taking possession of the island, he gave it the name of Juana, in honour of Prince Juan, and to the river the name of San Salvador.

"Returning to his boat, he proceeded for some distance up the river, more and more enchanted with the beauty of the country. The forests which covered each bank were of high and wide-spreading trees; some bearing fruits, others flowers, while in some, both fruit and flower were mingled, bespeaking a perpetual round of fertility: among them were many palms, but different from those of Spain and Africa; with the great leaves of these, the natives thatched their cabins.

"The continual eulogies made by Columbus on the beauty of the scenery were warranted by the kind of scenery he was beholding. There is a wonderful splendour, variety, and luxuriance in the vegetation of those quick and ardent climates. The verdure of the groves, and the colours of the flowers and blossoms, derive a vividness to the eye from the transparent purity of the air, and the deep serenity of the azure heavens. The forests, too, are full of life, swarming with birds of brilliant plumage. Painted varieties of parrots, and woodpeckers, create a glitter amidst the verdure of the grove, and humming birds rove from flower to flower, resembling, as has well been said, animated particles of a rainbow. The scarlet flamingos, too, seen sometimes through an opening of a forest in a distant savannah, have the appearance of soldiers drawn up in battalion, with an advanced scout on the alert, to give notice of approaching danger. Nor is the least beautiful part of animated nature the various tribes of insects that people every plant, displaying brilliant coats of mail, which sparkle to the eye like precious gems."

"Such is the splendour of animal and vegetable creation in these tropical climates, where an ardent sun imparts, in a manner, his own lustre to every object, and quickens nature into exuberant fecundity. The birds, in general, are not remarkable for their notes, for it has been observed that in the feathered race sweetness of song rarely accompanies brilliancy of plumage. Columbus remarks, however, that there were various kinds which sang sweetly among the trees, and he frequently deceived himself in fancying that he heard the voice of the nightingale, a bird unknown in these countries. He was, in fact, in a mood to see every thing through a fond and favouring medium. His heart was full even to overflowing, for he was enjoying the fulfilment of his hopes, and the hard-earned but glorious reward of his toils and perils. Every thing round him was beheld with the enamoured and exulting eye of a discoverer, where triumph mingles with admiration; and it is difficult to conceive the raptur-

"The ladies of Havanah, on gala occasions, wear in their hair numbers of those insects, which have a brilliancy equal to rubies, sapphires, or diamonds."

ous state of his feelings, while thus exploring the charms of a virgin world, won by his enterprise and valour.

"From his continual remarks on the beauty of the scenery, and from the pleasure which he evidently derived from rural sounds and objects, he appears to have been extremely open to these delicious influences, exercised over some spirits, by the graces and wonders of nature. He gives utterance to these feelings with characteristic enthusiasm, and at the same time with the artlessness and simplicity of diction of a child. When speaking of some lovely scene among the groves, or along the flowery shore of this favoured island, he says, 'one could live there for ever.'—Cuba broke upon him like an *elysium*. 'It is the most beautiful island,' he says, 'that eyes ever beheld, full of excellent ports and profound rivers.' The climate was more temperate here than in the other islands, the nights being neither hot nor cold, while the birds and grasshoppers sang all night long. Indeed there is a beauty in a tropical night, in the depth of the dark blue sky, the lambent purity of the stars, and the resplendent clearness of the moon, that spreads, over the rich landscape and the palmy groves, a charm more touching than the splendour of the day.

"In the sweet smell of the woods, and the odour of the flowers, which loaded every breeze, Columbus fancied he perceived the fragrance of oriental spices; and along the shores he found shells of the kind of oyster which produces pearls. From the grass growing to the very-edge of the water, he inferred the peacefulness of the ocean which bathes these islands, never lashing the shore with angry surges. Ever since his arrival among these Antilles, he had experienced nothing but soft and gentle weather, and he concluded that a perpetual serenity reigned over these happy seas. He was little suspicious of the occasional bursts of fury to which they are liable." vol. i. p. 267—272.

From Mr. Washington Irving's previous publications, which have all been of a light nature, we should not have suspected that this author was capable of historical composition. A style playful, humorous, and quaintly elegant, but without ardour and energy, though well suited to the lively essay and the gossiping tale, seemed to promise but little when called upon to represent the severe majesty of history. But even an ordinary writer appears to acquire strength and dignity from the contemplation of extraordinary and heroic achievements, which kindles up the passions, and puts into quick motion the currents of the soul. And when the passions are on fire, and the fancy is cheered and illuminated by brilliant images, the language, though habitually languid, grows also impassioned, and, like *Ulysses* under the influence of *Minerva*, expands into larger dimensions, and assumes a more majestic gait. In this way we account for the superior strength and gravity of Mr. Washington Irving's style in the work before us.

In matters of greater moment than style, in the arrangement and disposition of the subject, Mr. Irving has been peculiarly success-

ful. The narrative flows on rapidly and agreeably, and where broken, is broken only by indispensable disquisition. Events follow each other in clear succession, and the influence of circumstances upon man, and of man upon circumstances, is described vividly and pleasantly. The principal actors in the grand drama are ably painted, and if the whole picture has not that terrible sublimity which the pencil of a Tacitus or a Gibbon would have given it, still we must acknowledge it to be worthy of no ordinary degree of praise. The work has, moreover, another excellence which vulgar critics will be apt to overlook; it has few reflections. Of course, the absence of these shoots of ostentation and ignorance will be considered an awful deficiency by the herd of *Aristarchuses*; but all sensible readers will respect the author for his forbearance. Reflections, at least such as we meet with in our would-be-philosophical historians, are the vulgar and most useless trash in the world, and serve no purpose but to amaze and mislead the ignorant. Instead of these, Mr. Washington Irving has very judiciously substituted sensible and well-written dissertations on all the various subjects collaterally connected with the history of Columbus or his great discovery, so that the reader may find in the four volumes before us every thing he can wish to know on the subject of the work. Upon the whole, we confess that the history is somewhat too long; but as it is instructive and deeply interesting, we were hardly conscious of this during the perusal of it, and suspect that the experience of our readers will very nearly resemble our own. Having premised thus much on the character of the writer and his work, we proceed to give some slight account of the subject, together with such extracts as may convey some idea of the character and fortunes of Columbus.

Columbus, for the early part of whose history there appear to be but very slender materials, was born at Genoa, about the year 1435, or 1436. Like *Shakspeare*, he was the son of a wool-comber, who, having three other children, seems to have been unable to bestow upon the great navigator a learned education, or the ordinary means of rising to distinction in the world. That Columbus made the most, however, of his opportunities, may be inferred from the fact that, although he went to sea at the age of fourteen, he wrote a remarkably fine hand, was skilled in arithmetic, drawing, and painting, and understood Latin well. It has been often repeated that genius always educates itself; that, in fact, it is like an inextinguishable fire which feeds on every thing it reaches, and changes it into its own essence; and, undoubtedly, a powerful and active mind, ever making incursions into the domains of speculation, and hiving up numerous and vivid ideas, whatever aids it may possess, may be said to educate itself. What is vulgarly termed education, is nothing but the transfusion from one mind to another of a barren knowledge; while the education which genius or a train of extraordinary circumstances bestows, converts the mind into a ready instrument with which a man can open to himself a way to reputation and power. The man of ordi-

nary education, within the range of his ideas, is probably equal to the self-instructed individual, but the latter has a fertility of resources, a flexibility and force of character, which nothing but the school of vicissitude and danger can bestow.

For many years, during which he led an active, enterprising life, Columbus appears to have seen but dimly his way towards fame and greatness. Throughout Europe an ardour for discovery, a thirst of enterprise, a desire to extend the empire of civilization, were awakened, and Columbus felt, perhaps more strongly than any one, the influence of this spirit. The celebrity of the Portuguese navigators at length attracted him, in the year 1470, to Lisbon, where he shortly afterwards married a lady, of Italian descent, for love. Minds of an heroic cast are always strongly addicted to this passion, not only as a means of acquiring immortality by succession, but as the only means under heaven of securing the undivided sympathies of a congenial soul. Columbus, however, when he turned his attention to love, was already a mature man, and thought had covered his temples with locks of gray; but we will borrow the historian's description of his person:—

"Minute descriptions are given of his person by his son Fernando, by Las Casas, and others of his contemporaries. According to these accounts, he was tall, well formed, muscular, and of an elevated and dignified demeanour. His visage was long, and neither full nor meagre; his complexion fair and freckled, and inclined to ruddy; his nose aquiline; his cheek-bones were rather high, his eyes light gray, and apt to enkindle; his whole countenance had an air of authority. His hair, in his youthful days, was of a light colour; but care and trouble, according to Las Casas, soon turned it gray, and at thirty years of age it was quite white. He was moderate and simple in diet and apparel, eloquent in discourse, engaging and affable with strangers, and of an amiableness and suavity in domestic life, that strongly attached his household to his person. His temper was naturally irritable; but he subdued it by the magnanimity of his spirit, comporting himself with a courteous and gentle gravity, and never indulging in any intemperance of language. Throughout his life he was noted for a strict attention to the offices of religion, observed rigorously the fasts and ceremonies of the church; nor did his piety consist in mere forms, but partook of that lofty and solemn enthusiasm with which his whole character was strongly tinged." Vol. i. p. 40—41.

When Columbus found himself in possession of the object of his affections, he does not seem to have been altogether sure of providing her and her offspring with bread, which, it seems, he for some time obtained by constructing maps and charts. In these his evil days, however, he abated not one jot of the grandeur of his expectations, which seems to be the blossom, as it were, of a great soul, ripening and enlarging itself in secret. Though many aim at celebrity, and endeavour to cozen the world into admiration of them, none but great minds are conscious of deserving renown,

and these, bearing about with them, even in the night of adversity, the splendour which burns inwardly, and is unveiled to the world only by success, are not cast down, though they be obscure, and behold many inferior persons rush before them into the sunshine of public favour.

We have dwelt with great delight upon the manner in which, according to his able historian, Columbus discovered and treasured up in his soul the scattered and slender indications of the existence of a new world beyond the ocean, which chance and circumstance threw in his way. Like a prophet big with some mighty revelation, too vast to be comprehended even by his own mind, Columbus appeared to be oppressed, and worn down by the weight and agitation of his ideas. The ocean, he observed, bore eastward upon its bosom evidence that in rolling round the world it washed shores hitherto unvisited, not only by civilized man, but by those arts which are the first instruments of civilization. On the coast of the Azores were picked up fragments of oars or paddles, curiously carved, and apparently without the assistance of iron. Besides these, huge reeds, trunks of pine trees, of a kind unknown in the old world, and what was still more extraordinary, the bodies of two men of an unknown species, were carried to the shores of these islands,—the farthest outposts of civilization,—by the fury of the Atlantic tempests.

While anxiously collecting these dumb witnesses, despatched by the new world to the old, Columbus, impatient of tranquillity, sailed as far north as an island, which he denominates Thule, now supposed to have been Iceland. But we cannot thus minutely follow him in his glorious career, and must hasten towards the New World. However, we will just mention, that having, as the public already know, in vain offered his services to the King of Portugal, and, as is reported, to Genoa and Venice, he proceeded to Spain, where he arrived friendless and destitute.

"The first trace we have of him in Spain, is in the testimony furnished a few years after his death, in the celebrated lawsuit between his son Don Diego and the crown, by Garcia Fernandez, a physician resident in the little seaport of Palos de Moguer, in Andalusia. About half a league from that town, stood, and stands at the present day, an ancient convent of Franciscan friars, dedicated to Santa Maria de Rabida. According to the testimony of the physician, a stranger on foot, accompanied by a young boy, stopped one day at the gate of the convent, and asked of the porter a little bread and water for his child. While receiving this humble refreshment, the prior of the convent, Friar Juan Perez de Marchena, happening to pass by, was struck with the appearance of the stranger, and, observing from his air and accent that he was a foreigner, entered into conversation with him, and soon learnt the particulars of his story. That stranger was Columbus, accompanied by his young son Diego." Vol. i. p. 95—96.

Having described the circumstances which enabled Columbus to appear at the Spanish court, the historian presents his readers with a clever sketch of the principal personages



who figured there. But as kings, queens, and courtiers are much less interesting than great men, we forbear quoting any thing about Ferdinand and Isabella, who have already had their share of celebrity. It may, however, be amusing to introduce Columbus to our readers, as he appeared before the council of the University of Salamanca, which, for absurdity and bigotry, may be regarded as the genuine prototype of most modern universities. Our readers will observe the inveterate propensity of learned bodies to oppose authority to reason, and to prefer the stupid opinions of St. Augustine and Lactantius, to the testimony of science and the senses.

"The greater part of this learned junto, it is very probable, came prepossessed against him, as men in place and dignity are apt to be against poor applicants. There is always a proneness to consider a man under examination as a kind of delinquent, or impostor, whose faults and errors are to be detected and exposed. Columbus, too, appeared in a most unfavourable light before a scholastic body; an obscure navigator, member of no learned institution, destitute of all the trappings and circumstances which sometimes give oracular authority to dulness, and depending upon the mere force of natural genius. Some of the junto entertained the popular notion that he was an adventurer, or at best a visionary, and others had that morbid impatience of any innovation upon established doctrine, which is apt to grow upon dull and pedantic men in cloistered life. What a striking spectacle must the hall of the old convent have presented at this memorable conference! A simple mariner, standing forth in the midst of an imposing array of professors, friars, and dignitaries of the church; maintaining his theory with natural eloquence, and, as it were, pleading the cause of the New World. We are told, that when he began to state the grounds of his belief, the friars of St. Stephen alone paid attention to him; that convent being more learned in the sciences than the rest of the university. The others appeared to have entrenched themselves behind one dogged position, that, after so many profound philosophers and cosmographers had been studying the form of the world, and so many able navigators had been sailing about it for several thousand years, it was a great presumption in an ordinary man to suppose that there remained such a vast discovery for him to make. Several of the objections opposed by this learned body have been handed down to us, and have provoked many a sneer at the expense of the University of Salamanca. But these are proofs, not so much of the peculiar deficiency of that institution, as of the imperfect state of science at the time, and of the manner in which knowledge, though rapidly extending, was still impeded in its progress by monastic bigotry. All subjects were still contemplated through the obscure medium of those ages when the lights of antiquity were trampled out, and faith was left to fill the place of inquiry. Bewildered in a maze of religious controversy, mankind had retraced their steps, and receded from the boundary line of ancient knowledge. Thus, at the very threshold of

the discussion, instead of geographical objections, Columbus was assailed with citations from the Bible and the Testament, the book of Genesis, the Psalms of David, the prophets, the epistles, and the gospels. To these were added, the expositions of various saints and reverend commentators, St. Chrysostome and St. Augustine, St. Jerome and St. Gregory, St. Basil and St. Ambrose, and Lactantius Firmianus, a redoubted champion of the faith. Doctrinal points were mixed up with philosophical discussions, and a mathematical demonstration was allowed no truth, if it appeared to clash with a text of scripture, or a commentary of one of the fathers. Thus the possibility of antipodes in the southern hemisphere, an opinion so generally maintained by the wisest of the ancients, as to be pronounced by Pliny the great contest between the learned and the ignorant, became a stumbling block with some of the sages of Salamanca. Several of them stoutly contradicted this basis of the theory of Columbus, supporting themselves by quotations from Lactantius and St. Augustine, who were considered in those days as almost evangelical authority. But, though these writers were men of consummate erudition, and two of the greatest luminaries of what has been called the golden age of ecclesiastical learning, yet their writings were calculated to perpetuate darkness in respect to the sciences.

"The passage cited from Lactantius to confute Columbus is in a strain of gross ridicule, unworthy of so grave a theologian. 'Is there any one so foolish,' he asks, 'as to believe that there are antipodes with their feet opposite to ours; people who walk with their heels upward and their heads hanging down? that there is a part of the world in which all things are topsy-turvy; where the trees grow with their branches downward, and where it rains, hails, and snows upward? The idea of the roundness of the earth,' he adds, 'was the cause of inventing this fable of the antipodes with their heels in the air; for these philosophers, having once erred, go on in their absurdities, defending one with another.' More grave objections were advanced on the authority of St. Augustine. He pronounces the doctrines of antipodes incompatible with the historical foundations of our faith; since, to assert that there were inhabited lands on the opposite side of the globe, would be to maintain that there were nations not descended from Adam, it being impossible for them to have passed the intervening ocean. This would be, therefore, to discredit the Bible, which expressly declares, that all men are descended from one common parent.

"Such were the unlooked for prejudices which Columbus had to encounter at the very outset of his conference, and which certainly relish more of the convent than the university. To his simplest proposition, the spherical form of the earth, were opposed figurative texts of scripture. They observed, that in the Psalms, the heavens are said to be extended like a hide;\* that is, according to commentators, the cur-

\* *Extendens cælum sicut pellem.* Psal. ciii. In the English translation it is Psalm civ. v. 3.

tain, or covering of a tent, which, among the ancient pastoral nations, was formed of the hides of animals; and that St. Paul, in his epistle to the Hebrews, compares the heavens to a tabernacle, or tent, extended over the earth, which they thence inferred must be flat. Columbus, who was a devoutly religious man, found that he was in danger of being convicted, not merely of error, but of heterodoxy. Others, more versed in science, admitted the globular form of the earth, and the possibility of an opposite and inhabitable hemisphere; but they brought up the chimera of the ancients, and maintained that it would be impossible to arrive there, in consequence of the insupportable heat of the torrid zone. Even granting this could be passed, they observed, that the circumference of the earth must be so great as to require at least three years to the voyage, and those who should undertake it must perish of hunger and thirst, from the impossibility of carrying provisions for so long a period. He was told, on the authority of Epicurus, that, admitting the earth to be spherical, it was only inhabitable in the northern hemisphere, and in that section only was canopied by the heavens; that the opposite half was a chaos, a gulf, or a mere waste of water. Not the least absurd objection advanced, was, that should a ship even succeed in reaching, in this way, the extremity of India, she could never get back again; for the rotundity of the globe would present a kind of mountain, up which it would be impossible for her to sail with the most favourable wind." Vol. i. p. 119—125.

We last week extracted our author's account of the first landing of the Spaniard in America, and two or three interesting descriptions of savage manners; but as the tribes found by the early discoverers no longer exist, or have lost their primitive manners, we shall extract a few more particulars concerning them, which have been copied from the only memorials of them that now exist. But first let us copy what Columbus himself says of the scenery of Cuba, one of the seats of these simple savages:—"His description of one place, to which he gave the name of Puerto Santo, is a specimen of his vivid and artless feeling for the beauties of nature. The amenity of this river, and the clearness of the water, through which the sand at the bottom may be seen; the multitude of palm-trees of various forms, the highest and most beautiful that I have met with, and an infinity of other great and green trees; the birds in rich plumage and the verdure of the fields, render this country, most serene princes, of such marvellous beauty, that it surpasses all others in charms and graces, as the day doth the night in lustre. For which reason I often say to my people, that, much as I endeavour to give a complete account of it to your Majesties, my tongue cannot express the whole truth, nor my pen describe it; and I have been so overwhelmed at the sight of so much beauty, that I have not known how to relate it." vol. i. p. 300.

In the following paragraph the author describes the discovery of the island of Hayti, doomed unquestionably to be "unfortunate," but doomed also to be "free."—"In the trans-

parent atmosphere of the tropics, objects are desecrated at a great distance, and the purity of the air and the serenity of the deep blue sky give a magical effect to the scenery. Under these advantages, the beautiful island of Hayti revealed itself to the eye as they approached. Its mountains were higher and more rocky than those of the other islands; but the rocks reared themselves from among rich forests. The mountains swept down into luxuriant plains and green savannas, while the appearance of cultivated fields, with the numerous fires at night, and the columns of smoke which rose in various parts by day, all showed it to be populous. It rose before them in all the splendour of tropical vegetation, one of the most beautiful islands in the world, and doomed to be one of the most unfortunate." vol. i. p. 304.

The primitive manners of the aboriginal inhabitants of Hispaniola were so hospitable, mild, and generous, that it is no wonder Columbus was delighted with the country, and thought he had found the golden age of the poets realized. It was a woman that paved the way to a good understanding between the Spaniards and the natives:—"As three sailors were rambling about the vicinity, they beheld a large number of the natives, who immediately took flight; but the sailors pursued them, and, with great difficulty, succeeded in overtaking a young and handsome female, and brought their wild beauty in triumph to the ships. She was perfectly naked, which was a bad omen as to the civilization of the island, but an ornament of gold, which she wore in the nose, gave hope that the precious metal was to be found there. The admiral soon soothed her terror by his kindness. He had her clothed, and made her presents of beads, brass rings, hawks' bells, and other trinkets, and sent her on shore accompanied by several of the crew, and three of the Indian interpreters. So well pleased was this simple savage with her finery, and so won by the kind treatment she had experienced, that she would gladly have remained with the Indian women whom she found on board. The party which had been sent with her returned on board late in the night, finding that her village was far distant, and fearing to venture inland. Confident of the favourable impression which the report given by the woman must produce, the admiral, on the following day, despatched nine stout-hearted, well-armed men, to seek the village, accompanied by a native of Cuba as an interpreter. They found the village about four and a half leagues to the south-east, situated in a fine valley, on the banks of a beautiful river. It contained one thousand houses, but all deserted, for they had beheld the inhabitants flying as they approached. The interpreter was sent after them, who, with great difficulty, quieted their terrors, assuring them of the goodness of these strangers, who had descended from the skies, and went about the world making precious and beautiful presents. Thus assured, the natives ventured back to the number of two thousand. They approached the nine Spaniards with slow and trembling steps, often pausing and putting their hands upon their heads, in token of profound reverence and submission. They were

a well-formed race, fairer and handsomer than the natives of the other islands. While the Spaniards were conversing with them by means of their interpreter, they beheld another multitude approaching. These were headed by the husband of the female Indian who had been entertained on board of the ships the preceding evening. They brought her in triumph on their shoulders, and the husband was profuse in his gratitude for the kindness with which she had been treated, and the magnificent presents which had been bestowed upon her.

"The Indians having now become more familiar with the Spaniards, and having, in some measure, recovered from their extreme fear, conducted them to their houses, and set before them cassava bread, fish, roots, and fruits of various kinds. Learning from the interpreter that the Spaniards were fond of parrots, they brought great numbers of them which they had domesticated, and indeed offered freely whatever they possessed; such was the frank hospitality which reigned throughout the island, where, as yet, the passion of avarice was unknown. The great river which flowed through this valley was bordered with noble forests, among which were palms, bananas, and many trees covered with fruit and flowers. The air was mild as in April; the birds sang all day long, and some were even heard in the night. The Spaniards had not learned as yet to account for the difference of seasons in this opposite part of the globe; they were astonished to hear the voice of this supposed nightingale singing in the midst of December, and considered it a proof that there was no winter in this happy climate. They returned to the ships enraptured with the beauty of the country, surpassing, as they said, even the luxuriant plains of Cordova. All that they complained of was, that they saw no signs of riches among the natives. And here it is impossible to refrain from dwelling on the picture given by the first discoverers, of the state of manners in this eventful island before the arrival of the white men. According to their accounts, the people of Hayti existed in that state of primitive and savage simplicity, which some philosophers have fondly pictured as the most enviable on earth; surrounded by natural blessings, without even a knowledge of artificial wants. The fertile earth produced the chief part of their food almost without culture, their rivers and sea-coast abounded with fish, and they caught the utia, the guana, and a variety of birds. This, to beings of their frugal and temperate habits, was great abundance, and what nature furnished thus spontaneously, they willingly shared with all the world. Hospitality, we are told, was with them a law of nature universally observed; there was no need of being known to receive its succours, every house was as open to the stranger as his own. Columbus, too, in a letter to Luis de St. Angel, observes, 'True it is that after they felt confidence, and lost their fear of us, they were so liberal with what they possessed, that it would not be believed by those who had not seen it. If any thing was asked of them, they never said no, but rather gave it cheerfully, and showed as much amity as if they gave their very hearts; and whether the thing were

of value, or of little price, they were content with whatever was given in return. \* \* \*

In all these islands it appears to me that the men are all content with one wife, but they give twenty to their chieftain or king. The women seem to work more than the men; and I have not been able to understand whether they possess individual property; but rather think that whatever one has, all the rest share, especially in all articles of provisions."

"One of the most pleasing descriptions of the inhabitants of this island is given by old Peter Martyr, who gathered it, as he says, from the conversations of the admiral himself. 'It is certain,' says he, 'that the land among these people is as common as the sun and water; and that "mine and thine," the seeds of all mischief, have no place with them. They are content with so little, that in so large a country they have rather superfluity than scarceness; so that they seem to live in the golden world, without toil, living in open gardens; not entrenched with dykes, divided with hedges, or defended with walls. They deal truly one with another, without laws, without books, and without judges. They take him for an evil and mischievous man, who taketh pleasure in doing hurt to another; and albeit they delight not in superfluities, yet they make provision for the increase of such roots whereof they make their bread, contented with such simple diet, whereby health is preserved and disease avoided.'" i. p. 307—314.

To complete the picture, we must copy the following short passage:—

"The shipwrecked crew also, living on shore, and mingling freely with the natives, became fascinated with their easy and idle mode of life. Exempted by their simplicity from the painful cares and toils which civilized man inflicts upon himself by his many artificial wants, the existence of these islanders seemed to the Spaniards like a pleasant dream. They disquieted themselves about nothing. A few fields, cultivated almost without labour, furnished the roots and vegetables which formed a great part of their diet. Their rivers and coasts abounded with fish; their trees were laden with fruits of golden or blushing hue, and heightened by a tropical sun to delicious flavour and fragrance. Softened by the indulgence of nature, a great part of their day was passed in indolent repose, in that luxury of sensation inspired by a serene sky and a voluptuous climate; and in the evenings they danced in their fragrant groves, to their national songs, or the rude sound of their sylvan drums." vol. i. 330—340.

We would willingly dwell at greater length upon these lovely scenes and simple manners, which shed an indescribable charm over the account of the first voyage; but we must here cut short our article, with a promise to return to the subject next week.

Having already expressed our opinion of this very excellent work, we shall now merely make a few additional extracts. Our readers, who will contrast the description given last week of Columbus's appearance before the bigoted and ignorant doctors of Salamanca, with the following account of his triumphant

entry into Spain after the discovery of America, will find the contrast a considerable "aid to reflection." After narrating Columbus's cold reception in Portugal, the danger he ran of being assassinated there, and the death, from remorse, of his envious rival Alonso Pinzon, the historian says—"Shortly after his arrival in Seville, Columbus received a letter from them, expressing their great delight, and requesting him to repair immediately to court, to concert plans for a second and more extensive expedition. As the summer was already advancing, the time favourable for a voyage, they desired him to make any arrangements at Seville or elsewhere that might hasten the expedition, and to inform them, by the return of the courier, what was to be done on their part. This letter was addressed to him by the title of 'Don Christopher Columbus, our admiral of the ocean sea, and viceroy and governor of the islands discovered in the Indies;' at the same time he was promised still further rewards. Columbus lost no time in complying with the commands of the sovereigns. He sent a memorandum of the ships, men, and munitions that would be requisite, and, having made such dispositions at Seville as circumstances permitted, set out on his journey for Barcelona, taking with him the six Indians, and the various curiosities and productions which he had brought from the New World.

"The fame of his discovery had resounded throughout the nation, and, as his route lay through several of the finest and most populous provinces of Spain, his journey appeared like the progress of a sovereign. Wherever he passed, the surrounding country poured forth its inhabitants, who lined the road and thronged the villages. In the large towns, the streets, windows, and balconies, were filled with eager spectators, who rent the air with acclamations. His journey was continually impeded by the multitude pressing to gain a sight of him and of the Indians, who were regarded with as much astonishment as if they had been natives of another planet. It was impossible to satisfy the craving curiosity which assailed himself and his attendants at every stage with innumerable questions; popular rumour, as usual, had exaggerated the truth, and had filled the newly founded country with all kinds of wonders.

"It was about the middle of April that Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. The beauty and serenity of the weather in that genial season and favoured climate contributed to give splendour to this memorable ceremony. As he drew near the place, many of the more youthful courtiers, and hidalgos of gallant bearing, together with a vast concourse of the populace, came forth to meet and welcome him. His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors. First, were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with their national ornaments of gold. After these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants, supposed

to be of precious qualities; while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly discovered regions. After this, followed Columbus on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry. The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world, or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered. There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and signal dispensation of providence, in reward for the piety of the monarchs; and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy that are generally expected from roving enterprise, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

"To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court, and the principal nobility of Castile, Valencia, Catalonia, and Arragon, all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation. At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says Las Casas, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which with his countenance, rendered venerable by his grey hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome; a modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world. As Columbus approached, the sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he requested to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on the part of their majesties to permit this act of vassalage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence; a rare honour in this proud and punctilious court.

"At the request of their majesties, Columbus now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands which he had discovered. He displayed the specimens he had brought of unknown birds, and other animals; of rare plants of medicinal and aromatic virtues; of native gold in dust, in crude masses, or laboured into barbaric ornaments; and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest; since there is nothing to man so curious as the varieties of his own species. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of greater discoveries he had yet to make, which would add realms of incalculable



wealth to the dominions of their majesties, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith.

"The words of Columbus were listened to with profound emotion by the sovereigns. When he had finished, they sank on their knees, and raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, they poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence: all present followed their example, a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph. The anthem of *Te Deum laudamus*, chanted by the choir of the royal chapel, with the melodious responses of the minstrels, rose up from the midst in a full body of sacred harmony; bearing up, as it were, the feelings and thoughts of the auditors to heaven, 'so that,' says the venerable Las Casas, 'it seemed as if in that hour they communicated with celestial delights.' Such was the solemn and pious manner in which the brilliant court of Spain celebrated this sublime event; offering up a grateful tribute of melody and praise, and giving glory to God for the discovery of another world." vol. i. p. 417—24.

The most delightful moment of Columbus's life was undoubtedly that in which the mountains and forests of the new world first burst upon his eye—but the present, when he had confounded his enemies, and established his reputation in Spain, was the most glorious; and although he never tarnished his renown by dishonourable deeds, we may say of him, what Cicero said of Pompey, when all Italy was putting up prayers for him to the Gods—it had been fortunate for him had he died then! For returning to the new world, and performing many memorable and glorious actions, he yet could not escape the fangs of envy, and was doomed to make his next voyage to Spain as a prisoner and in chains. We cannot, of course, enter into the details of the events which brought to pass this terrible reverse of fortune; it may be sufficient to state that the Spanish monarch, envious of the glory which Columbus had acquired, and respecting no greatness but that of position, listened to every slanderer's accusation against Columbus, and sent out a petty tyrant to wrest from him his honours and deprive him of his power. It is possible that the ruffian exceeded his orders, but he seized upon the person of the discoverer, threw him into prison in chains, and transported him like a felon to Spain.

To give our readers a full idea of the character of Columbus, we shall extract the historian's summing up, which appears to be conceived in a spirit of benevolence not at all inconsistent with truth:—"Columbus was a man of great and inventive genius. The operations of his mind were energetic, but irregular; bursting forth at times with that irresistible force which characterizes intellects of such an order. His mind had grasped all kinds of knowledge connected with his pursuits; and though his information may appear limited at the present day, and some of his errors palpable, it is because that knowledge, in his peculiar department of science, was but scantily developed in his time. His own discoveries enlightened the ignorance of that age; guided

*Museum.*—VOL. XIII.

conjecture to certainty; and dispelled numerous errors with which he himself had been obliged to struggle.

"His ambition was lofty and noble. He was full of high thoughts, and anxious to distinguish himself by great achievements. It has been said that a mercenary feeling mingled with his views, and that his stipulations with the Spanish court were selfish and avaricious. The charge is inconsiderate and unjust. He aimed at dignity and wealth in the same lofty spirit in which he sought renown; but they were to arise from the territories he should discover, and be commensurate in importance. No condition could be more just. He asked nothing of the sovereigns but a command of the countries he hoped to give them, and a share of the profits to support the dignity of his command. If there should be no country discovered, his stipulated viceroyalty would be of no avail; and if no revenues should be produced, his labour and peril would produce no gain. If his command and revenues ultimately proved magnificent, it was from the magnificence of the regions he had attached to the Castilian crown. What monarch would not rejoice to gain empire on such conditions? But he did not merely risk a loss of labour, and a disappointment of ambition, in the enterprise;—on his motives being questioned, he voluntarily undertook, and, with the assistance of his coadjutors, actually defrayed one-eighth of the whole charge of the first expedition.

"The gains that promised to arise from his discoveries, he intended to appropriate in the same princely and pious spirit in which they were demanded. He contemplated works and achievements of benevolence and religion: vast contributions for the relief of the poor of his native city; the foundations of churches, where masses should be said for the souls of the departed; and armies for the recovery of the holy sepulchre in Palestine.

"In the discharge of his office he maintained the state and ceremonial of a viceroy, and was tenacious of his rank and privileges, not from a mere vulgar love of titles, but because he prized them as testimonials and trophies of his achievements: these he zealously cherished as his great rewards. In his repeated applications to the king, he insisted merely on the restitution of his dignities. As to his pecuniary dues, he would leave them to arbitration, or even to the disposition of the king; 'but these things,' said he, nobly, 'affect my honour.' In his testament, he enjoined on his son Diego, and whoever after him should inherit his estates, whatever dignities and titles might afterwards be granted by the king, always to sign himself simply 'the admiral,' by way of perpetuating in the family its real source of greatness.

"His conduct was characterized by the grandeur of his views, and the magnanimity of his spirit. Instead of traversing the newly-found countries, like a grasping adventurer eager only for immediate gain, as was too generally the case with contemporary discoveries, he sought to ascertain their soil and productions, their rivers and harbours: he was desirous of colonizing and cultivating them; of conciliating and civilizing the natives; of building cities, introducing the useful arts, subjecting

No. 71.—E

every thing to the control of law, order, and religion; and thus of founding regular and prosperous empires. In this glorious plan he was constantly defeated by the dissolute rabble which it was his misfortune to command; with whom all law was tyranny, and all order restraint. They interrupted all useful works by their seditious: provoked the peaceful Indians to hostility; and after they had thus heaped misery and warfare upon their own heads, and overwhelmed Columbus with the ruins of the edifice he was building, they charged him with being the cause of the confusion.

"Well would it have been for Spain had those who followed in the track of Columbus possessed his sound policy and liberal views. The New World, in such case, would have been settled by pacific colonists, and civilized by enlightened legislators; instead of being overrun by desperate adventurers, and desolated by avaricious conquerors.

"Columbus was a man of quick sensibility, liable to great excitement, to sudden and strong impressions, and powerful impulses. He was naturally irritable and impetuous, and keenly sensible to injury and injustice; yet the quickness of his temper was counteracted by the benevolence and generosity of his heart. The magnanimity of his nature shone forth through all the troubles of his stormy career. Though continually outraged in his dignity, and braved in the exercise of his command; though foiled in his plans, and endangered in his person by the seditious of turbulent and worthless men, and that too at times when suffering under anxiety of mind and anguish of body sufficient to exasperate the most patient, he restrained his valiant and indignant spirit, and, by the strong powers of his mind, brought himself to forbear, and reason, and even to supplicate: nor should we fail to notice how free he was from all feeling of revenge, how ready to forgive and forget, on the least signs of repentance and atonement. He has been extolled for his skill in controlling others; but far greater praise is due to him for the firmness he displayed in governing himself.

"His natural benignity made him accessible to all kinds of pleasurable sensations from external objects. In his letters and journals, instead of detailing circumstances with the technical precision of a more navigator, he notices the beauties of nature with the enthusiasm of a poet or a painter. As he coasts the shores of the New World, the reader participates in the enjoyment with which he describes, in his imperfect but picturesque Spanish, the varied objects around him; the blandness of the temperature, the purity of the atmosphere, the fragrance of the air, 'full of dew and sweetness,' the verdure of the forests, the magnificence of the trees, the grandeur of the mountains, and the limpidity and freshness of the running streams. New delight springs up for him in every scene. He proclaims that each new discovery is more beautiful than the last, and each the most beautiful in the world; until, with his simple earnestness, he tells the sovereigns, that, having spoken so highly of the preceding islands, he fears that they will not credit him, when he declares that the one he is actually describing surpasses them all in excellence.

"In the same ardent and unstudied way he expresses his emotions on various occasions, readily affected by impulses of joy or grief, of pleasure or indignation. When surrounded and overwhelmed by the ingratitude and violence of worthless men, he often, in the retirement of his cabin, gave way to bursts of sorrow, and relieved his overladen heart by sighs and groans. When he returned in chains to Spain, and came into the presence of Isabella, instead of continuing the lofty pride with which he had hitherto sustained his injuries, he was touched with grief and tenderness at her sympathy, and burst forth into sobs and tears.

"He was devoutly pious; religion mingled with the whole course of his thoughts and actions, and shines forth in all his most private and unstudied writings. Whenever he made any great discovery, he celebrated it by solemn thanks to God. The voice of prayer and melody of praise rose from his ships when they first beheld the New World, and his first action on landing was to prostrate himself upon the earth and return thanksgivings. Every evening the *Salve Regina*, and other vesper hymns, were chanted by his crew, and masses were performed in the beautiful groves that bordered the wild shores of this heathen land. The religion thus deeply seated in his soul, diffused a sober dignity and a benign composure over his whole demeanour. His language was pure and guarded, free from all imprecations, oaths, and other irreverent expressions. All his great enterprises were undertaken in the name of the Holy Trinity, and he partook of the holy sacrament previous to embarkation. He observed the festivals of the church in the wildest situations. The sabbath was with him a day of sacred rest, on which he would never set sail from a port unless in case of extreme necessity. He was a firm believer in the efficacy of vows and penances and pilgrimages, and resorted to them in times of difficulty and danger; but he carried his religion still further, and his piety was darkened by the bigotry of the age. He evidently concurred in the opinion that all the nations who did not acknowledge the Christian faith were destitute of natural rights; that the sternest measures might be used for their conversion, and the severest punishments inflicted upon their obstinacy in unbelief. In this spirit of bigotry he considered himself justified in making captives of the Indians, and transporting them to Spain to have them taught the doctrines of Christianity, and in selling them for slaves if they pretended to resist his invasions. In doing the latter, he sinned against the natural goodness of his character, and against the feelings which he had originally entertained and expressed towards this gentle and hospitable people; but he was goaded on by the mercenary impatience of the crown, and by the sneers of his enemies at the unprofitable result of his enterprises. It is but justice to his character, to observe, that the enslavement of the Indians thus taken in battle was at first openly countenanced by the crown, and that, when the question of right came to be discussed at the entreaty of the queen, several of the most distinguished jurists and theologians advocated the practice; so

that the question was finally settled in favour of the Indians solely by the humanity of Isabella. As the venerable bishop Las Casas observes, where the most learned men have doubted, it is not surprising that an unlearned mariner should err.

"These remarks in palliation of the conduct of Columbus, are required by candour. It is proper to show him in connexion with the age in which he lived, lest the errors of the times should be considered as his individual faults. It is not the intention of the author, however, to justify Columbus on a point where it is inexcusable to err. Let it remain a blot on his illustrious name, and let others derive a lesson from it.

"A peculiar trait in his rich and varied character remains to be noticed—that ardent and enthusiastic imagination which threw a magnificence over his whole course of thought. Herrera intimates that he had a talent for poetry, and some slight traces of it are on record in the book of prophecies which he presented to the catholic sovereigns. But his poetical temperament is discernible throughout all his writings and in all his actions. It spread a golden and glorious world around him, and tinged every thing with its own gorgeous colours. It betrayed him into visionary speculations, which subjected him to the sneers and cavillings of men of cooler and safer, but more groveling minds. Such were the conjectures formed on the coast of Paria about the form of the earth, and the situation of the terrestrial paradise; about the mines of Ophir in Hispaniola, and the Aurea Chersonesus in Veragua; and such was the heroic scheme of a crusade for the recovery of the holy sepulchre. It mingled with his religion, and filled his mind with solemn and visionary meditations on mystic passages of the scriptures, and the shadowy portents of the prophecies. It exalted his office in his eyes, and made him conceive himself an agent sent forth upon a sublime and awful mission, subject to impulses and supernatural intimations from the Deity; such as the voice which he imagined spoke to him in comfort amidst the troubles of Hispaniola, and in the silence of the night on the disastrous coast of Veragua.

"He was decidedly a visionary, but a visionary of an uncommon and successful kind. The manner in which his ardent imagination and mercurial nature was controlled by a powerful judgment, and directed by an acute sagacity, is the most extraordinary feature in his character. Thus governed, his imagination, instead of exhausting itself in idle flights, lent aid to his judgment, and enabled him to form conclusions at which common minds could never have arrived, nay, which they could not perceive when pointed out.

"To his intellectual vision it was given to read the signs of the times, and to trace, in the conjectures and reveries of past ages, the indications of an unknown world; as soothsayers were said to read predictions in the stars, and to foretell events from the visions of the night. 'His soul,' observes a Spanish writer, 'was superior to the age in which he lived. For him was reserved the great enterprise of traversing that sea which had given rise to so

many fables, and of deciphering the mystery of his age.'

"With all the visionary fervour of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery. Until his last breath he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the east. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir which had been visited by the ships of Solomon, and that Cuba and Terra Firma were but remote parts of Asia. What visions of glory would have broke upon his mind could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the whole of the old world in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man! And how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled, amidst the afflictions of age and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered; and the nations, and tongues, and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity!"—vol. iv. p. 48—61.

With these extracts we conclude our notice of a work which unquestionably entitles its author to rank among the ablest historians of the age.

*From Blackwood's Magazine.*

#### WINTRY LANDSCAPE.

How sweet was this landscape, by summer array'd  
In the splendour of bloom, and the freshness of shade!—  
A vision of glory outspread, it would seem,  
For Beauty to wander, or Poet to dream;  
Ere Innocence vanish'd, more lovely to see  
The valleys of Paradise scarcely could be.

I came in the morning—all pure was the sky—  
An earth-spanning arch of cerulean dye;  
The dew-drops were glistening above and below,  
On hawthorn and hare-bells beginning to blow;  
And green were the pastures and blue were the rills,  
And grandly majestic the face of the hills;  
And balmy the zephyrs, just breathing to stir  
The gardens of wild-rose, and forests of fir—  
From her nest in the copse-wood, forsaking her young,  
The lark woke to music, and soar'd as she sung;—  
Up-piercing the beautiful firmament high,  
Till dwindled from vision—a voice in the sky.

I came at the eventide;—brightly abroad  
The sun from the tent of the occident glow'd;  
Magnificent, splendidly girdled around  
By clouds, that with purple and yellow were bound;

O'ertopping the hills, with the pride of a sire,  
 When his children are joyful, from palace of  
 fire,  
 He gazed, in his garment of glory, gazed forth  
 From the west to the east, from the south to  
 the north;  
 And saw that the forests and valleys were fair,  
 Within the immeasured circumference there—  
 I stood on a precipice; far, far below  
 Was the furze in its bloom, and the stream in  
 its flow;  
 And the knell of the curfew arose o'er the  
 trees;  
 And the notes of the blackbird were loud on  
 the breeze;  
 And the lark and the linnet in concert were  
 singing,  
 All the air seem'd alive, and the echoes were  
 ringing;  
 While the tints of the west grow more pale on  
 the sight,  
 And the empire of Heaven was divided by  
 Night;  
 And the shadows of twilight came onward, to  
 veil  
 With a wide-spreading mantle of azure the  
 dale;  
 And the fair star of Evening serenely arose,  
 Like the spirit of Virtue surmounting its  
 woes.

How different, alas! is the landscape—be-  
 hold,  
 Where now are its perfumes, its blossoms of  
 gold,  
 Its mirth, and its music? All vanish'd away,  
 Like the demon of Night from the eye-star of  
 Day;  
 Like the painting of Fancy, the vision of  
 Youth,  
 Disenchanted by touch of the sceptre of Truth.

No longer I list to the song of the bird;  
 The bee with its murmur no longer is heard;  
 The swallows, which darted like spectres  
 around,  
 Now vaulting the sky, and now skimming the  
 ground,  
 O'er the billows of Ocean have taken their  
 flight  
 To the realms, where the nightingale sings to  
 the night.  
 Bell, Cowslip, and Kingcup, no more are es-  
 pied;  
 The wild-rose hath wither'd; the daisy hath  
 died;  
 The forest is stripp'd of its many-hued green,  
 And the leaves of the summer are things that  
 have been.

From its source, mid the dim-hazy moun-  
 tains, comes down,  
 O'erflowing its banks, the deep river of brown;  
 Cold, cold is the East Wind, and white is the  
 snow,  
 That mantles the desolate valleys below,  
 Where moaning, with dull hollow murmur,  
 the trees  
 Bend lowly and leafless their boughs to the  
 breeze;  
 A pall of obscurity, sombre, and dun,  
 O'erhangs like a death-shroud the disc of the  
 sun,

And the clouds, fleeting past, in unceasing ar-  
 ray,  
 Hurry on—hurry on, to the southward away;  
 Where, lifting their summits gigantic and  
 drear,  
 The far hills in hoary succession appear,  
 Cleft, cranny, and precipice, darkening su-  
 blime,  
 Like Titans begirt with the farrows of Time.  
 Oh, dull were the Fancy, that here could  
 not find,  
 Mid the dim desolation meet food for the mind;  
 And learn that the tenor of Life is a stream,  
 The past a regret, and the future a dream!

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*From the London Weekly Review.*

MEMOIRES INEDITES DE LOUIS HEN-  
 RI DE LOMENIE, COMTE DE BRI-  
 ENNE, SECRETAIRE D'ETAT SOUS  
 LOUIS XIV. *Publiés sur les MSS. Auto-*  
*graphes, &c. Par F. Barrière, Editeur des*  
*Mémoires de Madame Campan. 2 vols. Pa-*  
*ris, 1828. Ponthieu & Cie. London: Treut-*  
*tel and Wartz.*

THE age of Louis XIV., or as it has been em-  
 phatically termed, *le grand siècle*, derived  
 much of its factitious splendour, we suspect,  
 from a comparison with that which immedi-  
 ately preceded, and that which followed it.  
 Contrasted, indeed, with the barbarous cha-  
 racter, and more barbarous civil dissensions,  
 that marked the period of the regency, and  
 with the court profligacy and corruption un-  
 der Louis XV., that paved the way for the Re-  
 volution, the reign of his predecessor doubtless  
 appears to advantage. In itself, however, it  
 can lay no positive claims to any thing truly  
 great and splendid, whether considered in its  
 foreign or domestic policy; as little guided by  
 wisdom as by humanity. The nearer we view  
 the subject, and the more light it continues to  
 receive from the publication of secret history  
 and memoirs by contemporary writers and ac-  
 tors in the grand political drama, the less rea-  
 son does there appear for indulging our admi-  
 ration. In a political view, therefore, there is  
 little to interest, and less to edify us in the Me-  
 moirs before us; the writer adds no fresh touch-  
 es to the picture, that can give it value in the  
 eyes of the statesman, or the man of the world.  
 The chief figure stands prominently forward in  
 as bad a light as before: the same bad compound  
 of ostentatious pride, ambition, dissimulation  
 and fanaticism, added to the hereditary vice of  
 gross sensuality, the only one in which there  
 appears any degree of family resemblance to  
 the more celebrated Henry IV. These fea-  
 tures of his character are not improved by the  
 style of flattery in which they are drawn; no  
 slight imputation upon the judgment, indeed,  
 if not upon the correct feeling of the writer.  
 To exact this fulsome incense, was one of  
 Louis the Great's prerogatives, with which he  
 seldom dispensed; inasmuch that even the se-  
 cret memoir writers of the age, however im-  
 partial, or however oppressed by his capricious  
 cruelty they may have been, could not wholly  
 divest themselves of it. Consequently, in a



political sense, these volumes are utterly worthless; they have no character, and no connexion with any views higher than the court characters and anecdotes of the day.

To this last source we must look for the sole interest they possess. As a personal narrative of indisputable authenticity, containing some new anecdotes and traits of character, they are often interesting, and always more or less amusing. The work exhibits also a curious picture of the customs and manners of the times, for the better elucidation of which the editor has prefixed a long and well-written essay. In the Memoirs themselves there is little method or arrangement observed, and as little connexion between the different portions, written as they are by different hands—commencing with anecdotes of Cardinal Richelieu, and ending with the reign of Louis XIV. We are presented merely with a scattered series of portraits, a little retouched, and adorned with trifling incidents, and traits of the court characters who flourished in the 17th century. These are abundantly interspersed throughout the Memoirs, in the editor's notes and the historical illustrations, and are many of them sufficiently new to furnish us with specimens at once interesting and amusing. The portraits of the ministers Richelieu and Mazarin, of the Queen, Anne of Austria, and of Louvois, are sketched in a very masterly manner, and doubtless from exact acquaintance with the originals. For our present purpose, however, we shall only select such traits and anecdotes as we find most novel and entertaining. We shall moreover take them as they occur, without any attempt at historical illustration, or any regular order, to which the work itself lays no pretensions. In the first instance, we select an anecdote of the Duke de la Ferté, given by the editor in his Essay on the manners and customs of the 17th century—after all, perhaps most strikingly illustrated by the incidents and anecdotes themselves. "The Duke was accustomed to justify his passion for wine by such excellent moral reasons, that I hope to be excused for here citing them.—France was at war with Savoy, and he held the rank of Lieutenant-General under the Maréchal de Catinat in Piedmont. The army was provided with execrable wine, of which the Duke de la Ferté nevertheless drank much more than was becoming one of his rank, even had it been better than it was. 'Monsieur le Duc,' cried some of his companions, how can you drink that wine—and in such quantities as you do?' 'Ah, gentlemen,' replied the Duke, 'we ought all of us to learn how to love our friends with all their defects.'"—vol. i. p. 167.

The account of the assassination of the Maréchal d'Ancre by the Baron Vitri, at the instigation of Louis XIII., displays the ferocious character of the times. The manner in which he received the King's commission is described as follows:—"The Sieur Dubuisson received the King's orders to make the said proposition to the Baron de Vitri, and to assure him, as a recompense for this action, of being elevated to the rank of Marshal of France. The Baron, having listened to it favourably, hastened, the same day, to thank the King for the choice he had made, and the con-

fidence thus reposed in him regarding an affair of so much importance."—Note of the Editor, p. 285.

To this idea of the royal prerogative to commit murder, is added the opinion of the Maréchal de l'Hôpital, who observes that "this incomparable stroke of justice by this great prince, clearly shows that he must have been inspired from above, to secure the safety of the state and the peace of his subjects."

In describing the successful intrigues of the Cardinal Mazarin, and his method of ridding himself of his political rivals, we are presented with the following specimen, that may serve as a model, perhaps, of most prime ministers:—"After removing Chavigny (his first and greatest benefactor), the Cardinal found himself gradually freed from all competitors in the ministry. M. Desnoyers, who had stood high in public estimation, committed the great error of withdrawing even previous to the death of Louis XIII. This he had conceived a master-stroke of ability, showing that he had no share in the declaration, naturally so very displeasing to the Queen, and he might thus confidently appeal to her patronage, under the approaching regency. But he was too sanguine; or rather fell a victim to a bold manoeuvre of the Cardinal. He solicited him to offer his resignation to Louis XIII., which the Cardinal did; but he brought him back only half of the King's message. 'My excellent friend and colleague, M. Desnoyers,' he observed, 'again solicits me to offer your Majesty his resignation.' 'If he wish to stay with me,' said his Majesty, 'go and bring him to me now: if he should not, I give him my promise to let him go wherever he may please.' The Cardinal, without acquainting his friend that he had any choice, told him only part of what the King had said—namely, that he had full permission to retire, which we might term in good French—a pill to be taken after the Italian—a true *coup de Jarnac*; and M. Desnoyers never recovered from it."—312-13.

We shall next give rather a curious anecdote of the Cardinal Mazarin, which has at least the merit of being wholly new, and apparently well authenticated:—"The Cardinal had for some time retired, and resided at his retreat of Bouillon. There the Abbé Fouquet went to visit him, in order to induce him to return to the court. He held out the hope of his being well received, and Mazarin had already received secret assurance to the same effect. He had, moreover, had a letter from the Queen, expressly enjoining him to return without farther delay. In fact, he had before resolved to obey so very pleasing an injunction, though he still affected the utmost degree of doubt and irresolution: and as he was naturally *tabarin*, after long discussion *pro* and *con*, he observed gravely to the Abbé: 'Well, come then, *Mon-sieu Abbé*, let us see how fate will decide for us in this important matter. There—you see that tree (they were then walking in the forest of Ardennes); I will throw my cane into that pine, and if it should stick in the branches, I will take it as an infallible sign that, on returning to court, I shall also remain at it; but if the cane falls to the ground, it will be quite as evident that I ought to stay where I am.'

"Saying this, he flung the cane into the top of the tree, where it stuck so fast that it may perhaps be there still, unless the wind has blown it down. This consummate master of duplicity, on observing it, exclaimed with affected astonishment, 'Come, *Monseu Abbé*, let us depart; Heaven favours us; and this same tree of good augury will ensure us a safe journey.'"—i. 328.

There are several curious and characteristic details relating to the close of Mazarin's career, from which, however, we can only extract the following. A fire having occurred at the Louvre during his illness, he was removed with difficulty to his own palace, where an immediate consultation was held by twelve physicians. "Among these Guenaud was the only one who ventured to pronounce his approaching end. Not one of his companions was found willing to take this unpleasant office upon himself: 'It is of no use, my Lord, to flatter you. Our remedies, indeed, may prolong your life a little, but cannot remove the cause of your disease. You will certainly die of it, but not immediately. Your Eminence will prepare yourself, then, for this terrible change: and if my colleagues flatter you with hope, they only deceive you.—I am bound to tell you the truth.'"

"The Cardinal received the tidings without much emotion, and simply replied:—'How long have I yet to live?' 'Two months, at least,' replied Guenaud. 'That is enough,' said his Excellency; 'Adieu, and come often to see me. I am as much obliged to you as a friend well can be. Avail yourself of the short time that remains for me to advance your fortune. Think in what way I can serve you.' Having said this, he shut himself up in his cabinet, and began to reflect seriously on his latter end.

"A few days afterwards, I happened to be walking in the new apartments of his palace. I was in the small gallery, where hung a piece of tapestry representing Scipio, worked in needle, after the designs of Giulio Romano. It had belonged to the *Maréchal de St. André*, and was the most beautiful in the Cardinal's possession. I heard him approaching, by the noise of his slippers, which he seemed to drag along like a man completely overpowered, just recovering from some dreadful malady. I concealed myself behind the tapestry, and when he approached I heard him say:—'And all this I must leave.' He stopped almost at every step; for he was very weak; and first rested on one side, and then on the other. Again casting his eyes on the objects that surrounded him, he said, as if from the bottom of his heart, 'Ah, I must indeed quit all this; and turning round, 'and this, and this. With what trouble have I acquired all these things; how can I abandon them without regret? I shall never see them whither I am going.'—These words I heard very distinctly, and I gave a sigh which I could not repress. He caught it, and exclaimed:—'Who is there?' 'It is I, please your Excellency, looking for an opportunity to speak with you touching a very important letter, which I have just received.' 'Come near, come near,' he replied, in a doleful tone: 'give me your hand, for I am very weak.' 'Your Excellency had better be seated,' I replied, at the same time offering him a chair.

'Nay,' he replied, 'I am glad to be able to walk a little, and then I have business to attend to in my library.' I offered him my arm, and began to talk on public affairs. But he stopped me, observing, 'I am no longer able to attend to them. Speak to the King, and do as he shall advise: I have other things now in my head;' and, recurring to his old train of reflections, 'Do you see, my friend, that fine picture of Correggio—that Venus, of Titian, and the incomparable Deluge by Annibal?—ah, I must leave them all.'"—t. ii. p. 116—17.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### THE BROKEN LUTE.

When the Lamp is shattered,  
The light in the dust lies dead;  
When the cloud is scatter'd,  
The Rainbow's glory is shed.  
When the Lute is broken,  
Sweet sounds are remember'd not;  
When the words are spoken,  
Loved accents are soon forgot.  
As music and splendour  
Survive not the Lamp and Lute,  
The heart's echoes render  
No song when the Spirit is mute.

Shelley.

SHE dwelt in proud Venetian halls,  
'Midst forms that breathed from the pictured walls;

But a glow of beauty like her own,  
There had no dream of the painter thrown.  
Lit from within was her noble brow,  
As an urn, whence rays from a lamp may flow;  
Her young, clear cheek, had a cheerful hue,  
As if ye might see how the soul wrought through;

And every flash of her fervent eye  
Seem'd the bright wakening of Poesy.

Even thus it was!—from her childhood's years,—

A being of sudden smiles and tears,—  
Passionate visions, quick light and shade,—  
Such was that high-born Italian maid!  
And the spirit of song in her bosom-cell,  
Dwelt, as the odours in violets dwell,—  
Or as the sounds in the Eolian strings,—  
Or in aspen-leaves the quiverings;  
There, ever there, with the life enshrined,  
And waiting the call of the faintest mind.

Oft, on the wave of the Adrian sea,  
In the city's hour of moonlight glee,—  
Oft would that gift of the southern sky,  
O'erflow from her lips in melody;—  
Oft amid festal halls it came,  
Like the springing forth of a sudden flame—  
Till the dance was hush'd, and the silvery tone  
Of her Inspiration, was heard alone.  
And Fame went with her, the bright, the crown'd,  
And Music floated her steps around;  
And every lay of her soul was borne  
Through the sunny land, as on wings of morn.

And was the daughter of Venice blest,  
With a power so deep in her youthful breast?  
Could she be happy, o'er whose dark eye  
So many changes and dreams went by?

And in whose cheek the swift crimson wrought,  
As if but born from the rush of thought?  
—Yes! in the brightness of joy awhile  
She moved, as a bark in the sunbeam's smile;  
For her spirit, as over her lyre's full chord,  
All, all on a happy love was pour'd!  
How loves a heart, whence the stream of song  
Flows like the life-blood, quick, bright, and  
strong?  
How loves a heart, which hath never proved  
One breath of the world?—Even so she loved!  
Blest, though the lord of her soul afar,  
Was charging the foremost in Moslem war,—  
Bearing the flag of St. Mark's on high,  
As a ruling star in the Grecian sky.  
Proud music breathed in her song, when Fame  
Gave a tone more thrilling to his name;  
And her trust in his love was a woman's faith—  
Perfect, and fearing no change but death.

But the fields are won from the Ottoman  
host,

In the land that quell'd the Persian's boast,  
And a thousand hearts in Venice burn,  
For the day of triumph and return!  
—The day is come! the flashing deep  
Foams where the galleys of Victory sweep;  
And the sceptred City of the wave,  
With her festal splendour greets the brave;  
Cymbal and clarion, and voice around,  
Make the air one stream of exulting sound,  
While the beautiful, with their sunny smiles,  
Look from each hall of the hundred isles.

But happiest and brightest that day of all,  
Robed for her warriors festival,  
Moving a Queen 'midst the radiant throng,  
Was She, th' inspired one, the Maid of Song!  
The lute he loved on her arm she bore,  
As she rush'd in her joy to the crowded shore;  
With a hue on her cheek like the damask glow  
By the sunset given unto mountain snow,  
And her eye all fill'd with the spirit's play,  
Like the flash of a gem to the changeful day,  
And her long hair waving in ringlets bright—  
So came that being of Hope and Light!  
—One moment, Erminia! one moment more,  
And life, all the beauty of life is o'er!  
The bark of her lover hath touched the strand—  
Whom leads he forth with a gentle hand?  
—A young fair form, whose nymph-like grace  
Accorded well with the Grecian face,  
And the eye, in its clear soft darkness meek,  
And the lashes that droop'd o'er a pale rose  
cheek;  
And he look'd on that beauty with tender  
pride—  
The warrior hath brought back an Eastern  
bride!

But how stood She, the Forsaken, there,  
Struck by the lightning of swift despair?  
Still, as amazed with grief, she stood,  
And her cheek to her heart sent back the blood,  
And there came from her quivering lip no  
word—

Only the fall of her lute was heard,  
As it dropt from her hand at her rival's feet,  
Into fragments, whose dying thrill was sweet!

What more remaineth? her day was done;  
Her fate and the Broken Lute's were one!  
The light, the vision, the gift of power,  
Pass'd from her soul in that mortal hour,

Like the rich sound from the shatter'd string,  
Whence the gush of sweetness no more might  
spring!

As an eagle struck in his upward flight,  
So was her hope from its radiant height,  
And her song went with it for evermore,  
A gladness taken from sea and shore!  
She had moved to the echoing sound of fame—  
Silently, silently, died her name!  
Silently melted her life away,  
As ye have seen a young flower decay,  
Or a lamp that hath swiftly burn'd, expire,  
Or a bright stream shrink from the summer's  
fire,  
Leaving its channel all dry and mute—  
Wo for the Broken Heart and Lute!

F. H.

*From the London Weekly Review.*

### LORD GODERICH.

THE statesmen of this country are divided into two great classes, which belong, as the French would say, to the new and the old régime. To lay aside all the niceties of the question, which would only encumber us in our present inquiry, we may say, at once, that one party is attached to things as they are,—and the other, to things as (in its opinion) they ought to be. The argument of the first is simply this—that things have done, and are doing, exceedingly well; and that it is the duty of every wise man, to let well alone. It is therefore averse to any innovation whatever, and looks upon every projected improvement on the wisdom of its grandmother, as something revolting and sacrilegious. Its opponents, on the other hand, laugh at such timidity; they point to what they call the “march of intellect,” to the progress of the arts and sciences, and inquire whether the art of government alone is to stand still. They ridicule the institutions that have merely antiquity to recommend them, and raise the veil with an indecent hand, from the most sacred mysteries of the body-politic. Both parties found their arguments upon the CONSTITUTION, which is the Bible of politicians; they only differ a little about the interpretation of the texts.

It is evident, from the nature of the human mind, and the construction of society at the present day, that the adherents of the last-mentioned party should not merely be by far the most numerous, but that, in reality, the most splendid and imposing talents (to set solidity out of the question), should be ranked in the array of improvement. A third political party, therefore, is necessary to throw its weight into the scale, and to give sufficient popularity to a “stand-still” government, to enable it to retain its position. This party consists of individuals, who, from education or early habits—or even self-interest, are attached to the high-government class; but whose principles, being unsupported by what some will call firmness, and some the obstinacy of ignorance, have yielded, on a few of the great questions that agitate the nation, to the spirit of the age.

These men are the enemies of parliamentary reform, and the advocates of the extension of

royal patronage; but they are also, in some instances, the advocates of free trade; and in some, the enemies of religious persecution. They exercise a conciliatory influence on the public mind, and are, generally speaking, men of worth and talent. Among the most respectable and respected individuals of this class, is the nobleman whose name we have placed at the head of this article.

Frederick John Robinson was born on the 1st of November, 1782. He was educated at Harrow school, from whence he was removed to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he studied two years. So early as 1809, (in his twenty-fifth year,) he was Under Secretary of State with Lord Londonderry, but went out of office after his lordship's duel with Mr. Canning. When Mr. Yorke was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Robinson was one of his board: in 1812, after Mr. Perceval's death, he became Vice-President of the Board of Trade; in 1818, when Mr. Rose died, President of the Board of Trade, and Treasurer of the Navy; and in 1823, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Such was the apprenticeship served by a man, who was one day to be Prime Minister. The most striking points in his character, developed during this succession of services, were an almost republican frankness of manner, and an unbending integrity of principle. His sentiments, popular or unpopular, were expressed plainly and fearlessly: he never got rid of an unpleasant discussion by "moving the previous question;" he met his enemies fairly, and advocated the cause he espoused, both with firmness and temperance. The following is the language he used in 1822, when opposing a popular measure; and it could have been uttered by very few statesmen indeed with more perfect truth and propriety:—"He knew that it might be imputed to him, and to those with whom he usually acted, that in opposing the motion, they were proceeding upon corrupt motives. It was their duty, however, to allow no imputation of the sort to interfere with their proceedings in any case where they were called upon to express their conscientious opinions; and if he thought that the individuals connected with his Majesty's government could be deterred from looking at the present question in all its bearings by any apprehension of this sort, he would be the first person to protest against their conduct." His views of many of the great state questions—the Catholic question, for instance, and the freedom of trade, were as just as they were liberal. He ridiculed the idea of opposing a barrier to the uncontrollable progress of rational liberty; and, in one of the most extraordinary speeches ever uttered by a minister of the crown, confessed, with a frankness and intrepidity characteristic of the man, that the progress of knowledge and education acted as a powerful check on royal influence. From this, indeed, he deduced the necessity of maintaining untouched the sinecure offices attacked by the Opposition; but to oppose this opinion successfully, it would be necessary to prove (and we have not room for the attempt) that the influence of the Crown was greater than that allotted to it by the Constitution, taking into account the existence of that moral counteraction to which he adverted.

While Chancellor of the Exchequer, his annual statements were received with respect and applause by both sides of the House; and even Mr. Brougham, when exhibiting the customary show of opposition, gave him "entire credit for the sound and enlightened principles his budget displayed." The following is the conclusion of his financial statement in 1825:—"Thus, then, I propose to give additional facilities to foreign commerce and internal consumption; thus I strike a blow at that giant, the smuggler; thus I exempt from the weight of direct taxation those who are the least able to bear it; and with these propositions in my hand, I would not fear to go into any assembly of my countrymen, at any time and in any place, and to claim, not I hope with overweening confidence or arrogant presumption, but with an honest consciousness of having endeavoured to do the state some service—respectfully and firmly to claim their approbation and support."

When the sudden death of Mr. Canning left the Government without a pilot, no thinking man in the empire doubted for a moment on whom the important office would devolve. With the official experience of eighteen years, with a deep and practical knowledge of those points of legislation which a British minister considers of paramount importance, and with a character untainted even by the breath of calumny, Mr. Robinson—now Lord Goderich—was called to the government of his country.

Although enjoying the assistance of some of the most efficient members of the late Tory administration, and the co-operation of nearly the whole body of the Whigs, this Government the nation saw, with astonishment and consternation, fall in pieces before the news of its very existence could have been carried to the extremities of the empire. With something of the same spirit which governs the enlightened population of Constantinople, who demand, on every cross-grained occurrence, the vizier's head for a satisfaction, the people of England were furious against the Prime Minister. The terms folly, stupidity, imbecility, were on every tongue. "Why," it was asked, "did he not turn out at once the understrapper Herries, since this was the only stumbling-block in his way? How could he think of bothering his Majesty with the affairs of the nation, at the time when the royal mind was engrossed by the cares of the Pimlico Palace and the Camelopard?" We shall endeavour to answer these questions by a review of the circumstances in which the Minister was placed.

When Lord Goderich found himself at the helm of the state, there was nothing really difficult or remarkable in the situation of the country. Our relations with Portugal, indeed, were not altogether unravell'd; and the affairs of the East demanded careful and constant observation. While the new minister, however, directed his earnest attention to those subjects, nothing was forgotten at home. Following the dictates of his judgment and experience, on a subject which he was peculiarly well qualified by both to examine, he determined on appointing a Committee of Finance. His coadjutors were men of such approved knowledge and ability, that he could not dream of difficulty; and although aware of the importance of



choosing a proper chairman for the committee, his views being totally unbiassed by personal considerations, he tacitly left the choice to them. The character of Mr. Huskisson has not been over-rated, viewing him as a member of the House of Commons; that of Mr. Herries has been under-rated. He is, in reality, a most useful person; and, indeed, we question whether there is a banker's clerk in Lombard-street more *au fait* in all clerical duties. Such men are not merely useful, but absolutely necessary, in an assembly formed, in great part, of raw lads, from the Universities, and grown gentlemen, who are as barren in ideas, as they are costly in words. Without the Mr. Herrieses of the day, we should have these conscript fathers getting up every now and then to say, "Really now, 'pon honour!" like Miss Edgeworth's Colonel, without the fear of being demolished by a fact; and Mr. Hume, some night, without a human being to cry "Hold, hold!" would double the national debt, and propose to pay it off with the produce of the salt tax.

How Messrs. Huskisson and Herries managed the affair between them, we do not know. On another occasion, we shall have to inquire into the former gentleman's share of it: that of the latter, we must take on his own word; but having ourselves heard him receive the lie in as direct a manner as a gentleman could well give it, in the House of Commons, we really are not prepared to say what reliance ought to be placed on his assertion. However this may be, Mr. Huskisson committed himself, beyond retrieve, by offering Lord Althorpe the chair of the Committee; and Mr. Herries, on pretence of some informality, with regard to himself, threatened to resign, if the nomination was confirmed. Lord Goderich, therefore, had only to choose, as it would appear, between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Huskisson. He could not, in conscience, by accepting the latter resignation, deprive the government of its most efficient member, and so introduce disgust and disorganization in the Cabinet; but he could still less think of dismissing Mr. Herries—a man who had been hoisted into the Chancellorship, by the operation of the very highest influence in the state. It is sheer folly to talk of the insignificance of Mr. Herries—if simply hinting to the King the chance or propriety which existed of that insignificant gentleman's going out, had afterwards the effect of breaking up the ministry, what would have been the consequence of his arbitrary dismissal by the minister?

These were the horns of the dilemma. What was Lord Goderich's conduct? He did not choose to act either against his conscience, or against the existence of his government;—but with a spirit worthy of an English nobleman, and a constitutional minister, he went to his sovereign, and stated plainly to him the circumstances in which he had been placed by the man who had been thought worthy to fill the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer by his Majesty himself. His lordship was made to feel that he had been indiscreet in drawing, with the rude fingers of business, the silken curtains of the pavilion of royalty; but the consequences would have been precisely the same had he acted on his own authority. Lord Go-

Museum.—VOL. XIII.

derich was dismissed; the ministry that had been hailed with acclamations of joy and gratitude, from one end of the kingdom to the other, was kicked aside; and in the nineteenth century, and in the reign of George IV., the government of the British empire was placed in the hands of the commander-in-chief of his Majesty's forces!

At this point we must stop. We have arrived at the last outpost of responsibility. There is no agent recognised by the constitution that we know of between the minister and the king. The minister did his duty—the rest will serve for a chapter when we come to write the life of George IV.

In conclusion, we have to congratulate Lord Goderich on retiring from the government with the same spotless honour with which he entered it; and after having left, by his conduct, a still stronger impression on the minds of all reflecting people, that he is qualified, by his talents and integrity, for the very highest offices in the state.

Lord Goderich is the second son of the late Lord Grantham; his mother was a daughter of the Earl of Hardwicke. On the 1st of September, 1814, he was married to Sarah Albinia Louisa, only daughter, and, subsequently, heiress of the Earl of Buckinghamshire; two children, a boy and a girl, were the fruits of this union, but they are both dead. On the 25th of April, 1827, he was raised to the Peerage, with the title of Viscount Goderich of Goderich Castle in the county of Hereford. His lordship is now in the prime of life; in person he is about the middle height, and rather inclined to *embonpoint*. His countenance is expressive of much benevolence, and his manner presents a happy compound of manly frankness and gentlemanly courtesy.

From the London Weekly Review.

#### MEMOIRS OF JOHN MASON GOOD.\*

JOHN MASON GOOD was born of reputable parents at Epping, on the 25th of May, 1764. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a surgeon-apothecary at Gosport, where, with an activity peculiar to himself, he set himself immediately to pound medicines, play cricket and the German flute, practise fencing and poetry, study Italian, and compose a Dictionary of Poetic Endings, besides sundry other literary pieces. In 1783 and 1784 he attended Lectures in London, and wrote a treatise on the Theory of Earthquakes, containing a great deal of reasoning as elaborate as it was erroneous. In 1784 he entered into partnership with a surgeon at Sudbury, and in the following year into a still more intimate one—that of matrimony, with Miss Godfrey, a young lady of nineteen. The latter was dissolved by death in little more than six months.

Four years after, he married a Miss Fenn, and in due time became the father of six chil-

\* Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Character, Literary, Professional, and Religious, of the late John Mason Good, M. D. By Olinthus Gregory, LL. D. London, 1828. Fisher.

dren, two of whom, daughters, still survive. Agreeably to the wishes of these ladies, however, who found that Dr. Gregory could not write of them without praise, the biographer determined reluctantly to mention their names as little as possible in the course of their father's history. In 1792 Mr. Good, either owing to "suretyship," or the imprudent practice of lending money to his friends, became embarrassed in his pecuniary affairs. This had the happy effect of stimulating him to literary exertion: he wrote plays, translations, and poetry, but without the desired effect; he then tried philosophy, but without discovering the secret of transmutation; and at last, to somewhat more purpose, opened a correspondence with a metropolitan newspaper and review.

In 1793 he removed, with his family, to London, and entered into partnership with a Mr. W. by whose misconduct the business soon after failed. "His character," says Dr. Gregory, "soon began to be duly appreciated among medical men; and, on the 7th of November he was admitted a Member of the College of Surgeons." We do not understand the conjunction here; perhaps there is a typographical mistake. However, he obtained a less questionable honour in becoming an active Member of the Medical Society, and of the General Pharmaceutical Association; and, at the suggestion of some of his colleagues in the latter, wrote a "History of Medicine, so far as it relates to the profession of the Apothecary," which was published in 1795.

In 1797 he began a translation of Lucretius; and, two years after, set himself to study the German language, having previously made considerable progress in the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. The Arabic and Persian he afterwards added to his acquisitions. In 1799, he finished his translation of Lucretius, which was composed in the streets of London during the translator's walks to visit his patients. This is not so extraordinary a circumstance as Dr. Gregory imagines; if the business of literature stood still except when the artists are in their workshops, a weekly reviewer would not require a two-inch thick table like this before us, to support the subjects for his hebdomadal dissection.

Mr. Good's literary productions now followed each other in rapid succession till 1812. Of these, his "Song of Songs," "Translation of the Book of Job," and his contributions to the "Pantologia," are the best known. In 1810 he began to deliver Lectures at the Surrey Institution, the first course of which treated of the nature of the Material World, the second of that of the Animate World, and the third of that of the Mind; the whole of which were afterwards published under the general title of "The Book of Nature." In 1820, by authority of a diploma, dated from the ancient and anti-mercenary university of Aberdeen, he began to practise as a physician; and, from the extraordinary success that attended his career from this moment, had reason to regret that he had not aspired at an earlier period to the highest branch of his profession. In the same year he published "A Physiological System of Nosology," and, in 1822, "The Study of Medicine," one of the most successful of his works.

Up to this period, and indeed for some time after, his health had been almost uniformly good, which will not be deemed so extraordinary even in a man who read, wrote, and thought so much as Dr. Good, when it is recollected that his bodily exertions were, of necessity, almost equal to those of his mind. Even in London, when visiting his patients on foot, he must have walked enough to counterbalance the effects of more than one sheet *per diem*: and when the lazy luxury of a coach was substituted for this healthful exercise, it is not wonderful that the mental pressure of study should have increased, even to the extinction of life. On the 2d of January, 1827, in the 63d year of his age, John Mason Good died of a carriage, a disease of fatal, and, we believe, not very unfrequent recurrence in the history of physicians.

Dr. Good was a man of great and versatile talents. As a medical writer his name stands high; and as a physician his practice was extensive and successful. He was not, and, from his education and opportunities, could not be profoundly learned; but the stores of knowledge, collected by unwearied industry, carried on with a kind of enthusiasm in research, were in him as valuable, for all practical purposes, as abstruse learning. In religion, he began by being a Trinitarian, in the sequel he was a Socinian, and in conclusion, a strict Christian according to the doctrines of the Church of England. It is not known at what precise period his mind revolted to the truth; but, in 1807, he intimated by letter to the minister he had been in the habit of attending, that he could no longer countenance by his presence "a system which, even admitting it to be right, was at least repugnant to his own heart and his own understanding." The terms in which this renunciation was made are, at the least, ill-chosen, and among verbal critics might be made the subject of some controversy. In private life he was a good husband, a good father, and a good man.

Such is the groundwork on which this heavy superstructure of letter-press has been raised. As it partakes, however, more of the nature of the fungus than of any thing more tough or solid, it will not prove such a *cruz lectorum* as might be imagined. Let the religious part be abridged, the miserable verses that occupy a great part of the volume, under the felonious *alias* of poetry, cancelled, and nine-tenths of the reflections omitted, and the residuum will prove just such a volume as Dr. Good deserves, and as a rational friend would desire to consecrate to his memory.

From the London Weekly Review.

MORNINGS IN SPRING; or *Retrospections, Biographical, Critical, and Historical.* By Nathan Drake, M. D. H. A. L., Author of "Essays on Periodical Literature," &c. 2 vols. fcp. 8vo. London, 1828. Murray.

THESE two volumes are the production of an amiable literary veteran, whose name has long been familiar to the public as the author of *me-*

merous miscellaneous essays. Though deficient in power, freshness and vivacity, there is such a tone of benevolence, and such a gentle enthusiasm, in most of his writings, that he is held in considerable esteem by a large class of readers, who acknowledge, in these indications of a mild and philanthropic spirit, a sufficient atonement for much dulness and insipidity. Nothing, for example, but considerations of this nature could make any one tolerate for a moment his absurd patronage of various obscure versifiers, whom a writer with less of the milk of human kindness, or more critical acumen, would disdain to extricate from their merited oblivion.

An article of upwards of 100 pages, as full of eulogy as it can hold, is devoted to the Reverend Richard Hole, LL. B. the author of "Arthur," a Poetical Romance in Seven Books!! This work was printed and published no less than thirty-seven years ago, and, to the astonishment of our worthy critic, no second edition has yet been called for. In fact, he verily "believes that it has faded nearly, if not altogether, from the memory of the public,"—a circumstance of which we are by no means sceptical.

As among the more sensible and pleasant articles in these volumes, we should mention that "On the Influence of an early acquired Love for Literature;" "The Memoirs of Sir Philip Sidney and his Sister;" "On Drummond;" and "The Interview of Milton and Galileo at Tuscany." From this last we shall present our readers with an interesting extract.

"One of the most pleasing, and, at the same time, most interesting circumstances in the early life of Milton, and during the period of his travels on the Continent, is his interview with the celebrated Galileo. 'There it was,' he says, speaking of Italy in his speech for unlicensed printing, 'that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought.'

"It is probable that the attention of our immortal countryman had been peculiarly directed to this illustrious victim of bigotry and superstition, by the compassionate sympathy of Hugo Grotius, who, during the very month in which the poet was introduced to him by Lord Scudamore, then our ambassador at the court of Paris, thus mentions Galileo in a letter to his friend Vossius: 'This old man, to whom the universe is so deeply indebted, worn out with maladies, and still more with anguish of mind, gives us little reason to hope that his life can be long; common prudence, therefore, suggests to us to make the utmost of the time, while we can yet avail ourselves of such an instructor.'

"Little could be wanting to induce Milton to visit, and, with reverential awe, to offer an unfeigned homage to this truly memorable sufferer in the cause of science. Shortly, therefore, after reaching Florence, he sought out his abode, and found him at his seat near Arcetri, in Tuscany. Galileo in 1633, the period of Milton's visit, was seventy-five years of age; he had been twice imprisoned by the Inquisition at Rome, for the supposed heresy of

his philosophical opinions in defending the system of Copernicus, and his last liberation in December, 1633, after a confinement of nearly two years, was on the express condition of not departing, for the residue of his life, from the duchy of Tuscany.

"Let us now place before our eyes the picture which tradition has left us of this great and much injured character, when, at the close of a life of persecution, when 'fallen on evil days and evil tongues,' the youthful Milton stood before him.—Not only was he suffering from the natural pressure of advancing years, but he was infirm from sickness, and had, a very short time before Milton was admitted to his presence, become totally blind, from a too intense application to his telescope, and consequent exposure to the night air. Yet this, the greatest calamity which could have befallen a person thus engaged, he bore with Christian fortitude, with the piety, indeed, of a saint, and the resignation of a philosopher. He permitted it not, in fact, either to break the vigour of his spirit, or to interrupt the course of his studies, supplying, in a great measure, the defect by constant meditation, and the use of an amanuensis. Nor, though the first astronomer and mathematician of any age or country, had he confined himself to these pursuits; his learning was general and extensive; both theoretically and practically he was an architect and designer; his fondness for poetry was enthusiastic, and he played upon the lute with the most exquisite skill and taste. To these varied acquisitions in science, literature and art, were added the blessings of an amiable disposition; for though keenly sensible of the injustice of his enemies, whose malevolence and oppression, indeed, have scarcely had a parallel, he was yet cheerful, affable, and open in his temper, and his aspect, we are told, was singularly venerable, mild, and intelligent.

"That such a man, though living in an age of extreme bigotry, should be an object of ardent attachment to those who best knew him, may be readily conceived. We shall not be surprised, therefore, to learn that he was enthusiastically beloved by his pupils, and that when visited by Milton, Vincenzo Viviani, his last and favourite disciple, then a youth of seventeen, was attending upon him with all the zeal of the most affectionate son. So great, indeed, was the veneration entertained for him by this young man, who subsequently became his biographer, and a mathematician of great celebrity, that he never during the remainder of his life, (and he reached the age of eighty-one,) subscribed his name without the addition of the 'scholar of Galileo;' and had constantly before him, in the room in which he studied, a bust of his revered master, with several inscriptions in his praise.

"How must Milton have been interested and affected by the spectacle which opened to his view on entering beneath the roof of Galileo; how deeply must he have felt and penetrated into the feelings of the characters then placed before him; the sublime fortitude and resignation of the aged but persecuted astronomer, and the delighted love and admiration of his youthful companion! It is, indeed, highly pro-

bable, that the poet's deep-rooted abhorrence of bigotry and oppression was first imbibed on beholding this illustrious martyr of intolerance. There can also be little doubt but that the conference which, on this occasion, took place between the philosopher and the bard, led, as the Italian biographer of Milton has remarked, to those ideas in the *Paradise Lost* which approximate to the Newtonian doctrine of the planetary system. It can also admit of less, that, when Milton, old and deprived of sight, was composing his immortal poem, he must often have recalled to memory this interview with the blind and suffering Galileo, under feelings of peculiar sympathy and commiseration; and with the same Christian patience and firmness which so remarkably distinguished the great Florentine, he could truly say,

‘I argue not  
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer  
Right onward.’

“Independent of a succinct annunciation, in the eighth book of his poem, of the system of the universe as taught by Galileo, he has twice by name distinctly alluded to him: thus in the first book, when describing the shield of Satan, he says, its

‘broad circumference  
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose  
orb  
Through optic glass the *Tuscan* artist views  
At evening from the top of *Fesolè*,  
Or in *Valdarno*, to descry new lands,  
Rivers, or mountains in her spotty globe.’

“And again in his fifth book:

‘As when by night the glass  
Of Galileo, less assured, observes  
Imagined lands and regions in the moon.’

“It is somewhat remarkable that Milton, who appears to have been well acquainted with the Copernican theory of the world as taught, and, I may say, indeed, demonstrated by Galileo, should have hesitated a moment in his choice between the system of his great contemporary and that of Ptolemy; yet this dubiety, this trimming, as it were, between the ancient and modern doctrines, is but too apparent in his sublime account of the creation, and interrupts in some measure the satisfaction of the philosophical reader. ‘If Pliny in regard to Hipparchus,’ says a pleasing and popular writer, ‘could extravagantly say, *Ausens rem Deo improbam annuunciare posteris stellas*, what would that historian of nature have said, had it been foretold him, that in the latter days a man would arise who should enable posterity to enumerate more new stars than Hipparchus had counted of the old; who should assign four moons to Jupiter, and in our moon point out higher mountains than any here below; who should in the sun, the fountain of light, discover dark spots as broad as two quarters of the earth, and, by these spots, ascertain his motion round his axis; who, by the varying phases of the planets, should compose the shortest and plainest demonstration of the solar system? Yet these were but part of the annuncia-

tions to the world of a single person, of Galileo, of unperishing memory.”

“This great and good man died at Arcetri, near Florence, in 1642, three years after Milton's visit, and in the same year which gave birth to Sir Isaac Newton, who, as hath been well observed, took up from Galileo the thread of astronomical science, and carried it from world to world, through regions as yet unexplored and unknown.” vol. ii. p. 313–321.

From the *Athenæum*.

#### SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

The reputation of this writer is very disproportionate to the extent of his definite and tangible performances. He stands, in general estimation, among the highest names of our day for speculative science, for politics, legislation, history, and rhetoric. Yet the works which have gained for him this high character are few and small—two or three pamphlets, a score of speeches, and as many anonymous papers in the *Edinburgh Review*. The merit of these, both for ability of thought and beauty of composition, is a sufficient warrant for the nature of the source from which they came; and we only lament that so bright a water should flow forth in such scanty streams. These writings have been sufficient to convince the world that Sir James Mackintosh is one of a small neglected class, the lovers of wisdom. But men have done him more justice than they ordinarily render to his brethren; for he is thought of, almost on all hands, not as a dreamer of dreams, a wanderer through a limbo of vanity, but as rich in all recorded knowledge, and an honest and eloquent teacher. This fame has been obtained, not by the size of his writings, but the loftiness of the ground on which they are placed, that pure and philosophical elevation from which even the smallest object will project its shadow over an empire: and, though vigour and perseverance are necessary to attain that height, how much larger does it make the circle of vision, than, when, standing among the paths of common men, our eyes are strained by gazing into the distance. It is not merely by the talent displayed in his works, brilliant and powerful as it is, nor by the quantity of his information, however various and profound, that he has obtained his present celebrity; but, in a great degree, by the tone of dignity and candour, which is so conspicuous a characteristic of his mind. He has less of the spirit of party than almost any *partisan* we remember.

His greatest talent is the power of acquiring knowledge from the thoughts of others. Of the politicians of our day, if not of all living Englishmen whatever, he is incomparably the most learned. His acquaintance with the history of the human mind, both in the study of its

“Adam's Lectures on Natural and Experimental Philosophy, vol. ii. p. 477.”

† If we remember right, it is said, that, from one of the Swiss mountains, the traveller may see his own shadow thrown at sunrise to a distance of many leagues.



own laws, and in action, is greater than that of any contemporary writer of our country: and his intimacy with the revolutions and progress of modern Europe, both in politics and literature, is, indeed, perfectly marvellous. He is also the more to be trusted in his writings on these points, because he is not very exclusively wedded to any peculiar system or even science. Many of the chroniclers or commentators of particular tracts in the wide empire of knowledge, seem to consider that their own department is the only important one, or, even that their own view of it is incalculably and beyond dispute, the most deserving of attention; their works thus resemble some oriental maps, in which the Indian ocean is a creek of the Persian gulf, and Europe, Asia, and Africa, are paltry appendages to Arabia. Sir James Mackintosh is, in a great degree, free from this error: and we are inclined to think, that the most valuable service, he has it in his power to render to the world, would be by publishing a history of philosophy from the tenth to the seventeenth century; not because he has thought the thoughts, or felt the feelings, of those ages, but because he would give us fair and candid abstracts of the books which he had studied, and would supply questions to be answered by the oracle, of which he is not himself a priest; so that men of a more catholic, and less latitudinarian spirit, might find in his pages the elements of a wisdom to which he can minister, though he cannot teach it. He knows whatever has been produced in other men by the strong and restless workings of the principles of their nature. But he seems himself to have felt but little of such prompting. The original sincerity and goodness of his mind, display themselves unconsciously in much of his writing; but they do not appear to have given him that earnest impulsion which would have made him an apostle of truth, and a reformer of mankind. He is in all things a follower of some previously recognised opinions, because he has neither the boldness which would carry him beyond the limits consecrated by habit, nor the feeling of a moral want unsatisfied, which would have urged him thus to take a wider range. But having an acute intellectual vision, and a wish to arrive at conviction, he has chosen the best of what was before him, *within* the region of precedent and authority. He has plucked the fairest produce of the domain of our ancestors from the trees that they planted, and which have been cultivated till now in their accustomed methods. But he has not leaped the boundaries, and gone forth to search for nobler plants and richer fruit, nor has he dared to touch even the tree of knowledge which flourishes within the garden. He has looked for truth among the speculations of a thousand minds, and he has found little but its outward forms. He has abstracted something here, and added something there; he has classed opinions, and brought them into comparison; and picked out this from one, and joined on that to another; now wavered to the right, now faltered to the left; and scarce rejecting or believing any thing strongly, has become learned with unprofitable learning, and filled his mind with elaborate and costly furniture, which chokes up its passages, and darkens its windows. He

has slain a hundred systems, and united their lifeless limbs into a single figure. But the vital spirit is not his to give. It is not the living hand of Plato or Bacon, which points out to him the sanctuary; but the monuments and dead statues of philosophers block up the entrance to the Temple of Wisdom. His mind is made up of the shreds and parings of other thinkers. The body of his philosophic garment is half taken from the gown of Locke, and half from the cassock of Butler; the sleeves are torn from the robe of Leibnitz, and the cape is of the ermine of Shaftesbury; and wearing the cowl of Aquinas, and shod in the sandals of Aristotle, he comes out before the world with the trumpet of Cicero at his lips, the club of Hobbes in one hand, and the mace of Bacon in the other.

Having thus formed his opinions from books, without having nourished any predominant feeling or belief in his own mind,—his creed is far too much a matter of subtleties and difficulties, and nicely balanced systems. It is all arranged and polished, and prepared against objection, and carefully compacted together like a delicate Mosaic; but it is not a portion of the living substance of his mind. It is easy to perceive, to learn, to talk about a principle, and the man of the highest talent will do this best. But, to know it, it must be felt. And here the man of talent is often at fault, while some one without instruction, or even intellectual power, may not only apprehend the truth, as if by intuition, rather than by thought, but embrace and cherish it in his inmost heart, and make it the spring of his whole being. Sir James Mackintosh has, unfortunately, buried the seeds of this kind of wisdom under heaps of learned research and difficult casuistry. He has given no way to the free expansion of his nature; nor rendered himself up to be the minister and organ of good, which will needs speak boldly wherever there are lips willing to interpret it. This, perhaps, is not seen clearly by the world. But the want is felt; and the most disciplined metaphysician, be the strength and width of his comprehension what it may, will inevitably find, that men can reap no comfort nor hope in doubts and speculations, however ingenious, or however brilliant, unless they hear a diviner power breathing in the voices of their teachers. The understanding can speak only to the understanding. The memory can enrich only the memory. But there is that within us, of which both understanding and memory are instruments; and he who addresses it can alone be certain that his words will thrill through all the borders of the world, and utter consolation to all his kind.

He seems to us to be a man of doubting and qualifying mind, who would willingly find out the best if he had courage to despise the throng, to desert their paths, and boldly go in search of it. He heads the crowd in the road they are travelling; but he will not seek to lead them in a new direction. Nor is it only in any one particular department of thought that he seeks to support himself by the doctrines of his predecessors, and the prejudices of his contemporaries; in short, to move the future by the rotten lever of the past. It is a propensity which guides and governs him in all his labours. In

politics, he is a professed whig; that is, a man who, provided no great and startling improvements are attempted, is perfectly willing that mankind, as they creep onward, should fling off, grain by grain, the load with which they now are burdened: though he holds it certain that we are doomed by nature to sweat and groan for ever under by far the larger portion of our present fardels. He will not venture to conclude that the whole of a political system is bad; but his reason and his good feelings tell him that the separate parts are all indefensible. He halts perpetually between two opinions; and while decidedly a friend to the people, he is not near so certainly an enemy to bad government. He is too wise and too virtuous not to know that reform must begin; but he is too cautious and timid to pronounce how far it shall be allowed to go. What he would do in politics, is all good; but he seems afraid to proceed to extremity, even in improvement. This propensity arises in part from his natural hesitation and weakness of temperament: but is strengthened, and in his views sanctioned, by the effects of his historical studies. For he seems to have been very much influenced by the feeling of exclusive respect for the past, which is so apt to creep unconsciously and gradually, like the rust of time upon a coin, over the minds of those who devote themselves chiefly to by-gone ages. They do not see how far the path is open before us, because their eyes are constantly turned backwards; and from the same cause, they are liable, in moving onward, to stumble over the slightest impediment. Sir James Mackintosh has obviously escaped (thanks to his speculative and benevolent habit of feeling) from the worst degree of this tendency; and, in charging him with it all, we are not sure that his attempt to reform the criminal law might not be held up to us as a sufficient and complete answer. But it certainly does seem, that it has acted upon him in a certain degree, in connexion with the bent of his moral and metaphysical opinions, to prevent him from hoping, and therefore from attempting, any great amelioration of mankind. He is, moreover, from his habits of research and study, far too much of the professor, to be all that he ought to be of the statesman. With his eloquence, his knowledge of the laws, his station in general opinion, and his seat in Parliament, he might make himself an instrument of the wisest good. But, alas! he retreats from the senate to the library, and, when he casually emerges into affairs, he, who might be the guiding star of his country, if he be not a mere partisan, appears as little better than a book-worm.

It is truly wonderful to consider, recognised by all as the talents and acquirements of Sir James Mackintosh, how little effect he produces upon the public mind. Every body is willing to respect his judgment, and to learn from his knowledge; but the prophet will not speak. He holds a sceptre which he will not wield, and is gifted with a futile supremacy. He is one of the many able men who do nothing, because they cannot do all. He seems to spend his time in storing up information for the 'moth and rust to corrupt.' He has none of the eager earnestness of mind, which would

make him impatient at seeing the great and mingling currents of human life flow past him, without himself plunging into the stream. He forgets that, if he had written ten times as much, it would probably be only a few degrees less precious than what he has accomplished: and the world would have been influenced nearly ten times more by his abilities and knowledge. He would, doubtless, then have been prevented from heaping into his memory so much of the deeds and sayings of other men; but he would have done more good, and said more truth, himself. He would not so thoroughly have known past history; but he would have been a nobler subject for future historians. Even his opinions on the constitution and laws of the human mind, he has never put forth boldly and formally; nor would it be easy to prove, from either his avowed or his anonymous productions, at what point he stands between Kant and Hume. On one great subject, namely, the essential difference between right and wrong, he has more than once declared himself; and as this point is at present of great interest, and larger masses of belief seem daily ranging themselves on opposite sides, it is one with regard to which we will venture to say a very few words. It is the theory of Sir James Mackintosh that expediency is the foundation of morality, but a large and universal expediency, which embodies itself in rules that admit of no question or compromise. He thus stands among the advocates of 'utility,' but on the border nearest to their antagonists. His principle is obviously much less liable to fluctuation and uncertainty, than that of the reasoners who, like him, basing their system on expediency, perpetually recur to the first principle of the doctrine, and will never take for granted, however general may be the assent of mankind, that any rule of conduct is right, unless they can demonstrate its beneficial consequence. The whole question, however, is evidently one of fact, and it would be futile to say that a different notion from that of the 'Utilitarians' would be more useful than theirs, supposing that, as they pretend, their creed can be proved to be the true one. But on this ground we are content to place the matter; and we are just as certain, as of the existence of our senses, that there is, in the human mind, a simple and primary idea of the distinction between right and wrong, not produced by experience, but developing itself in proportion to the growth of the mind. We do not say that the contrary belief is false, because it produces the state of moral disease which, we think, we can observe in the greater number of its supporters; but we maintain, that it is at once the result and the evidence, in short, the symptom, of that unhealthy condition. It is one of the characteristics of that mental habit in which there is so much of narrowness both in thought and feeling, and which has so strong a tendency to repress all that there is within us of nobler and more hopeful power. It seems certain that the habitual recurrence to expediency, as the standard of our conduct, must have the tendency to make us less and less moral, and more and more selfish beings; until it has completely extinguished those sympathies which unite us to all our race, and which never were acted upon uniformly by any one who was ac-

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customed to calculate their reaction upon himself.

That Sir James Mackintosh holds the theory of expediency in such a manner as to diminish his benevolence, we certainly do not believe. Like all the good men who have adopted this system, he probably feels a power which his intellect denies; and it is this which adds all the sanction and glory, which he and they are conscious of, to the relations that connect them with their species. But that his denial of any other basis of moral distinction than expediency has tended very much to cramp the general strain of his speculations, we are just as certain; and we think that the traces of this result, or rather of the character of mind which produced both evils, may be observed in his earliest production. The 'Vindictive Gallics' is a very clever book to have been written by a very young man. There is in it a completeness and vigour of reasoning, and a fulness and almost eloquence of style, which would do credit to any time of life, and justly brought distinction to the youth of Sir James Mackintosh. But there is perhaps in that very nearness to excellence an evidence that there could be no closer approach. A child of three feet high, and of the exact proportions of a man, is a miracle in boyhood; but he will never grow, and the man will be a dwarf. The mind, exhibited in the work in question, is not in the immaturity of greatness, but second-rate power in its highest development. There are in it none of the eager rushings to a truth, which is yet beyond our reach,—none of those unsuccessful graspings at wide principles, and abortive exertions to make manifest those ideas of which as yet we only feel the first stirrings,—none of those defeated attempts, the best warrant of future success, which we find in the earlier works of master intellects. It is not that he has an imperfect view of an extensive field, but that he seems circumscribed by a boundary, within which all is clear to him, but beyond which he does not attempt to look. There are no chasms, such as in thinking over a subject almost every young man must have felt that he did not know how to fill up, but which he knew, at the same time, required to be closed by some idea which he could not at the time command. There is nothing of this sort from beginning to end of the book; and therefore a philosopher might have predicted even then that the writer would never reform a science, or create a system. The department of thought in which, from the time he is understood to have given to it, and from its own exceeding imperfection, he would have been most likely to work out some great regeneration, is the philosophy of international law. Yet it stands very nearly where it did: and Sir James Mackintosh does not seem even to have attempted to introduce new principles, into a mass of rule and custom that is still, in a great degree, what it was made by the necessities or ignorance of our semi-barbarous forefathers. He seems to us, in short, to be distinguished chiefly by readiness in accumulating the thoughts of others, by subtlety in discerning differences, and by the greatest power of expression which can exist without any thing of poetical imagination.

From the London Weekly Review.

# THE WOUNDED KNIGHT.—A FRAGMENT.

BY JAJA-EL.

By wood and stream and moonlit waste  
A warrior urged his steed,  
And onwards spur'd with fiery haste,  
As life hung on his speed:

High in the star-gemm'd heaven that night  
The moon rose full and clear,  
And gleam'd on helm and corselet bright,  
As he pass'd in his wild career!

Up the steep hill, and down below,  
Along the level heath  
He springs—as mountain-torrents flow—  
Loud-dashing far beneath!

Oh! pause, Sir Knight, yon lovely stream  
Far-winding through the wold,  
And dancing in the silv'ry beam,  
Is beauteous to behold!

Yon mould'ring tower—sweet minstrel  
rhymes  
Have sung its lofty praise—  
It tells, Sir Knight, of other times,  
Of deeds of other days!

He heeds it not. Oh! stay thee now,  
Thy courser pants for breath;  
And wipe the cold sweat from thy brow—  
It is the damp of death!

Away, away! with lips compress'd,  
As if to chain his soul,  
And hand upon his blood-stain'd vest,  
He springs towards his goal!

By haunted dell, and holy roof,  
By tower and stately hall,  
Still, still descends the clattering hoof,  
Like the dash of the water-fall!

Less swiftly shoots the startled hind,  
Less fleet the falcon flies;  
He passes like the rushing wind,  
Or meteor 'thwart the skies:

But pale his cheek, and sunk his eyes,  
And who had seen had said,  
Before to-morrow's sun shall rise,  
Will he be with the dead!

A lady sat on a moss-grown seat,  
Her little page stood nigh,  
And sang of love and battle-feat,  
And deeds of chivalry.

And oft she sigh'd as he touch'd the chord,  
And breathed the minstrel strain,  
For she thought of her own betrothed lord,  
Far off on the battle plain.

Yet smiled she on that lovely boy,  
As the sweet sounds died away,  
And his young heart gaily leap'd with joy,  
As only the young heart may!

He had sung to her in moonlit bower,  
And she had loved him well,  
And been a friend from that far dim hour  
When his father in battle fell.

Full sore he wept when his sire died,  
But short was his childish sorrow;  
The tears of the young are quickly dried,  
And he laugh'd again on the morrow!

And now no joy seem'd half so bright  
To the heart of that grateful child,  
As when in that bower, by calm moonlight,  
He sang, and his mistress smiled.

They met—that Knight and his Lady-love—  
That so the fond should meet!  
He had flown o'er the land like the wounded  
dove,  
To die in his loved retreat!

*From the London Weekly Review.*

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF JOHN LEDYARD, from his Journals and Correspondence. By Jared Sparks. 8vo. London, 1825. Colburn.

WE particularly delight to follow a bold adventurer in his wanderings through the wilderness of this world; to observe him from the moment when he creeps into life at the base of the pyramid of society, until he scales the summit, or dies struggling in the ascent. It is, in fact, to observe the triumph of mental energy over circumstances, over the opposition of fortune, and the tendency of our corporeal nature to ignoble and debasing repose. In looking abroad upon society, we invariably mark the predilections of vulgar minds point towards ease, security, pleasure; while in the creator of his own rank and fortune the workings of a very different spirit are visible. The latter sets out on the journey of life with pride and courage for his staff and scrip. He measures his intellectual stature with that of his neighbours, and discovering that, though they may stand upon higher ground, and affect to look down upon him with scorn from their accidental elevation, they are but pigmies in reality; he learns to entertain a scorn for mere rank, and more deep-rooted reverence of himself. In speaking thus of the maker of his own fortune, we do not of course allude at all to the Jews and jobbers and dwarf-minded knaves who thrive upon the offals of power in the obscene avenues of a court. Our discourse refers to the man who, entering the world, as it were, as a cypher, quickly causes his presence to be felt, and arms his mind with all those intellectual weapons with which we achieve fame. The mere vulgar adventurer is of course a very different kind of personage. His unquiet eye is cast, not upon intellectual pre-eminence, but upon the good things of this life; and if he struggles hard, and perseveres through evil and through good report, and at the expense of his friends, his conscience, and his God, to retain them, it is simply because his passions are a tide without a flood, and never lift him into the regions of enthusiasm.

John Ledyard, the subject of the present article, and an adventurer of mixed character, was born at Groton in Connecticut, in 1751. He was originally designed for the profession

of the law, and for a short time studied its principles under a respectable practitioner; but growing disgusted in a very little while with the Cokes and the LITTLETONS, his next project was to become a Missionary. To accomplish himself for the fulfilment of his mission, which was to have been among the savages of North America, he became a student at Dr. Wheelock's establishment at Hanover, New Hampshire (now Dartmouth College), but he does not appear to have made any very great progress in the science of Theology. In fact, he had but a weak predilection for study of any kind. He learned but little at college, where, according to his biographer, he evinced a greater fondness for the life of a strolling player than for that of a missionary. However, to reconnoitre the ground in which he was one day to sow the good seeds of faith, he absconded from Hanover, and rambled for more than three months among the savages. This little excursion seems to have cured him of his zeal for proselytism, for he very soon after abandoned all thoughts of becoming a missionary, for which he was certainly no way fitted, and abstracted himself from college. The mode in which this little affair was managed was so characteristic of the man, and so very unlike the way in which a youth would run away from school in Europe, that we are tempted to copy Mr. Spark's account of it.

"On the margin of the Connecticut river, which runs near the college, stood many majestic forest trees, nourished by a rich soil. One of these Ledyard contrived to cut down. He then set himself at work to fashion its trunk into a canoe, and in this labour he was assisted by some of his fellow-students. As the canoe was fifty feet long, and three wide, and was to be dug out and constructed by these unskilful workmen, the task was not a trifling one, nor such as could be speedily executed. Operations were carried on with spirit, however, till Ledyard wounded himself with an axe, and was disabled for several days. When recovered, he applied himself anew to his work; the canoe was finished, launched into the stream, and, by the further aid of his companions, equipped and prepared for a voyage. His wishes were now at their consummation, and bidding adieu to these haunts of the muses, where he had gained a dubious fame, he set off alone, with a light heart, to explore a river, with the navigation of which he had not the slightest acquaintance. The distance to Hartford was one hundred and forty miles, much of the way was through a wilderness, and in several places there were dangerous falls and rapids.

"With a bearskin for a covering, and his canoe well stocked with provisions, he yielded himself to the current, and floated leisurely down the stream, seldom using his paddle, and stopping only in the night for sleep. He told Mr. Jefferson, in Paris, fourteen years afterwards, that he took only two books with him, a Greek Testament, and Ovid, one of which he was deeply engaged in reading when his canoe approached Bellows's Falls, where he was suddenly roused by the noise of the waters rushing among the rocks through the narrow passage. The danger was imminent, as no boat could go down that fall without being



instantly dashed in pieces. With difficulty he gained the shore in time to escape such a catastrophe, and through the kind assistance of the people in the neighbourhood, who were astonished at the novelty of such a voyage down the Connecticut, his canoe was drawn by oxen around the fall, and committed again to the water below. From that time, till he arrived at his place of destination, we hear of no accident, although he was carried through several dangerous passes on the river. On a bright spring morning, just as the sun was rising, some of Mr. Seymour's family were standing near his house, in the high bank of the small river that runs through the city of Hartford and empties itself into the Connecticut river, when they espied at some distance an object of unusual appearance moving slowly up the stream. Others were attracted by the singularity of the sight, and all were conjecturing what it could be, till its questionable shape assumed the true and obvious form of a canoe; but by what impulse it was moved forward none could determine. Something was seen in the stern, but apparently without life or motion. At length the canoe touched the shore directly in front of the house; a person sprang from the stern to a rock in the edge of the water, threw off a bearskin in which he had been enveloped, and behold John Ledyard, in the presence of his uncle and connexions, who were filled with wonder at this sudden apparition, for they had received no intelligence of his intention to leave Dartmouth, but supposed him still there diligently pursuing his studies, and fitting himself to be a missionary among the Indians." p. 21—4.

We next find him exceedingly anxious to get a comfortable living as a regular clergyman, which he thought much better than dwelling as a missionary among savages; and while this fit was upon him, he was accustomed, we are told, in imitation of St. Anthony, who harangued the fishes, to go regularly into the woods, to preach to the trees, for the sake of practice. As the trees of North America are no controversialists, Mr. Ledyard had it all his own way in these little preachments; but when he came to try his eloquence upon mankind, he was found to be extremely ignorant, and refused admission into the church.

He now felt the *amor patriæ* cool a little within him, and began to think of projecting his genius into a new sphere. Accordingly, finding that the captain of a small trading vessel was disposed to afford him entertainment on board during a voyage to Gibraltar, and back to the West Indies, he left America; and, in order to diversify life a little, and amuse the worthy captain, who was an old friend of his father, he enlisted as a common soldier in an English regiment at Gibraltar. The honest old tar was a good deal vexed of course at this freak of Mr. Ledyard, but he exerted himself to obtain his liberation, and our hero magnanimously consented to do him the honour of eating his beef and biscuits for two or three months longer, if he would procure his release.

It seems that the family of the Ledyards was originally from Bristol, and that, at the time to which our adventurer's history relates, several respectable members of it were settled

as merchants in London. John, who had heard something of these wealthy relatives, now conceived the project of visiting them, but having no money, was compelled to work for his passage to England, where he arrived without a penny, without friends, without even a single letter of recommendation. He, however, begged his way to London, and was fortunate enough to see the name of Ledyard on a carriage in the street, which enabled him to discover his relatives. They appear to have received him tolerably well, considering the condition in which he presented himself to them, and his utter incapacity to prove his kindred. Disappointed in his romantic expectations, he now enlisted in the marines, and contrived to introduce himself to Captain Cook, then about to leave England for his last voyage round the world. The great navigator seems to have been pleased with his enthusiasm. He promoted him to the rank of corporal, and in this rank he accompanied the expedition. We shall not now stop to describe the countries visited or discovered in this celebrated voyage, but a love adventure, which took place in one of the South Sea Islands, is too interesting to be passed over.

"While the ships lay at anchor in Queen Charlotte's Sound, a singular love adventure occurred between a young English sailor and a New Zealand girl, the particulars of which are related in Ledyard's journal, as they are also in Cook's Voyages, and which prove the softer sex among savages, even the daughters of cannibals, to be capable of deep affection and strong attachment. An intimacy was contracted between a sailor and a native girl about fourteen years of age, which grew stronger from day to day, till at length all the time he could spare from his duties was devoted to her society. He furnished her with combs to decorate her hair, and with ornaments for her person; and, to make himself more attractive in her eyes, he submitted to be tattooed according to the custom of the country. His passion was reciprocated in the most ardent and artless manner by the maiden, Gowannahee, whom no conventional rules had taught to conceal the emotions of nature; and although they understood not each other's language, yet love whispered in accents which they found no difficulty in comprehending. Thus their days and hours flew rapidly away till the time of separation approached. Gowannahee was much distressed when such an event was hinted at; she would throw her arms around her lover's neck, and insist that he should not go; and such were the alluring arts she used, and such the willingness of the youth to be led by them, that he resolved to desert from the ship and remain behind. He contrived to remove his clothing and other effects on shore, and to escape by the stratagem of dressing himself in the costume of the natives and mingling in the crowd, just as orders were given to sail, and the New Zealanders were required to leave the ships. When the roll was called to ascertain if all hands were on board, his absence was discovered. The cause was easily apprehended, and some of the officers were disposed to let such an instance of true love have its reward, and not to disturb the enamoured sailor in his

dreams of future felicity among the savages of New Zealand. The less sentimental Cook was not moved by these mild counsels; he saw mischief in such a precedent, and he was inflexible: a guard of marines was despatched to search for the traitor, and bring him back to duty. He had proceeded to the interior, and secreted himself with his faithful Gowannahoe; but his hiding-place was at last discovered. As soon as she perceived their intention to take him away, she was overwhelmed with anguish; and at the parting scene on the beach she yielded herself up to expressions of grief and despair, which the stoutest heart could not witness unmoved. The young sailor was examined and tried for his misdemeanor; but Cook was so much amused with the schemes he had devised for himself, and the picture he had drawn of his future prospects and greatness, as the husband of Gowannahoe, and a chief of renown, that he forbore to aggravate the pains of disappointed hope by any formal punishment." p. 60—63.

From the Southern Ocean the expedition next sailed through Behring's Straits into the Asiatic regions; and during this part of the voyage Ledyard exhibited, on the island of Onalaska, the following proof of daring courage.

"I was at this time, and indeed ever after, an intimate friend of John Gore, first lieutenant of the *Resolution*, a native of America as well as myself, and superior to me in command. He recommended me to captain Cook to undertake the expedition, with which I immediately acquiesced. Captain Cook assured me, that he was happy I had undertaken it, as he was convinced I should persevere; and after giving me some instructions how to proceed, he wished me well, and desired I would not be longer absent than a week if possible, at the expiration of which he should expect me to return. If I did not return by that time he should wait another week for me and no longer. The young chief before-mentioned, and his two attendants, were to be my guides. I took with me some presents adapted to the taste of the Indians, brandy in bottles, and bread, but no other provisions. I went entirely unarmed, by the advice of Captain Cook. The first day we proceeded about fifteen miles into the interior part of the Island, without any remarkable occurrence, until we approached a village just before night. This village consisted of about thirty huts, some of them large and spacious, though not very high. The huts are composed of a kind of slight frame, erected over a square hole sunk about four feet into the ground; the frame is covered at the bottom with turf, and upwards it is thatched with coarse grass; the whole village was out to see us, and men, women, and children crowded about me. I was conducted by the young chief, who was my guide, and seemed proud and assiduous to serve me, into one of the largest huts. I was surprised at the behaviour of the Indians, for though they were curious to see me, yet they did not express that extraordinary curiosity, that would be expected had they never seen an European before, and I was glad to perceive it, as it was an evidence in favour of what I wish-

ed to find true, namely, that there were Europeans now among them. \* \* \*

"About three hours before dark we came to a large bay, which appeared to be four leagues over. Here my guide Perpheela, took a canoe and all our baggage, and set off, seemingly to cross the bay. He appeared to leave me in an abrupt manner, and told me to follow the two attendants; this gave me some uneasiness. I now followed Perpheela's two attendants, keeping the bay in view; but we had not gone above six miles before we saw a canoe approaching us from the opposite side of the bay, in which were two Indians. As soon as my guides saw the canoe, we ran to the shore from the hills and hailed them, and finding they did not hear us, we got some bushes and waved them in the air, which they saw, and stood directly for us. This canoe was sent by Perpheela to bring me across the bay, and shorten the distance of the journey.

"It was beginning to be dark when the canoe came to us. It was a skin canoe, after the Esquimaux plan, with two holes to accommodate two sitters. The Indians that came in the canoe talked a little with my two guides, and then came to me and desired I would get into the canoe. This I did not very readily agree to, however, as there was no other place for me but to be thrust into the space between the holes, extended at length upon my back, and wholly excluded from seeing the way I went, or the power of extricating myself upon an emergency. But as there was no alternative, I submitted thus to be stowed away in bulk, and went head foremost very swift through the water about an hour, when I felt the canoe strike a beach, and afterwards lifted up and carried some distance, and then set down again; after which I was drawn out by the shoulders by three or four men, for it was now so dark that I could not tell who they were, though I was conscious I heard a language that was new. I was conducted by two of these persons, who appeared to be strangers, about forty rods, when I saw lights, and a number of huts like those I left in the morning. As we approached one of them, a door opened, and discovered a lamp, by which, to my joy and surprise, I discovered that the two men, who held me by each arm, were Europeans, fair and comely, and concluded from their appearance they were Russians, which I soon after found to be true."—p. 105—111.

On returning to the Southern Ocean, Ledyard witnessed the death of Captain Cook, at Hawyhee; an event which was certainly brought about in a great measure by the ill conduct of the illustrious victim himself. Ledyard describes the circumstances which attended it as follows:—

"The appearance of our parade, both by water and on shore, though conducted with the utmost silence, and with as little ostentation as possible, had alarmed the towns on both sides of the bay, but particularly Kiverua, where the people were in complete order for an onset; otherwise it would have been a matter of surprise, that though Cook did not see twenty men in passing through the town, yet before he had conversed ten minutes with Teraiobu, he was surrounded by three or four

hundred people, and above half of them chiefs. Cook grew uneasy when he observed this, and was the more urgent in his persuasions with Teraibu to go on board, and actually persuaded the old man to go at length, and led him within a rod or two of the shore; but the just fears and conjectures of the chiefs at last interposed. They held the old man back, and one of the chiefs threatened Cook, when he attempted to make them quit Teraibu. Some of the crowd now cried out, that Cook was going to take their king from them and kill him, and there was one in particular that advanced towards Cook in an attitude that alarmed one of the guard, who presented his bayonet and opposed him, acquainting Cook in the meantime of the danger of his situation, and that the Indians in a few minutes would attack him; that he had overheard the man, whom he had just stopped from rushing in upon him, say that our boats which were out in the harbour had just killed his brother, and he would be revenged. Cook attended to what this man said, and desired him to show him the Indian, that had dared to attempt a combat with him, and as soon as he was pointed out, Cook fired at him with a blank. The Indian, perceiving he received no damage from the fire, rushed from without the crowd a second time, and threatened any one that should oppose him. Cook perceiving this, fired a ball, which, entering the Indian's groin, he fell, and was drawn off by the rest.

"Cook, perceiving the people determined to oppose his designs, and that he should not succeed without further bloodshed, ordered the lieutenant of marines, Mr. Phillips, to withdraw his men and get them into the boats, which were then lying ready to receive them. This was effected by the serjeant: but the instant they began to retreat, Cook was hit with a stone, and perceiving the man who threw it, shot him dead. The officer in the boats observing the guard retreat, and hearing this third discharge, ordered the boats to fire. This occasioned the guard to face about and fire, and then the attack became general. Cook and Mr. Phillips were together, a few paces in the rear of the guard, and, perceiving a general fire without orders, quitted Teraibu, and ran to the shore to put a stop to it; but not being able to make themselves heard, and being close pressed upon by the chiefs, they joined the guard, who fired as they retreated. Cook, having at length reached the margin of the water, between the fire of the boats, waved with his hat for them to cease firing and come in; and while he was doing this, a chief from behind stabbed him with one of our iron daggers, just under the shoulder blade, and it passed quite through his body. Cook fell with his face in the water, and immediately expired."

—p. 146-148.

Shortly after the termination of this voyage, Ledyard deserted from the English service, and repaired once more to his native place, where he in vain endeavoured to engage persons to unite with him in a trading voyage to the north-west coast of America. Failing entirely to obtain the necessary co-operation in his own country in a scheme which, like the discovery of America to Columbus, was now

the whole aim of his life, he again visited Europe, where his efforts, though they were vigorous and unceasing, were equally fruitless. He was now almost desperate, and, without well knowing to what purpose, he determined on traversing the Russian empire, by way of Siberia and Kamtschatka, to Behring's Straits. Without money, and with but few friends, he set out from Paris, penetrated through Lapland into Russia, and succeeded with invincible perseverance in touching almost the eastern extremity of Asia; but, just as he was on the point of reaching the limits of his journey, the object of his whole life, he was suspected of being a French spy, arrested, and transported back to Petersburg. He was now nearly at his wits' end; but, after a short pause, his courage and his ingenuity again revived, and he found means to convey himself to London, whence he very soon departed to explore the interior of Africa for the African Association. And now the career of our daring adventurer was suddenly to be closed. He had been but a very little while in Egypt, when a quantity of vitriolic acid, which he took for a bilious complaint, put a period to his wanderings and his life in November, 17—.

This work of Mr. Jared Sparks, notwithstanding a few blemishes of style, is written with considerable vigour and ability, and the narrative is intensely interesting.

*From the London Weekly Review.*

#### PRESENT STATE OF GREECE.\*

CAPTAIN Blaquiere's publications are absolutely necessary to those who would form a correct idea of the Greek Revolution. Not that Captain Blaquiere is always right or unprejudiced, but that he has industriously collected information, and been an eye-witness of many of the actions he describes. His present work, portions of which have already been published in a daily paper, brings the narrative of Greek affairs down to the battle of Navarino; and although it is partly in the epistolary form, partly in an historical introduction, partly in appendixes and original documents, we consider it an interesting and useful publication. The reply to Mr. Green is more mild and temperate than was perhaps necessary, as that gentleman showed but little of mildness or moderation in his tirades against the Greeks.

As to the question on the comparative moral and intellectual worth of the Greeks and Turks, we conceive it may be easily settled, though not by narrow-minded and ignorant consuls. The Turks, as the governing people, have more daring, but less petty and contemptible vices than the Greeks; they are also more open, honest, and truth-telling; but in intellectual qualities, the indispensable basis of great virtues, they are incomparably inferior to their former slaves. But the question is not whether the Greeks are virtuous or vi-

\* Letters from Greece; with Remarks on the Treaty of Intervention. By Edward Blaquiere, Esq. Author of "An Historical Account of the Greek Revolution," &c. &c. 8vo. London, 1828. Ilbery.

cious, intellectual or stupid; but whether they are men; for if they are men, bad or good, they are entitled to freedom. It is, we confess, difficult to tell what to do with vicious people, either in this world or the next; and we every day hear it asserted that such or such a nation is not fitted to be free. But neither is any nation, that ever hopes to be better, fitted to be enslaved; for, however bad a people may be, slavery is sure to make it worse. It appears, at first, to be very philosophical to decide that this nation is sufficiently enlightened to be free, and that is not; but the truth is, that although by conquering its liberty early, a nation is sure to be exposed to great confusion and many changes, it is better to face these evils than to submit to any modification of despotism. Every species of government has a tendency to perpetuate itself; and therefore, for a people aiming at republican institutions to begin by bowing the neck to any kind of monarchy, is as absurd as it would be to be educated as a cook or a groom in order to fit ourselves to perform hereafter the duties of a senator. But there is no necessity for entering at present into this question, though it is perpetually urged, even by respectable writers, that it would have been better that the Greeks should have remained in slavery until they were fitted to enjoy freedom, which would have been to have remained enslaved for ever.

Speaking of the improvements effected by the English in Corfu, Mr. Blaquiere says:—"By far the most gratifying and solid improvements perceived on my arrival here now, is the establishment of a University, under the direction and auspices of Lord Guilford, the celebrated patron of modern Greek learning. On visiting this admirable institution, I was most agreeably surprised to find no less than four hundred students, receiving instructions in all the sciences, from sixteen professors, who, if report be true, are fully equal in talent to most of their own fraternity in other parts of Europe. These scholars consist indiscriminately of islanders and Greeks from the Continent and Archipelago. The advantages of such an establishment, in several points of view, are incalculable. If properly supported it will tend at once to enrich and civilize a people, who, it must be confessed, are still in sad ignorance and by no means overburdened with wealth." p. 2.

What the author adds in a note respecting Lord Guilford, now dead, is also well worthy of being copied:—"This amiable and excellent Nobleman has paid the debt of nature since the above was written, and in him Greece has lost the most munificent patron she could boast in modern times. Not less so indeed than the most distinguished of those who graced her history in former days, since instead of merely aiding the progress of learning under an enlightened government and liberal institutions, which would have been an easy task, he sought to revive learning where ignorance prevailed, and thus prepare the Greeks for enjoying and appreciating the blessings of civilization. To this laudable object, Lord Guilford devoted thirty years of his life, during which, a great part of his fortune has been expended in sup-

porting the Schools established in various parts of the Levant, and in maintaining numerous Greek students at the Universities of Europe." p. 4.

The cheapness of education at this Ionian University is remarkable:—"Those who are accustomed to pay for education in England, will be rather surprised to hear, that an adult may be boarded and receive instruction in all the most useful branches of knowledge at Corfu, for the moderate sum of ten dollars a month, little more than two pounds sterling." p. 3.

The following anecdote, illustrative of the character of the struggle maintained by the Greeks against their oppressors, is worthy of being copied, though, we believe, it has been in print before:—"The heroine in question, Sophia Condulimo, was the wife of an officer of distinction, who fell during the siege. When the Turks entered the town, she was among the crowd which sought to escape the fury of the enemy by quitting the walls, accompanied by her son and daughter. They had not proceeded far, when the mother perceived a party of Turks coming towards them: horrified at the fate which was about to befall her daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen, she turned to the son, who was armed, and told him to shoot his sister, lest she should become a victim of Mussulman brutality! The youth instantly obeyed the dreadful mandate, drew a pistol from his girdle, and lodged the contents—four large slugs, in his sister's head, when she fell to the ground, apparently a lifeless corpse. Thus relieved from a charge which the mother could not preserve, herself and son endeavoured to take refuge in a cavern. Just as they were entering it, a grape shot struck the boy in the leg, and he also fell. Scarcely had the mother succeeded in dragging him after her, than a piquet of Turkish cavalry came up: one of the party drawing forth a pistol, pointed it at the temple of poor Sophia, who suddenly rising up, looked sternly at the Turk and exclaimed—"Barbarian, do you not see that I am a woman!" This appeal had the desired effect, and both the mother and her son were spared to be conducted into slavery. The most extraordinary part of this story remains to be told. Being among the two hundred ransomed by the Continental Greek Committees, they were sent over to this island and placed with the others. Judge of the mother's astonishment on finding that her imaginary murdered daughter was among the number!—"To be brief, on perceiving she was a female, the Turks carried her back to Messolonghi, bound up her wounds, which had all the appearance of being mortal, but she recovered, and her story having attracted the attention of the ransoming agents, the interesting Cressula was rescued from bondage, and, what is more, thus singularly destined to be once more restored to the arms of her disconsolate parent!"\* p. 6-7.

\* "On my return to Corfu in June, I paid another visit to the mother of Cressula, and was glad to hear that both her son and daughter, had been placed in good situations, and were quite recovered from the effect of their sufferings while in captivity. The mother was still supported together with many other



Our countrymen at Malta appear, from the following passage, to be peculiarly easy on the subject of religion:—"You are not perhaps aware, that it is a special part of our policy not only to afford protection to all the religious rites and superstitions of Malta and the Ionian Islands, but even to assist in their performance. All the grand processions in the respective islands are attended by the British civil and military authorities, many of whom even carry wax lights, in honour of the Virgin or Saint, as it may be. This is a somewhat remarkable fact, as contrasted with those religious differences which continue to divide other parts of the empire." p. 15.

Egina, celebrated in ancient and modern story, is thus described:—"The situation of Egina, in the centre of the gulf bearing its name, is truly beautiful; and from the extreme salubrity of its climate, no wonder that it should have been the favourite resort of the Athenians in former days. The whole surface of the island is thickly covered with fragments of its early grandeur; the number of tombs excavated in a hard calcareous range of rocks near the town, are particularly worthy of notice; and besides the celebrated temple of Jupiter Panellenius, finely situated on the eastern side of the island, the foundations, and one column, of another upon a grand scale, are

redeemed captives by the Philanthropic Society. \* \* \* The fate of poor Meyer, who had established and conducted the Greek Chronicle with great spirit for nearly two years, was most tragical. While at Napoli de Romania, I happened to meet the Chief, who accompanied Meyer and his wife, a young Mesolongiote, who had their first child at her breast. They had nearly reached the mountains when a party of Turkish cavalry were seen galloping towards them. Perceiving that there was no chance of escape for his wife and child, he determined not to abandon them or survive their captivity, Meyer entreated his companions to despatch him before the Turks came up. The scene which followed this request may be easily conceived. While the Greek captain and his soldiers were urging him to quicken his pace and endeavour to escape, the enemy approached with increased rapidity, till at last the party became hotly engaged, and my informant saw poor Meyer fall under the sabres of the Turks; after which he escaped with two or three of his soldiers, as it were by a miracle. It was afterwards ascertained that Madame Meyer and her infant were saved, but they are still captives; the funds of the Society at Corfu being too low to admit of continuing their benevolent labours.

"M. Meyer was a native of Prussia, and both from temperament and education, deeply imbued with those Republican sentiments, which are making such rapid strides throughout Germany. His frequent and severe strictures on the rapacity of the Capitani, and other leaders, made him many enemies; but his animadversions were not less just or well merited. When killed, he had on his person a minute journal of all the events of the siege, to which, the companions of his flight told me, he seemed to attach particular importance."

still seen close to the town and port. From whatever point of this favoured spot you view the surrounding scenery, a delightful and extensive prospect, embracing the whole western coast of Attica, Salamis, the Acropolis of Athens, and the eastern shores of the Argolis up to the Acrocorinthus, presents itself, and calls to mind a thousand interesting associations." p. 31-32.

We cannot omit the following testimony of the enlightened policy of Captain M'Phail, resident of Cerigo.—"Though naturally barren and unproductive, Cerigo is interesting from its classical associations (being the Cythera of antiquity), and is rendered so now, from having become a general refuge and asylum to a great number of Greek families, who have been driven from the Continent and the Archipelago, by the revolution. There is perhaps no other island of the Ionian Republic, which has benefited more than Cerigo from the effects of British influence and good government. The resident, Capt. M'Phail, has really done wonders for this place. I shall only allude to the admirable roads which he has made, frequently surmounting the greatest obstacles in cutting through long tracts of solid rocks, and connecting hills and valleys by well-constructed bridges, thus establishing lines of communication which cannot fail to be a source of future wealth, as it is now one of infinite convenience to the inhabitants. The attention of the resident has been also directed to improving the agriculture of the island, and in this very considerable progress has been made. But the most valuable part of his labours remain to be mentioned, as being entitled to the highest praise. A number of Lancasterian schools have been built in various parts of the island. I visited most of them, and judge of my astonishment in finding them not only full of pupils of both sexes, but conducted quite as well as any I have seen in England! The progress made by many of the scholars is really surprising. On inquiry, I found that out of a thousand pupils, the usual number under instruction, above two hundred and fifty have not only completed their education in less than three years, but are all provided with situations, either as clerks in mercantile houses, or supercargoes. This is an important result of the resident's labours, and there is little doubt that if he perseveres, Cerigo will become the medium of spreading the blessings of education throughout the Levant, as most of the pupils are the children of Greek refugees." p. 33-34.

The following little paragraph on Epidaurus is worth copying:—"Epidaurus is charmingly situated, and must, in the event of Greece obtaining her independence, become a place of considerable importance. There are two ports, both capable of containing ships of war, but somewhat exposed to particular winds. The promontory which divides those two inlets, is covered with ruins and cisterns. Many parts of the ancient wall which surrounded it, as well as of the old Acropolis, are still in perfect preservation. The cultivated country near this place, is exceedingly prolific in corn, wine, oil, and cotton. An extensive vineyard close to the Southern port, and on which part of the city formerly stood, produces some of the best

wine made in Greece. From the nature and extent of the ruins, among which are the remains of a temple, triumphal arch and large baths, Epidaurus must have been extremely populous. The surrounding hills are covered with wood, a great part of which is fit for naval purposes—and, as in former days, still well stocked with the wild boar, one of the greatest luxuries to be found in this country. If I am not mistaken, the hills abound in minerals, more especially lead and iron, and probably copper, but this is common to most of the mountain districts of the confederacy." p. 47—48.

We must close our extracts with the author's account of the jackalls and wild boars of this part of Greece.—"The neighbourhood of Epidaurus, is infested by quantities of jackalls, or wild dogs as they are called by the natives. They approach the village regularly every evening soon after dusk, and commence howling in the most terrific manner, until they have roused their domesticated brethren, soon after which, the latter sally forth, and a general engagement ensues; this always ends by the former being beaten back to their native haunts in the caverns of the adjacent woods.

"The mode of hunting the wild boar, varies according to the nature of the ground, and difficulties which present themselves. In Epirus, where the breed is larger and more ferocious than in any other part of Greece, great precaution is necessary, and the hunters are frequently obliged to watch their prey from the tops of trees. Here, there is less danger, as the breed is small, and more timid. The hunting parties generally consist of five or six men armed with their muskets and attaghans. Having found the track, they trace the animal to its hiding place, and while some are occupied in driving him out, the rest place themselves in an advantageous position for taking sure aim. Nothing can be more picturesque than the return of one of these hunting parties, as they descend by the winding paths of the hill. The prize, suspended on a pole carried by two of the party, is borne before the rest, who sing some verses analogous to their triumph. This part of the ceremony strongly reminded me of those representations which are frequently seen on ancient bas-reliefs." p. 51.

We conclude, by recommending the work to all those who feel any interest in the cause of Greece.

*From the London Weekly Review.*

#### THE LATE MR. HENRY NEELE'S LECTURES ON SHAKSPEARE.

As we intend to include Mr. Neele in the series of "Authors, Artists, Statesmen," &c. upon whom we mean to express our opinion, we abstain for the present from all remarks upon his literary character or productions. Our readers may, however, be gratified with the following specimen of his critical powers, exerted, to be sure, on a theme sufficiently hackneyed, though always grateful to the feelings of an Englishman. On Shakspeare it is easy to pile eulogy and eloquence; all the

herd of critics have done it; all have admired; all have praised. What we want is a critic capable of viewing him as a great dramatic writer, not as an idol; capable of estimating his strength, and his weakness, his merits and his defects, his beauties and his absurdities. From the following extract of Mr. Neele's Lecture, read by Mr. Britton at Stratford-upon-Avon in Sept. 1819, being the fiftieth year after Garrick's jubilee, it will be seen that Mr. Neele was by no means such a critic as we require; but he was a young man of much promise, and we sincerely lament his untimely fate.

"The reign of Elizabeth was the reign of poetry; it was the holiday of intellect—the carnival of imagination: the world of nature without was fresh and youthful, while the world of thought within was just bursting from the thralldom in which king-craft and priest-craft, fanaticism and despotism, had so long enveloped it; whilst the more subtle, but not less fatal chains which affectation, pedantry, servile imitation, and hypercritical heresy have lately weaved around it, and by which all its efforts have been paralyzed, was not known or heard of. Then sprung to life those vivid and unfading pictures on which the eyes of the world are still gazing, eager to enjoy the illusion, but hopeless to emulate their beauties. Every image of tenderness, beauty, and sublimity, which the most fertile imagination could suggest, was raised and called into existence, as by the wand of an enchanter. Every passion, every thought of the human mind was unlocked; every aerial phantom that lurked in the recesses of fancy was impelled to light, and invested with substantial beauty: scarcely the minutest variety of nature passed unnoticed:—not a flower of the field,—not a hue of the rainbow,—not a combination of atoms, however fantastic, or a cloud in the heavens, however fleeting,—but was endowed with immortality by the more than alchemical touch of wit and genius. The men who arose in those days were mental prodigies,—they were stars, of which the solitary brilliancy of each would have been enough to lighten the darkness of ages; but combined, they form one bright and glorious galaxy:—and the noblest of all,—the brightest beyond comparison,—the giant amidst a gigantic brood,—the mighty intellect which darkened and obscured all others, however brilliant, by the shadow of its own immensity, was Shakspeare!

His was the master spirit;—at his spells  
The heart gave up its secrets;—like the mount  
Of Horeb, smitten by the prophet's rod,  
Its hidden springs gush'd forth—Time, that  
grey rock

On whose bleak sides the fame of meaner bards  
Is dash'd to ruin, was the pedestal  
On which his genius rose; and, rooted there,  
Stands like a mighty statue, rear'd so high  
Above the clouds, and changes of the world,  
That heaven's unehorn and unimpeded beams  
Have round its awful brows a glory shed  
Immortal as their own.

"The fame which this extraordinary man has acquired, and which seems (to use a simile of Schlegels) 'to gather strength like an Al-

pine avalanche at every period of its descent,' is not the least remarkable circumstance connected with our subject. It is not simply from the approving judgments, or the delighted fancies of his partial readers, that Shakspeare derives his reputation and his power: his writings 'come home,' as Lord Bacon has expressed it, 'to men's business and bosoms.' They teach us something of ourselves, and 'of the stuff we're made of.' Like his own Hamlet

'They set us up a glass  
Wherein we may see the inmost parts of us;  
They give to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.'

"Hence, as we have said, it is not merely approval, or even delight, which is excited by his powers: it is 'an appetite, a feeling and a love.' No poet was ever so passionately admired, because none ever so completely developed the springs of human nature, and thus rendered himself intelligible and interesting to all. Hence too the universality and the perpetuity of his fame. He has painted all the modes and qualities of human conditions; all the shades and peculiarities of human character. Wherever, therefore, those characters and those conditions exist, the works of Shakspeare can never become foreign or obsolete.

'Time cannot wither him, or custom stale  
His infinite variety.'

"The surface of life may be altered, but the stream of human feelings and passions will continue its unalterable course beneath it. Reputation, built upon the ephemeral taste and fancies of a day, will vanish with the causes which produced it; but Shakspeare's, with its altar in the heart of man, is extensive as the world, and imperishable as humanity."

"If we might hazard an opinion, we should say that the master feeling in the mind of Shakspeare, and which has enabled him to subjugate the hearts of mankind, was *sympathy*. It has been well said, that 'when words come from one heart, they generally reach the other.' Shakspeare's feelings, there can be no doubt, were of the finest and acutest order: he is styled by his contemporaries, '*sweet Shakspeare*,' and '*gentle Shakspeare*,' as if to denote the susceptibility of his disposition, and his amiable manners. He painted correctly, because he felt strongly. It is impossible, as it appears to us, to account, in any other way, for his excellence in both provinces of the dramatic art. It is well known that spirits remarkable for their mirth and hilarity are most susceptible of tender and mournful impressions; and it has been observed, that the English, as a nation, are equally famous for wit and for melancholy. It is a common observation, that mirth begets mirth, and on the other hand, an old English poet, Drayton, has beautifully said, that,

'Tears,  
Elixir-like, turn all to tears they touch.'

The feelings of his mind produced corresponding feelings in the minds of others, like a precious stone which casts its brilliant hues over every object that it approaches.

"But whatever may have been the strongest

marked feature in the mind of our author, we are convinced that the theory which refers his astonishing fame to the possession of any one peculiar quality, is erroneous: his distinguishing characteristic is the union of many excellencies; each of which he possessed in a degree unequalled by any other poet. Shakspeare will be found pre-eminent, if we consider his *sublimity*, his *pathos*, his *imagination*, his *wit* and his *humour*: the union in his own person of the *highest tragic and comic excellence*, and his knowledge of nature, inanimate, animate, and human. To excel in any one of these particulars would form a great poet: to unite two or three of them is a lot too lofty even for the ambition of highly-favoured mortals; but to combine all, as Shakspeare has done, in one tremendous intellect, is indeed

'To get the start of the majestic world,  
And bear the palm alone.'

From Blackwood's Magazine.

CONNOR M'GLOGHLIN.

A TALE OF THE LOWER SHANNON.

CONNOR was the son of Jeremiah, or, as he was more commonly called, Rennie M'Gloghlin, whose father had renounced the errors of Popery to obtain a place in the Excise; which place he had turned to so good account among smuggling distillers, that "on retiring," he was able to purchase a small estate near the village of Ardeneer, in the valley of the Lower Shannon, and to raise his son to the dignity of a squireen, or half sir. Rennie was captivated, at an early age, by the charms of a damsel below even himself in rank, and of the proscribed caste in religion. It was not unnatural that he should marry a Papist, for the Protestant gentry utterly and with scorn excluded him from their society; yet the effect of this exclusion upon his mean mind and low-thoughted disposition, was but to exalt the said gentry in his estimation,—and, stranger still, to make him value himself on being, as he impudently said, and swore he was, a d—d good Protestant. Rennie's protestantism, however, limited itself to attending church occasionally upon high festivals, ridiculing and abusing all priests, and eating beef-steaks on Good Friday. Moyah M'Gloghlin, his wife, was a thorough bigot, who rested solely on the external observances of her church for salvation; feared her husband upon earth, for he was a harsh, violent man, but thought him sure of hell hereafter, unless, according to an expectation which she secretly cherished, he should send for the priest in his last agonies, and receive extreme unction, in which case she thought a few thousand years additional of purgatory might set all to rights. Under these circumstances, it may be readily imagined, that much conjugal felicity did not fall to the lot of Mr. Jeremiah M'Gloghlin. Two children, both sons, and born at an interval of ten years, were the fruit of the marriage. Connor, the elder, was the darling of his mother. From Mr. M'Gloghlin's views of

the gentility of the reformed faith, it followed, of course, that he imperatively required his son to be reared a Protestant. This was a sore trial to Moyad; but she well knew her husband to be "an hard man," and she dared not openly disobey him; she, therefore, contented herself with having the child secretly baptized by the priest, before he was "took to the minister," as she said; and as he grew up, she stole him away with her to mass whenever she could, and failed not, on these occasions, to moisten his brow with lustral holy water, thrice applied *infami digito*, in the form of a cross, and in the sacred names of the three persons of the Godhead.

Ill-tempered and wayward was the infancy of Connor M'Gloghlin. Continually conversant with all the little frauds and arts practised by his mother, without the knowledge of her husband, and continually enjoined to conceal them, he early became inured to deceit. He soon grew acquainted, too, with the power which these concealments gave him over his parent; and instead of any longer entertaining a dread of her displeasure when he did wrong, he presently learned that the price of his connivings at her petty misdoings, might be made a perfect immunity from punishment on his own part, however unpardonable his disobedience, or aggravated his fault. His father, he was taught, both by precept and example, to fear rather than to love,—a feeling which gradually gathered into settled aversion, as he alone exercised parental authority over him, and his own conduct, as well as his father's natural disposition, necessarily rendered the exercise of this authority severe, and sometimes violent. Thus Connor grew up to boyhood; his vices and his faults were screened by his mother whenever that was possible; and when they had the "ill-luck" to be detected by his father, they were punished in a fit of ungovernable passion, and consequently the punishment was ineffectual. Ere he had well reached the period of human puppyhood,—which is said to extend from the fifteenth to the twentieth year,—young M'Gloghlin was a thorough reprobate; he exceeded pedlars in lying, cursed and swore like a trooper, cheated at pitch and toss, and even the rumour ran that he could steal, and that his mother anxiously concealed his thefts.

Yet with all these gifts, Connor, as he grew up to manhood, was well received in the houses of most of the strong farmers in the neighbourhood. He was "a fine cliver bye," (boy,) that is to say, a tall, stout ruffler, with a face which, to the vulgar, appeared handsome, though, to the observant eye, it plainly betrayed marks of the low and froward mind which animated the inner man: but he rode a good horse, was heir to some scores of acres held in fee, and was a professing Protestant, which, amongst the lower orders in Ireland, is the next thing to being a gentleman. At the age of nineteen, he first became acquainted with Norah Sullivan. Norah had been left an orphan in her childhood, and had been taken in and reared by an uncle, the brother of her dead mother, a hard-favoured old man, who had spent his youth on board a man-of-war; and having accumulated prize money and wages to a con-

siderable amount, had returned to his native village in time to succour his widowed and now dying sister, in the extremity of her distress, and to take charge of her sole surviving child, then not quite five years old. Norah, now twelve years older than when her mother died, was almost a model of barn-door beauty, and not a little vain of her personal charms. Her coal-black hair nightly cost her a full hour's combing and brushing, and curling, and papering, after her daily task of house-keeping were done; her dark and merry eye sparkled over a ruddy cherry-cheek, blooming with health, and the matutinal application of a buttermilk wash. Yet this rural coquette, despite of vanity, had many valuable points to recommend her; she was a soft-hearted, good-natured girl, who loved her uncle tenderly, and was beloved by him in turn. Though the rough old sailor did not lavish very many fond words upon her, yet was he observed to take especial care that little Norah—as he still continued to call her, although she had now grown to what is termed, in western idiom, "a shout ship," should always be arrayed in the gayest and most costly attire the pack of the travelling merchant—in the vulgar, pedlar—could furnish. He planted her little garden near the house, too, with hollies, laburnums, lilacs, and laurestinas, and seemed to shoulder along to chapel on Sunday, with peculiar self complacency, when he pressed, or, as the neighbours termed it, "scrogged" Norry, drest in all her best, under his arm, and sported, in his button-hole, a little bouquet, of her own gathering and arranging, there.

It was at an entertainment in the house of a neighbouring farmer, given on the occasion of a christening, that Connor M'Gloghlin became acquainted with Norah Sullivan, the fame of whose beauty had already reached him. They danced together, and were mutually pleased. M'Gloghlin had dissimulation enough to disguise the worst points of his character, in the presence of strangers or of women; and his handsome person, bold manners, and somewhat too the imagined superiority of rank or of religion before alluded to, assisted in enabling him to insinuate himself into the good graces of the fair villager. M'Gloghlin, with rustic gallantry, rode over the next day to the Grange to visit farmer Hourigan, the damsel's uncle, and to pay his respects to his partner of the preceding evening; pleased the old man by "doing sensible," as he called it; that is, talking knowingly of farming, and cattle, and markets; and flattered the maiden, by the vehement assurance of his warm admiration of her beauty, her dress, and her dancing, concluding with a passionate declaration, that of all the tight girls that *wor* there, herself took the rag off the bush.

Mr. M'Gloghlin's reception encouraged him to return ere long; and he soon became a frequent visitor at the Grange.

As old Hourigan rented an extensive farm, he was much occupied out of doors; and the young man usually found Norah alone, or busied with household cares among the in-door servants. M'Gloghlin did not fail to improve these morning calls, as unlike "angel visits" in their object as their frequency, to captivate



the youthful affections of Hourighan's niece. Love for her he had none, beyond the mere desire of gratifying a lustful passion; his purpose was of a different and a deeper nature. Not long before he first met Norry, he had attended the Limeric races; and trusting partly to his own skill in horse-flesh, and partly to the assurances of a jockey, who professed to be his sworn and eternal friend, he had backed a particular horse to the amount of several hundred pounds. His favourite lost the race, and M'Gloghlin was reduced to a state of furious desperation; he raged, stamped, blasphemed, and swore that the jockey had played booty, and that all horse-racing was an infernal cheat; but still the debt was to be paid, and he had not the means.

With much difficulty he prevailed on the winner to accept of but about one-fifth of the amount at the time, which was all the ready money he could possibly raise without the knowledge of his father; and he passed his bill at nine months after date for the remainder, with the interest. Even these terms were not acceded to, without many an indirect taunt upon the silly vanity of persons who make wagers which they cannot afford to lose, and something was once or twice obscurely hinted of its being little better than swindling. Such insinuations are but a small part of the mortification which a ruined gambler must endure; and though they cut M'Gloghlin to the quick, he did not dare to resent them, both from a fear of exposure to his father, and because he knew that any attempt to obtain what the world calls satisfaction, would only entail upon him additional insult, as his station in society, that painful and ambiguous posture between the simple and the gentle, destitute alike of the honest, unpretending plainness of the one, and of the cultivated polish of the other, precluded him from challenging equal privileges with those who associated with him only on the race-ground, as they would readily do with any ruffian who offered to stake money.

The time, however, was rolling on, and young M'Gloghlin saw no prospect of being able to meet his engagement; his father was a close griping man, who, though he loved to see his son well dressed, and even well mounted, calculated to the penny the sum that was requisite for that purpose, and made no loose allowance for pocket-money. The son well knew, too, that the discovery of his delinquency would throw the "old boy," as he termed him, into a fit of ungovernable fury, for he had often warned him against gambling of all sorts, and racing in particular; and it was on a false pretence, and in direct disobedience to his express orders, that he had been even present on the course. Besides, the sudden fit of passion was not the only, or the worst result, which young M'Gloghlin feared. He was well aware, that the little property his grandfather had purchased, was not settled on the successive heirs-at-law, but was completely in his father's power to will it to whom he pleased; and he greatly dreaded, that the effect on his determined character, would be to induce him to disinherit himself in favour of his younger brother, to whom the old man seemed already

much more attached. For all these reasons, he resolved to venture for once upon some desperate effort to relieve him from his present difficulties, without exposing him to the resentment of his father. His first thought, after his introduction to Norry Sullivan, was to marry her; her uncle, he knew, had saved a sum sufficient to extricate him from his distress, if he could get it into his hands; but when he sounded him on the subject of a marriage with his niece, he found that, although old Hourighan seemed not averse to the match, nor to engaging a suitable portion ultimately with Norry either, he yet was resolved to pay down no money during his own lifetime. M'Gloghlin, he said, was welcome to come live in his house, and take a share of his farm; and then what need for dirty, daunny bits of paper down in his hand? Now, these same "dirty, daunny bits of paper down in hand," were precisely what alone would serve the turn of young M'Gloghlin; and as he knew that Hourighan, according to the custom of all Irish farmers who are well to pass in the world, had good store of them wrapped up in an old worsted stocking, and secreted in some hole inside the thatch of his cottage, he resolved to come at these by fair means, or by foul.

Accordingly, when he found that all attempts to wheedle Hourighan into an arrangement more consistent with his wishes, were likely to prove ineffectual, he affected to be so passionately in love with Norry, as to consent, for her sake, to the terms proposed, and was received by both uncle and niece as her accepted lover. Various were the pretexts he devised for protracting the period of celebrating their nuptials, chiefly urging the difficulty of bringing his father to "listen to reason," and evince his approbation of the match, by "bestowing him something decent" to begin house-keeping with; while Hourighan and the girl, feeling that the hurrying on of the business ought not to come from their side, offered no remonstrances against this delay.

Meanwhile the peculiar relation in which he stood towards her, the total absence of that fastidious delicacy, which under similar circumstances amongst the more elevated classes, screens maiden purity not only from pollution, but even from the least utterance of the sully-breath of the spoiler, and the assured belief that she was almost immediately to be made his wedded wife, contributed to render Norah Sullivan an easy prey to the insidious arts of young M'Gloghlin. Her seduction was but the first step towards the consummation of his contemplated villany: when the poor girl had thus put herself completely in his power, he proceeded less ceremoniously to the accomplishment of his ultimate views. He no longer concealed from her the pressing exigency for money to which he was reduced, and scrupled not to make the filching of old Hourighan's notes by her, the indispensable condition of that union which he had so often and so solemnly sworn to celebrate. Long and bitterly did Norah weep at this humiliating demand, and strenuously did she endeavour to dissuade M'Gloghlin from his purpose. "Ith'n, is it yourself, Connor," sobbed she, "that would

have me be after robbin' my poor ould uncle that tuck me in, and sheltered me from every wave whin my poor mother died, God rest her soul in glory! and left me a desolate orphan, without kith or kin in the wide world to look on me but himself? Was it for this he rared me up like a lady, and thought nothin' too good for me; and wouldn't take on wid Mrs. Brady, the rich widdy that keeps the Inn, and was always mighty sweet upon him entirely, only he said he'd never bring in a step-mother over his little girl? Thim was his words, and he called me his daughter, so he did; and well he might, surely, for he always had a father's warm heart to poor Norry,—God in heaven bless him, and reward him!—for that same I pray Christ," and she crossed herself devoutly, as she pronounced the holy name of the Saviour. M'Gloghlin waited impatiently till her passion of tears subsided, and she could listen to the specious glosses with which he varnished over the crime.

"Arrah, whisht, Norry, ma vourneen," he replied, purposely adopting her own idiom, both as more familiar to himself than better language, and as more likely to soothe and coax the girl to his purpose. "Can't you be quite (quiet) now, and hear raison? Sure, don't you know it for certain, all as one as if Father Gahagan was after telling you from the altar, that it's all your own when your ould uncle goes? and where's the differ of taking it now when we want it badly, and sorrow a bit the wiser he need be about the matter?"

"O thin, Connor, aghra," said the girl, "how is it you can think of evenin' me to the likes o' this, after takin' an advantage of me, and deceavin' me? It's cruel it is of you, and if you had the rale love for me you often said, you wouldn't bid me do it. But what d'ye mane about bein' never the wiser? Sure it isn't what you think my uncle doesn't know the differ betwene money and no money when he goes to his bag?"

"Mind what I tell you, Norry, jewel, and raison good; your uncle never goes to take away money out of his ould stockin', but to put more in, and I've a bundle of beautiful fine notes, only they won't pass, that I'll give you to put in the place of thim others, and no one, as I said, to know the difference, till they all come to ourselves again."

"But still," objected Norry, "I danna whereabouts he keeps thim weary notes you want so bad, at all, at all, for he was always a good warrant to keep his makin's safe enough."

"Then," replied M'Gloghlin, "you must find out, Norry, and I'll tell you what you'll do; your uncle is gone to the fair of Craugh to sell three collops,\* and as sure as he comes back to night, he'll go to the place to put in the muneys after he thinks every one fast asleep, so you must watch him, and find out where he hides it."

With a heavy heart, Norah gave, by her silence, a reluctant acquiescence. Hourigan returned late that evening, in high spirits and good-humour, having sold his cattle well, and taken more than one glass over the bargain.

"Well, Norry," said he, in his strange dia-

lect, which was a mixture of sea phrases, with his native patois, "what d'ye think I done with the lucky penny the rum old Quaker that I sould the collops to, refused to take?—why; I bought thee something to top thy rigging with;—there's a pair of streamers for you, honey," he added, as he unfolded two blue and crimson ribbons, which he had purchased at the fair, to adorn his niece's bonnet; "you'll be fine enough now for Connor, at any rate."

The pleasure that had momentarily lighted up the girl's countenance at the appearance and good-humoured talk of her affectionate uncle, died away at M'Gloghlin's name, and the recollection of the guilty promise she had made him in the morning.

"An' doesn't the ribbons plase you thin, Norry, that you look so sarious at thim?" said the old man. "Sure, it's meself that doesn't know much about thim sorts of things, but I thought it's what you'd like thim best, or I'd brought you somethin' else. Maybe thim's not the colours Connor likes—eh, Norry?" And her uncle placed his arm affectionately round the girl's neck.—"Is that the raison?"

"O no, sir," said Norry. "They're very nice, very iligant ribbons, so they are, and it's too good you are to me, too good entirely."

The poor girl's heart was full, and she could speak no more, but bursting into tears, hid her face on her uncle's shoulder.

"In the name o' God! what's the matter wit you, child?" said he, alarmed,—"*has anythin' come across you when I was away?*"

"O no, uncle! nothin'—nothin' at all."

"And what makes you cry thin? was Connor M'Gloghlin here to-day?"

"He was, sir."

"And did he say anythin'—anythin' you didn't like? Bekase if he did, and if it's that that's grieven' you, I'll—"

And here he swore with all the energy of an old seaman—"I'll make him repent it the longest day he lives—ould as I am, I'll break every bone in his skin before to-morrow night, if he has said an uncivil word to my little girl."

"O no, he didn't,—he didn't, indeed," said his niece, alarmed in her turn. "There's nothin' at all the matter wit me now, uncle, only I was low and sick all day, whin you wor away; an' it was just the aisin' of my heart that made me cry."

"Well," said her uncle, "I don't understand the ways of you women, Norry; but if it isn't well you are, jewel, you'd better go to bed, for it's time anyhow, an' so will I. Good night, and God bless you, child."

The blessing smote upon the ear of the guilty girl like the knell of a parental imprecation. The thought of the unworthy part she was acting sunk bitterly upon her heart: she hid her uncle good night, and eager to escape from the pain which she conceived his presence inspired, she quickly shut herself up in her little chamber.

But when alone, the distraction of the girl's feelings became even greater than it was before, as she had no need of an effort to command them, in order to save appearances. One moment she thought of her engagement to young M'Gloghlin, and the degraded situation in which she stood, if she dared to disoblige him.

\* Collop, a head of black cattle.

The next, her mind dwelt upon the kind confidence and affectionate words of her uncle, and again she wept bitterly, and flung herself upon her bed in an agony of doubt as to the course she should take. Her first resolution was, to lie still, and to tell Connor the next day, that she could not bring herself to do what he had desired,—to trust that he would yield to the urgency of her excuses; or, should the worst come to the worst, to bear the shame and punishment of the error she had already committed, rather than go on in the ways of guilt. But scarcely was the resolution formed, when the thought of the probable consequences of it, came with redoubled force upon her imagination. She pictured to herself the fierce impatience of her lover,—which she had more than once lately been obliged to witness,—his anger, and perhaps his abandonment of her to shame and scorn. She thought of her uncle, and the effect that such an event would have upon him,—his affection for her perhaps turned to contempt,—his pride in her, become his shame and his disgrace. The sting of this reflection was more than the unhappy girl could bear; she sprang up from her bed—her candle had been extinguished, but a ray of light from the outer room gleamed through a crevice in the door of her little apartment. Almost without a consciousness of what she was doing, she stole softly to the door, and kneeling down looked through the crevice.

Her uncle was in the act of carrying over the table from the centre to one corner of the room, upon which he placed a chair, and mounting upon it, reached up his hand, and took from between the inner surface of the thatch and the rafter above his head, the old stocking which contained his treasure; then taking from his pocket the notes he had received at the fair, he thrust them into the stocking, and doubling it up, returned it to its hiding place.

Having removed the chair and table to their former situations, he took away the candle to his own room, and Norah looked upon darkness.

"Well," said she, talking to herself as she arose, "Connor McGloghlin, I've done your biddin', an' well it would have been for me that I never seen your face, for complyin' wit your wishes has made me commit sin every way.—Oh, hone!" she continued, wringing her hands, "would I have thought a twelvemont ago, that this blessed night, I'd have sat up to watch my poor ould uncle like a thief, to see where he put his money? O Connor, Connor, it's little I thought you'd make me suffer dthis-away!" and again the girl wept, and laying down, cried herself to sleep.

It is fortunate for those in the humbler conditions of life, that when suffering under the anxieties to which all conditions are liable, and destitute of those resources of comfort which friends and fortune put in the power of those of higher rank; the necessity they are under of actively applying themselves to their daily toil, serves to invigorate their minds, and to dissipate that weight of sorrow which would otherwise bow them to the earth. It was a fine sunny morning when Norah rose; her uncle had already gone out to the fields, and she too

had to set about her morning tasks. The cows were to be milked, the calves fed, the young turkeys to be looked after, and various other little matters to be attended to, which required active exertion in the open air; so that she had hardly time to think of her troubles, before her uncle came in to breakfast, and he was well pleased to find her, with so little sign of the agitation of the preceding evening.

"Morrow to ye, Norry," said he, as he came in. "Thim weary young turkeys, Norry,—did you see after thim this mornin'? If one doesn't keep a sharp look-out, they die, the craters, for no reason at all at all, but just as if it was out of contrariness."

"I fed them all this mornin', and they're all quite well," said Norah.

"I'm glad you were able, child, to see after thim," returned her uncle, "and that you look better yourself this mornin'; some little bit of a squall upset you last night, but it's fine wedther and smooth sailin' this mornin' wit you agin."

Norah suppressed a sigh, and assented.

Twelve o'clock at noon brought young McGloghlin to the door, before which time Norah had made a resolution, which unfortunately she was in the sequel not able to keep. He did not waste much time in salutations, but proceeded immediately to his business.

"Did he sell the cattle yesterday?" said he.

"Yes," replied the girl.

"Well, and did you do as I said?"

"Oh, Connor!" said she, "is it nothin' else but that mune you do be thinkin' of?"

"To be sure, why shouldn't I think of it?" replied he, "and surely," his face growing red with anger, as he spoke, "you didn't forget, Norry, what I told you to do yesterday?"

"Forget!" said the girl, "oh no! I wish I did, and thin I wouldn't have the sin on my conscience of watchin' him, and seein' him put up his own hard urnins, that he has a good right to put where he please, and I not to care, for he never begridged (grudged) thim on me."

"Then you know where the stockin' is?" said McGloghlin, with an eagerness that evinced his pleasure at what she had just told him, "Where was it he kept it so snug?"

"I'll not tell you, Connor McGloghlin, said Norah, with an air of firmness which surprised and disconcerted him; "an' listen to me now, what I'm goin' to say. I know well enough what you have in your power, after what has passed between us two; you may, though I don't think you'd have the cruel heart, Connor, to do it—but I know you can, if you please, lave me in shame an' disgrace, to be scorned and looked down upon be the poorest of the neighbours; yet, bad as I'll be, I'll have some excuse that my heart led me astray, an' no one'll have it to say that I desinded to the mane villyany of bein' a thief, an' robbin' my poor ould uncle of his hard-earned mune; and so, Connor, don't ask me agin, for I won't do it."

There was something in the girl's manner so decisive, that McGloghlin saw at once the necessity of finding some new motive to work her up to the vile act to which his scheme had all along tended, and there was a readiness about the villain which soon determined the new course he should take.

"Well, Norry," said he, with a softened tone, "what you say about the muneey is true enough, an' I like you the better for it; an' as for deartin' you, it's meself that would be long sorry to do any such roguish turn; but I am afraid I must bid you a long farewell for all that, for since I can't get the muneey, I must go to jail-to-morrow evenin'; an' long enough I may be there, before any one'll relieve me."

"To jail!" said the terrified girl. "Oh, Connor, don't say that. My God, what will become of us!"

"It's true enough, Norry; if the muneey I owe is not paid by to-morrow at twelve o'clock, in the evening I'll be taken to Limerick jail, and put inside four bare walls, where I suppose I must die of cold and starvation, for my father will be so mad when he hears of it, that I know he'll never give me a halfpenny, nor send near me to know if I'm dead or alive."

"Connor, jewel," said Norah, crying; "you mustn't go to jail. Is there no way in the world that you could settle it?"

"None at all, barrin' I could get the muneey somewhere, even if it was for a little while; maybe I'd be able to pay it back afore long. But sure, if you think it wrong to take it, Norry, I must only meet my fate, an' I hope you'll sometimes think of poor Connor when he's in confinement, an' can't come near you."

"Oh, they shan't take you, Connor," sobbed the girl; "I'll get you the notes to-night, an' I pray Jasus you may be able to give them back to me soon, an' ase my conscience of the sin of takin' them."

"That's my good little girl," said M'Gloghlin, his countenance brightening at the success of his scheme. "I knew you wouldn't see me brought to such distress if you could help me. To be sure, I'll give you back the muneey as soon as ever I can; an' in the mane time, here's the notes I tould you of, to put in the place of them you take; they'll just do as well to fill the ould stockin' as any other," said he, as he gave Norah a bundle of flash notes, such as sharpers at races and fairs are generally supplied with. "An' I haven't forgot my promise neither, Norry," continued he. "Do you get the muneey as soon as your uncle is asleep, an' meet me as soon as day breaks in the mornin' at the little boat-quay; I'll have a boat ready, an' we'll start at oncet over to Kilrush, where the priest 'll be ready, an' you'll come home. Mrs. M'Gloghlin, in less than no time."

"I'll do what you bid me, Connor," said Norah, well pleased that the marriage, which was becoming every day more necessary to her reputation, as well as to the comfort of her own feelings, was no longer to be postponed; "but will the priest marry us, d'ye think? for you know there is one of us," looking at M'Gloghlin, "that doesn't go to mass."

"Never you fear that," replied M'Gloghlin.

"I'll warrant you he'll marry us when we ask him, wid one o' them notes you're to get me, in my hand; an', at all events, Father Gahagan here below could prove something for him, if ever he was attacked for marryin' me as a Protestant. An' now, Norry, jewel, I must bid you good-by till the mornin'. Be sure you get the muneey, or we are ruined, and come to me very early."

It was about three o'clock on a fine summer morning, in the grey light and chilling air of the half-hour that precedes sunrise, that Norah Sullivan, carefully drest in white beneath, but wrapped in a bluish-grey duffle cloak externally, stole down from her uncle's cottage, towards the bank of the river, with his hard earnings secreted in the bosom of her gown.

Scarcely had she reached half way to the shore, when, as she crossed the last field of her uncle's farm, a hare, startled by her early footsteps, bounded across the path, and Norah, as she blessed herself, could not help thinking it looked supernaturally large, and boded no auspicious issue to her journey. Often and fearfully did she look back at the cottage, to see that none had been awakened by her departure, or tracked her footsteps, nor did she feel secure until she saw M'Gloghlin advancing from the place where he had moored his boat.

"Have you brought the notes?" he eagerly inquired, in an under tone, as he held out both his hands to greet her. "Oh, it's the notes you want, and not me?" answered Norah, cheerily, as she now saw herself on the point, as she thought, of being made an honest woman again.—Well, I have thim, sure enough; and I'll keep thim too, 'till thim words are said over us at Kilrush."

"Murder, Norry dear! Sure you don't think I'm goin' to run away from you at the church-door?" replied M'Gloghlin, in the same light tone, when he perceived that his design had fully succeeded—"No, no; honour bright. I'll never lave you now, jewel; so give me the dirty papers, an' there's no fear of my losin' thim' for want of pockets, not all as one,"—and he glanced at Norah's well-shaded gown, which obviously disdained all such old-fashioned and unbecoming appendages.

"Here they are, thim, an' a weary on them," said Norah; "God send us good luck with them, for they cost me a sorrowful night's watching any how;" and her conductor lifted her into the boat.

The management of the vessel, and the design he had in view, absolutely required the co-operation of another with himself, and in consequence, M'Gloghlin had the night before associated in his plan, with the promise of a considerable bribe, a miscreant of the lowest grade, named Nicholas Sheehan, an elder and bolder villain than himself, who had been his instigator and abettor in more than one atrocity already.

This fellow very readily joined in his scheme, and seemed to rejoice, even with a sort of savage exultation, at the thought of shedding blood for a reward. He now speedily set the sail, while M'Gloghlin, with Norah by his side, took the helm, and they floated quickly down the river in the direction of the north shore, as if to make Kilrush. They were just off Lash-kedah, where the receding of the shore, in a winding bay, renders the river particularly broad, when Sheehan, who, till now, had lain stretched in silence along the bow of the boat, slowly stood up, and looked around on every side. Here and there along the coast of Clare a wreath of thin blue smoke betokened that the inhabitants of the cabins were already astir;



and the sun, just peering above the blue hills which lay in the eastern distance, gave promise of a sunny joyous day. No other boat, however, was yet stirring on the river; and the shores on both sides were too distant to render either sight or sound of any being so diminutive as man distinguishable. "Now!" uttered Sheehan in a low emphatic voice, as he shuffled up to the stern where the others sat. Norah, whom the gentle motion of the boat gliding smoothly down the glassy current, combined with the fresh and pleasant air of the morning, had lulled into a day-dream of future happiness; her reputation saved, her uncle reconciled; and she with her stalwart and young husband the happy cheerful woman she used to be; wrapped in such far-off meditations, she was startled by the portentous sound of Sheehan's "Now!" and looking up, she saw him exchange a glance of such diabolical intelligence with McGlothin as made her blood to curdle. In the moment of her involuntary shudder, Sheehan seized her round the waist with both his hands; she screamed, and made a convulsive effort to catch and cling to McGlothin, but he shook her rudely off, and exclaimed to his companion, "Over with her now at once!"

"Connor, for the love of God," shrieked the agonized girl, "don't kill me—don't kill the baby that isn't born!" But whilst uttering the words, she was hurled into the air, and fell stunned and heavily upon the water, some yards from the boat. In the instant of the plash, and of her mortal agony, she exclaimed, "Blessed Queen of Heaven, have mercy on my—." Before the sentence was completed, a blow from the oar, which Sheehan had snatched up, drove her with violence beneath the surface. The stroke was on the head, and fatal; she sank rapidly a few yards, remained suspended in the water, then slowly rose a yard or two, when life became extinct; a slight bubble rose to the surface, and then they saw her white dress gradually sinking deeper and deeper, till it grew indistinct, as water is in water, and finally disappeared.

McGlothin was still gazing in the direction of the body; and in the rush of disordered feelings which crowded his mind, scarcely recollected that he was himself the perpetrator of this foul murder, or had any other interest in the scene before him than that of an ordinary spectator, when he was roused by the rough voice of Sheehan.—"Come, Master Connor, we've done the job cleverly, any how; you'd better put about ship now, if you please." McGlothin made the necessary movement of the helm in silence, and Sheehan shifted the sail.

"It's a terrible thing to kill a woman!" were the first words that broke from the former; and he brushed his eyes with the sleeve of his coat.

"It'n, what signifies it?" replied the other, coolly; "sure it's only one squeak, an' all's over.—Never think you to cry after her, Master Connor," he added, observing McGlothin's eyes looked watery; "nor for any woman born, barrin' one, and that's the mother that bore you, agra—dive another woman on God's earth is worth any man's sheddin' a tear

for. I believe I cried at my oald mother's berrin' myself, God be merciful to her sowl. Here, sir, here's somethin' to keep up your sperrits;" and he smiled at his own wit, as he handed McGlothin a small black bottle of poteen. "There, the thievinn' gauger never baptized that—bad luck to him; I wisht we were after sarvin' him the same turn this mornin', that we did to—"

"D—n it, don't talk about that," said McGlothin, interrupting him hastily; and taking a draught from the bottle, he seemed to recover his natural air of fierce hardihood. The boat soon reached the shore, at a point some distance below that from which they had set out, and the murderers leaped upon the land.

The strange disappearance of Norah Sullivan caused great astonishment, and much talk in the neighbourhood where she had lived; not so much because the girl had disappeared, for the violent abduction of young women is not exceedingly rare in the south of Ireland, as because no one could tell how or where she had been carried away. The old women talked about fairies, and the stories "their grannies tould thim when they wer childer, of young people bein' sperrited away." The young women said it was "a quare endin' to all the fine coortin' that was goin' on betwene herself and the young squireen;" while a party of young squires, who, having hunted a fox to death in the neighbourhood, stopped for an hour to refresh at the village inn, listened attentively to the story, and came to the conclusion, *namine contradicente*, that it was all a d—d scheme of the priests to prevent the girl marrying a Protestant, and to get her uncle's money to themselves.

But amongst all these, were only two persons who seemed to take poor Norah's disappearance seriously and soberly to heart. The first of these was the old man her uncle, who, because he really loved the girl, and had felt her to be the support of his old age, sought her every where, sometimes sorrowing for her loss, and sometimes vehemently declaring vengeance against whoever had stolen her away; for he never thought of imputing her absence to voluntary flight, nor did the idea that she was dead seem more than once or twice to cross his mind.

The other, who seemed to take a great interest in her fate, was Mr. Morton, a gentleman of property, a clergyman, and a magistrate of the county, who, living near the spot, and knowing all the circumstances of the case, was actuated by his regard for justice, and for the old man Hourighan, who was his tenant, to trace, as far as possible, the cause of the girl's disappearance, and the place of her concealment. He learned from her uncle the terms upon which his niece was with McGlothin, and had made many inquiries about him, the result of which was by no means favourable. He ascertained that the day before the girl's disappearance, McGlothin had been at the cottage, and had not been there again for three days; that when he did call, he expressed the greatest astonishment at hearing of Norah's disappearance, though it was almost impossible that he should not have heard of it

previously, as it had been talked of far and wide for two days. He had not returned to the cottage any more, and had been observed to be almost constantly drunk ever since. All these circumstances excited a degree of suspicion in Mr. Morton's mind, which determined him to watch the young man closely; but the worst he conceived possible of him was, that he had carried the young woman somewhere, and kept her in confinement. He was, however, soon undeceived.

It was about a fortnight after the disappearance of his niece, that Farmer Hourighan was sent for at an early hour by Mr. Morton. The old man had a presentiment that he was to hear something about his "little girl," and made haste to attend the summons.

"Have you heard any thing about her, sir?" said he, as soon as he entered Mr. Morton's parlour.

"I have heard some very bad news about your niece, Hourighan, which it is necessary I should inform you of at once," replied the magistrate.

"God is good sir," said the old man. "What is it?"

"I am very sorry to have to tell you, Hourighan, that your niece is drowned."

"Drowned! your honour.—Christ Jasus' bless us! Whin—where?—How could it be?"

"That is all yet to be found out. All I know is, that it is so. Sit down, Hourighan, my good fellow, and be calm," continued Mr. Morton, in a softened tone, as he observed the big tears to roll down the weather beaten cheeks of the old man. "Sit down, and I will tell you what I have learned, and what we must now do."

"I thank your honour," said the old man, in the broken voice of grief. "I'll pay attention, sir. My poor Norry—an' so she's gone, after all!"

"Two fishermen," said the magistrate, "went down to the edge of the river this morning at daybreak, to look at the salmon-nets, at a place about three miles below this. They saw something white lying a little below the surface of the water, which they found to be the body of a young woman. On examination, it has turned out to be the corpse of your niece."

The old man checked himself, as he was about to speak again; but the tears burst afresh from his eyes.

"The body is not so much decayed," continued the magistrate, "as might have been expected, from the long time it has probably been in the water; and I am informed there is the mark of a dreadful blow on her head."

"Some villain murdered her, and threw her in," said Hourighan, starting up.—"The poor exathur? God help her—I'll pursue him all over the world, the villain, so I will."

"Be quiet, Hourighan," said the magistrate, "and attend to what I say. The blow I mentioned has been probably given by some boat's keel in passing over the body; but that must be investigated. The Coroner's Inquest will sit to-day at two o'clock. I shall be there, and so must you, and be as collected as possible. Try to recollect, between this and then, all you can of what your niece did and said for some time previous to her disappearance, and I hope

we shall yet find some clew to this mysterious matter."

The old man went away, and at the appointed time was present at the Coroner's Inquest, with the magistrate. It was an exceedingly mournful thing for those who had seen and known Norah Sullivan in life, to behold her cold remains lying upon the rough strand of the river. Decay had proceeded so far, that the face had fallen in, and displayed a horrible ruin of its former beauty. Her eyes were close shut, her arms extended towards her head, and her hands firmly clenched. The wound in her head was diligently examined by a surgeon, who expressed great doubts of its having been inflicted by a boat's keel, as had been suggested. The skull was fractured in one long line, which he said appeared to him to have happened from the stroke of some edged but very blunt instrument, which had descended perpendicularly on the top of the head. On examining the body further, it was discovered, with increased horror and astonishment, that the young woman was pregnant. Hourighan could only be made to believe the fact, by the positive assurances of Mr. Morton and the surgeon; and then he insisted that M'Gloghlin must be the author both of her dishonour and her death. "It must be he," said the old man, "an' no one else, that destroyed her both soul and body."

"Is M'Gloghlin here?" said the magistrate to a man whom he had sent for him early in the morning.

"No, your honour—he tould me for to say to your honour, that he had to go somewhere else to-day upon a little bit of business."

"And if he did, why did you not deliver your message before?"

"Why, thin, to tell God's truth, your honour, I made him a sort of a promise, that I wouldn't say a word about him to man or mortal—barrin' I was axed, an' couldn't help it."

"Was this promise made at his request?"

"A thin, who else's, your honour?" replied the man.

"You mean that it was made at his request?"

"To be sure, your honour, that's exactly what I mane."

The inquest was adjourned to the next day, when the presence of M'Gloghlin was procured. His face looked pale, his eyes slightly blood-shot, his hair disordered, and his whole appearance wearing the signs of recent dissipation. As he approached the body, those who marked him closely observed a slight quiver of his frame, and a nameless expression to pass over his face; but he made an effort to master his sensations, and the agitation which he could not wholly command, he covered by an air of light and careless effrontery. The attempt which he made to smile, as he acknowledged the criminal intercourse between the young woman and himself, was checked by the unspoken murmur of disgust which ran through the assembled crowd; but he acknowledged no more, and with sullen hardihood, pronounced the perjuries which were necessary to exonerate him from all knowledge and participation in the death of the unfortunate young woman.

"Young man," said the magistrate, when his examination was concluded, "I beseech you,

let the dreadful circumstance we are now investigating have its due and salutary influence upon your mind; and think not to harden your heart to the misery and guilt, of which, by your own acknowledgment, you have been in a great measure the author. How that unhappy young creature, who was so unfortunate as to be the partner of your guilty pleasure, has come to her untimely end, we can only conjecture; but whether by her own act, or by more desperate means, your mutual crime has probably led to it. Circumstances may yet turn up to enable us to judge more certainly how the young woman came by her death; and if it was by violence, I trust the finger of God will, in his own good time, and by the means which he thinks best, point out the murderer. You, sir, may now depart, I hope to think of this business with a more serious and contrite heart than your most unbecoming behaviour this day would warrant us in expecting."

McGlothin hung down his head, and slowly walked away—afraid to look around him, yet unwilling, by a speedy retreat, to show any symptoms of fear. The inquiry terminated, and the jury were under the necessity of recording a verdict which merely related the circumstances under which the body was found.

The questionable death of poor Norah did not prevent the usual ceremonies and absurdities of an Irish wake. Tobacco was smoked, whiskey was drunk, and many a gossiping story told, while the bright blaze of nine lighted candles shone around the senseless corpse, as if it were in mockery of the darkness of death which had for ever sealed up its eyelids. The old man sat apart in a corner, refusing to be comforted—occasionally, as if unconscious of what he was doing, he seized a pipe, and smoked a few whiffs; and then, recollecting himself, he would lay it down, and resume his gloomy and tearless inactivity.

In a day or two Norah was buried, and the memory of the transaction would probably soon have died away, like a tale that is told, but that Mr. Morton still exerted himself to obtain every possible information of all that related to it, by inquiries from those who knew the girl or McGlothin. One morning, about three weeks after the body was found, his servant informed him, "there was one below that wanted to spake to him if he pleased."

"Who is it, Dennis?" said Mr. Morton.

"'Tis Jim Rooney, your honour, that goes about sellin' the sales an' rings, and things like what they used to sell in Essex Bridge, when we wor in Dublin, sir."

"And what can he want with me—has any one been robbing or cheating him?"

"Oh, devil a fear of that, your honour—be my sowl, he'd get up early that id chate Jim Rooney."

"So I should think myself, Dennis—but the next time I ask you a question, you need not swear when you answer it.—Tell Rooney, that if it be to sell something he wants, I won't buy it, and therefore he need not trouble himself and me, by coming near me—if it be any other business, you may desire him to come up stairs."

The magistrate was pretty sure, that under this condition of admittance, Rooney the ped-

lar would not seek his presence, and was not a little surprised when he saw him enter, bowing and scraping, and without his pack. "I beg your honour's pardon," said Rooney, "for makin' so bold as to ask to see your honour; but it's what I wanted to spake to you about a thing that I know your honour takes a concern in, and so I thought maybe you'd like to know it."

"What is that, Rooney? Tell me what you have to say; and as I know you're a clever fellow, tell it in the plainest and shortest manner possible."

There is no uneducated people in the world more naturally polite, or more open to the influence of kind and flattering language from others, than the lower orders of the Irish. Rooney, anxious to show at once both his willingness and ability to obey a request put in so agreeable a form, lost no time in entering upon his story.

"I know your honour wishes to find out all you can about Norry Sullivan, Mr. Hourigan's niece, that was found dead in the Shan-non."

"Yes, certainly," said the magistrate, with eager attention.

"Well, your honour, only two or three days afore she was missin', the cratur, I sould her a gould brooch,—an' I could swear to the same brooch, becase it had a little bit of damage on one side of it, an', be the same token, I sould it chape on account of that same. Well, be-hould you, sir, yesterday, whin I was goin' along the road quate an' asy, Pat Doolan's little gossoon comes up to me, and siz he to me, siz he, 'Would you buy this?' siz he; an' I knew at onco it was the very same I sould to the poor young woman, the Lord be merciful to her sowl! So I questioned him how he came by it, an' I made out that he found it in his father's boat, just about the time she was lost. I knew his father very well, your honour,—he's a decent, honest, poor man, as ever was,—so I went to him to spake about it; and, when I tould him, up he jumps, and slaps the table, your honour, and siz he to me, siz he, 'By the holy farmer!'—that was the oat' he swore,—'that was the mornin' young Mr. McGlothin borry'd my boat, an' I'll be bail she must have been wit him, an' dropt it.'"

"Did he say McGlothin borrowed his boat the morning the young woman disappeared?" asked the magistrate, eagerly.

"He did, your honour; an' that's what I thought you'd like to know."

"You were right. Go and bring Doolan to me as fast as you can."

Rooney departed on his mission, while Mr. Morton paced up and down his study, wrapped in thought, and anxiously awaiting his return. Had McGlothin slain a man, in any of those outrages which are so lamentably frequent in the south of Ireland, it is not probable that the common people, even though they were certain of his having committed the crime, would have given the magistrate any aid to seize or to convict him; but there was something so revolting to the wild sentiment of their character in the seduction and murder of a young woman, that the bare suspicion of it was enough to excite their liveliest efforts towards the de-

tection of the perpetrator;—and perhaps the circumstance of the suspected man being a reputed Protestant, did not render them the less anxious to give the investigation all the aid in their power.

Mr. Morton ascertained, that the evening before the disappearance of Hourighan's niece, M'Gloghlin had asked for the boat, which he said he wanted for an hour or two, early in the morning, to go a little way down the river; and that he had returned it, after having made use of it, before breakfast the same morning. The magistrate was endeavouring to see how he could connect this circumstance with the others with which he was already acquainted, when he was interrupted by the entrance of Hourighan in great agitation.

The old man had been so regular in all his movements, that it had been true, as stated by M'Gloghlin to Norah, that he never went to his treasure in the old stocking but to add to it. A particular fair, which happened just at the time when he paid his half-yearly rents, always supplied him with the money for that purpose, and the consumption of his cottage was not supplied by money, but from the farm. The outlay for his niece's funeral was, however, an unforeseen expense, for the defraying of which he had that morning had recourse to his stocking, and, to his utter amazement and terror, found, that worthless counterfeits had been substituted for his money. The poor old man was stunned and distracted. The kind of grief with which he was afflicted did not make him insensible to the loss of his property, but added a terrified bewilderment to his feelings; he saw his calamities multiplying,—he felt as if the world were slipping from under his feet,—and, as soon as he recovered sufficient recollection, he hurried to the magistrate to seek for advice and consolation.

"This is very extraordinary indeed!" said Mr. Morton, when he heard the story. "How long is it since you looked at your money before?"

After some time, Hourighan was able to recollect, that it was only an evening or two before his niece's disappearance that he had put money into the stocking; but any examination of the contents he had not made for many a day. As, however, even the last money he had put in was gone, it was clear, that since that time a part, if not the whole, of the theft had been committed. The old man knew nothing of the number of the notes; but he knew the person from whom he got the last sum he had received; and as he was a Quaker, and, like most of his sect, extremely regular and correct in his business, it was thought probable that he might be able to give some information about the notes; and to him Hourighan rode off at once, accompanied by Mr. Morton, who now began to feel a strong suspicion of the foul villany which had actually been practised.

"If thee can tell me the day I bought thy cattle, friend," said the Quaker, drawing out a little book, "I can give thee full information as to the notes with which I paid thee."

The day was mentioned, and he not only told them the number and description of the notes, but added, that one of them had come

back to him that very morning, in a remittance from Limeric.

This was just the clew which the magistrate wanted, and he lost no time in pursuing it. After a week's labour, and no small difficulty he traced the note, as he had almost expected he should, to have been paid by M'Gloghlin to a person in the neighbourhood of Limeric who dealt in horses; and, in the course of his inquiries, he also found, that a notorious schemer and swindling jockey, who was in the habit of frequently getting drunk with young M'Gloghlin, had been thrown into jail a few days before on suspicion of horse-stealing, and certainly of having endeavoured to pass upon a countryman some of the flash notes similar to those which were found in Hourighan's stocking.

Mr. Morton now issued a warrant for the apprehension of M'Gloghlin; but the matter having got wind, and the rural officers of the law not being either quite so prompt or so expert as the well-trained hawks of the grand falconer Sir Richard Birnie, the bird was flown ere they reached his nest; but it was known that he could not have escaped to any distance, and the magistrate still continued to collect evidence, in the hope that, if he could bring the proof home to him, he would be able to find M'Gloghlin before long. After some delay the jockey who was in jail, in the hope of thereby gaining some advantage for himself, gave voluntary information, that he had supplied M'Gloghlin with a parcel of flash notes, which he said he would know again, as, in order to make them look more like genuine notes which had been in circulation, he had himself written different names upon the backs of them. The papers were produced to him, and were identified as the very same which M'Gloghlin had received. So far a connection between him and the robbery was circumstantially established, but whether this was connected with the death of the young woman still remained a mystery.

By one of those strange coincidences which have been remarked so many times to occur in case of mysterious murder, as if specially appointed by Providence to bring the perpetrators to punishment, additional evidence was procured which left little doubt that the young woman had been murdered, and that M'Gloghlin was concerned in it.

There was an old man and his wife who lived in a small and wretched cottage between the shore and Hourighan's cottage, on the side of a hill which commanded a view of the water's edge, and they possessed one cow which was all their worldly goods. The man had a brother, an old soldier, who was a pensioner in the Kilmainham hospital in Dublin, and who died there, leaving some few pounds, which he had saved by selling his allowance of cheese, and doing without tobacco. On the very morning on which Norah Sullivan had disappeared, the countryman set off for Dublin, as he said himself, "to recave his brother's fortune that he had left him;" and having arrived there safely, and received the said fortune, amounting to five pounds and eightpence, he, being of a very different disposition from his brother, remained nearly six weeks in Dublin, and, as



he ate very little, he contrived, with the money he received, to keep himself extremely drunk during nearly the whole of that time. At length he arrived at home, much in the same state as he went away, save that his brogues were worn out, and his hat, if possible, more crushed and shapeless than when he left home. On his arrival, he heard, for the first time, the story of the tragical end of Hourighan's niece, and, very soon after, he sought the magistrate, to whom he made the following important communication:—

"Pase your honour, sir, it was comin' in daylight o' the mornin' that mysel' and the ould woman (meaning thereby his wife) had fixed I was to go to Dublin, to see after my broder's fortin—he that's dead; may his sowl rest in glory, I pray God—an' bad fortin it was to me to go take such a journey into foreign parts, I may say, where I was robbed, and kilt, and murdered entirely. But sure enough, your honour, our cow was sick—she's bether since, glory to God; and I got up arely to give her a warm dthrink. It was just afore sunrise—I remimbir it as well as if it was yisterday; an' lookin' down to the river to see what sorte of a day it id be, I seen young M'Gloghlin come up from a boat that had another man in it, that I didn't know, an' a young woman, wit a grey cloak'on, met him. I didn't see her face at all, but only her back, and the two set down together in the boat, and pushed off. I tuk no notice, bekase what business had I? An I knew Mr. M'Gloghlin was a wild young fellow, an' maybe had some call to the girl. Well, your honour, afore I left home I saw the boat come back wit only the two men in her, but I tuk no notice thin either; bekase, siz I, I suppose they put her ashore somewhere doun the river a bit, siz I——"

"Who did you say this to?" said the magistrate.

"Oh, only to mysel', sir—sorrow one else; an' thin off I wint, an' never heard a word more about it, 'till last night, when I came home. So I thought it looked very quare, what I've been tellin' your honour, an' I was resolved to come t'ye."

"Did the woman you saw, appear to be coming from the direction of Hourighan's house?"

"Troth it was, your honour, that very direction."

The man's depositions were taken; another warrant made out for the apprehension of M'Gloghlin, and two mounted police sent for, to endeavour to put it in execution.

The next evening the magistrate received positive information, that young M'Gloghlin had been seen that morning, at a very early hour, stealing into his father's house, and that he was probably still there. He at once determined to make a strong effort for his apprehension; and taking the two mounted police and some other attendants with him, he proceeded, as daylight fell, to the residence of the elder M'Gloghlin. An hour's riding brought them to the spot; the appearance of the place, like that of many of the residences of the better sort of farmers in Ireland, indicated plenty, without what the English call comfort—some finery, and no neatness. There was a sloping lawn before the house, which seemed not to

have felt the plough, or the hand of the weeder, for a century. A road was made to sweep round before the door, which had once been bounded by posts connected by light chains; but all the chains and some of the posts were broken, and the road itself seemed to have been abandoned by foot-passengers, in favour of a "shorter cut," a narrow footpath, which ran down the centre of the lawn, and terminated by a gap in the hedge at the bottom, and which the servants and the sheep found a more convenient method of getting to the road, than going round by the gate. At this gate, however, Mr. Morton halted; and desiring the two mounted police to leave their horses with the others, who were to watch that no one escaped from the premises, he advanced to the house. He was admitted without difficulty, and could perceive, by the manner of those whom he addressed, that his appearance was not altogether unexpected. He told them at once, and in courteous and compassionate language, the object of his visit, and required, that if the young man were there, he should be given up. He was answered by the mother of young M'Gloghlin, the same who was mentioned in the beginning of our story.

She had been a beauty in her youth, but was now a coarse and bold-featured woman; her eyes still flashed with something of the vivacity of former times, and her face was flushed with passion.—"Give him up!" said she; "And why should we give him up to you, supposin' that he was here? What call have you to him? Did he ever do you any harm? and why should you want to murder the boy, that I b'lieve wouldn't know you if he was lookin' you in the face?—You may go your ways, Mr. Morton, an' mind your prachein', if you have any to mind, for you'll get none of him here."

"I am sorry, sir," said the magistrate, addressing her husband, "to do what must be so painful to you; but I have positive information, and must search the house—the officers are in the hall."

"Sarche away, thin," said the woman; "an' may the——"

Her husband checked the curse which was coming to her lips, and ordering her sternly to be quiet, the men proceeded on their search. They could not find him in the dwelling house.

"I cannot discharge my duty," said Mr. Morton, "without having your out-offices also searched; and as it is now almost dark, I must request you will send some one with a light to guide us to them." He purposely watched the countenance of the woman, and perceived it shaken by agitation at his proposal to proceed with the search, but fear of her husband kept her silent.

"Old M'Gloghlin merely answered, he might 'do as he pleased."

"Will you let this boy carry the light?" said the magistrate, pointing to a thin but hardy-looking fair-haired boy, of ten or twelve years of age, who had sat looking sharply on, at every turn of the policemen, but had never uttered a word. This lad was the brother of young M'Gloghlin, but Mr. Morton did not know that; and he thought that from his youth, he would be less apt to deceive them in their search than any one else in the house. In

this, however, he was mistaken: the boy was quiet and silent in his manners, but possessed more acuteness than all the rest in the house put together. He looked at his father when he heard the question put; and gathering his assent from the expression of his eye, he arose to take the light.

"No—dinny—no," cried his mother, rushing forward; and then as if suddenly recollecting herself,—"well, thin, do, but—," and she bent over the boy, and whispered in his ear, "but dinny, darlin',—mind what you're about—lade thim off, an' you'll see what I'll give you. An' if you doan't, continued she, clenching her teeth, "I'll dash your brains out whin they're gone."

The boy neither answered nor trembled, but led the way for the police-men, with a small lantern in his hand. There was a gentleness and simplicity in the lad's manner, which led Mr. Morton to think, that if he were cross-questioned, or threatened, he would be able to obtain from him the information, whether the person he sought for was in the place or not; but he felt an instinctive abhorrence towards inducing the boy to betray the young man, villain as he believed him to be, and he therefore chose rather to trust to the vigilance of his search.

The way led through a farm-yard, filled with stacks of hay and corn, which the policemen proposed to prod with their swords, as the object of their search might possibly be concealed within them.

"But you might wound him, or kill him, if he really were there," said the magistrate, "which you have no right to do, unless he makes violent resistance."

"If that be all you're afraid of, sir," said the boy, "they may prod away—they'll hurt no one there, I'll warrant, except it be the mice that make nests in the stacks, and that'll do us no harm."

"Some of this hay appears to have been tossed about lately?"

"Yes, sir, they were bringin' it up to the loft for the horses."

"Where is the loft?"

"There's two or three of them, sir—I'll show them to you."

He led the way along a little passage, bounded by a hedge, from which the little birds flew out, startled by the light, as it passed. "The poor little birds, sir, is frightened as if you were searchin' for them. It's a pity to disturb them, sir, isn't it? poor things that's tired enough, I'll engage, flyin' about wit their little wings all day."

"Is it possible," thought the magistrate, "that this boy can talk so lightly, if he really knows the man to be lurking about here. I think we must have been wrong informed, after all."

They examined three lofts without success; and the boy, after holding the lantern for them, with great patience, was proceeding back by the way they had come, when Mr. Morton remarked another small building in a corner of the inclosure which they had not gone into.

"It's only an ould lumber-house, said the boy.

"I see some marks on the ground, as if hay

had been carried into it lately," observed Mr. Morton.

The boy, for the first time, betrayed a slight hesitation, as he answered, "Maybe they did put hay into it—sometimes they do." But still he held back, and seemed anxious they should return without examining farther.

"We must trouble you to bring the light there, my boy," said the magistrate. "We must examine every place."

They found, on entering the lower apartment, that it was, as the boy had said, a lumber-house, where old cart wheels, and hay forks, and scythe handles lay scattered about. In one corner, however, they discovered a step ladder, and a trap-door above it leading into the loft.

"I suppose I needn't go up, sir?" said the little guide; "it's the same just as this place."

"We must see it, though," replied the magistrate; "it will not keep you long."

The boy slowly ascended the ladder, and the magistrate motioned to one of the men to follow: The man looked, however, rather suspiciously at the narrow trap-door, and observed that if there were any one above, it was very dangerous, as one man in such a situation might knock a regiment on the head before they could get into the loft.

"I shall lead the way, then," said Mr. Morton, as he ascended into the apartment unmoled, followed by the two men. There was lumber in the room, and some sheaves of straw piled against the walls, which the policemen prodded with their swords, still without success, and they were about to descend, when it occurred to Mr. Morton, that the boy had not walked about in the room as in the other places, but had stood with his back to one particular spot, shading it from the light, while he held the lantern towards the other places which the men examined. He therefore turned back, and looking steadily at the boy, he thought he saw him slightly start, as he told the men they should look in that spot which they had omitted. There was an old trunk in the spot, which had a quantity of hay piled upon it, over which were loosely thrown a few old sacks.

"You'll spoil the sacks, if you thrust your swords there," said the boy.

"We'll take them away first, then," said one of the men. He did so—and struck his sword into the hay—a loud shriek followed the thrust, and young M'Gloghlin sprang from the hay, and surrendered himself. The sword had not touched him, and had he lain still he might have escaped; but the danger was too much for his nerves, and he fell unwounded into their hands.

He was unprepared for resistance, and did not attempt it, but in sullen silence suffered his hands to be secured, and was led down to the yard. His mother, who, at a little distance, had followed the whole search, muttering a thousand praises of her "darlin' little cute white-headed boy," for whom, until this instance of his dexterity in endeavouring to elude the vigilance of the police officers, she had never shown much symptom of affection, was now almost frantic at the capture of her favourite son.

"Let my boy go, you hell hounds," said she, rushing towards the police-men—and then

perceiving the utter helplessness of violence, she threw herself on her knees before the magistrate, and clasping her hands, besought his mercy with all the vehemence of the strongest of all earthly feelings, a mother's affection for a favourite son. He was wicked, and she knew him to be so—her own heart was vicious and deceitful; but one spot in it was still loyal to nature and a mother's love, and in the passionate agony of fear and affection, she sunk in the dust before the magistrate, and besought his compassion on her misery.

"Oh, Mr. Morton," she exclaimed, "Mr. Morton, jewel, don't take him away from me—don't take away my boy—my darlin' boy, to murder and destroy him. I'll engage for him he'll never do any thing wrong again—I'll watch him myself for you, day and night; but oh, lave him wit me, an' may Christ an' the Blessed Queen of Heaven, pour blessin's upon you for ever an' ever!"

"I am exceedingly sorry," said Mr. Morton, much affected by the woman's vehemence of manner, "exceedingly sorry, indeed, for this unfortunate occurrence; but there is a public duty to be performed, and what you ask is altogether impossible."

"Oh, dear Mr. Morton, don't say so," said the wretched mother, still on her knees. "Oh, think of your own children, sir, an' how you'd feel if they were taken away to be butchered, and their mother left like me to die of great sorrow and a broken heart—he's my eldest boy, sir, one of the only two I ever had, an' for the love of Christ, don't take him away to kill him!"

"Rise from your knees, unhappy woman," said Mr. Morton; "or if you remain, pray to God for some peace and comfort under your calamity, and not to me, who can yield you nothing. Your son must submit to the course of justice—he is charged with dreadful crimes."

"It is a lie.—It is a lie," said the wretched woman, starting up; "you want to destroy him, you want his blood—ay, you hard-hearted villain, that's what you want; an' may my curse, an' the curse of all belongin' to me, torment you while you live, an' gnaw your soul in hell, where you'll surely be afore long!"

"Take him away, take him away," said the magistrate, "this is too shocking."

I omit the details of the trial of M'Gloghlin. The evidence against him was arranged with all the skill and care of which it was capable. The best "counsellors" were employed, and no trial for many a long year and day excited so intense an interest. He was a Protestant, or at least so reputed, and an opinion was abroad amongst the people, which the priests did by no means discourage, that "unless they," that is, the authorities of the land, "couldn't help it, he would not be found guilty." Found guilty, however, he was, after a most patient investigation, and a very long deliberation of the jury.

Then the report ran through the populace, that although found guilty, he would not be executed; they were sure he would get a reprieve, and that justice would not be done upon a Protestant for murdering a Catholic. M'Gloghlin all along denied the murder; his sole defence was his own simple and deter-

mined denial that he had murdered Norah Sullivan. The morning of execution arrived, and still the people could not believe he was to die. A coach was procured to carry him from the jail to the scaffold—the horses, frightened at something in the crowd, ran away, and the wretched man, handcuffed as he was, through the instinct of self-preservation, burst open the door, and jumped out, lest he should be overturned. Even this circumstance the people laid hold upon, to strengthen their favourite idea, that he was not to suffer the punishment due to his crimes—they said it was a trick to cause delay, and that he would be taken back to jail. They were again mistaken. The horses were stopped, M'Gloghlin again put into the carriage, borne to the place of execution, and hanged; but not until he was dead, and in accordance with the tenor of his sentence, his body given to the surgeons to be anatomized, would the common people believe, that the severity of the law would be actually enforced against one who was neither a poor man nor a Roman Catholic. In more recent times, however, this feeling has greatly died away.

M'Gloghlin died as he had lived, sullen, and ferocious, and with his last breath protesting a lie. He asserted to the very last that he was not guilty of the murder. This circumstance caused some uneasiness to those, whom the circumstantial evidence had convinced of his guilt; but in about a year afterwards, his associate Sheehan, who was also executed for the murder of a soldier in an affray about a private still, made while under sentence a full confession of the matter, which explained M'Gloghlin's denial to have arisen from his not having actually committed the murder with his own hands—and afforded the materials for the foregoing tale. J.

*From the Athenæum.*

#### A RUSSIAN GENERAL'S MILITARY REFLECTIONS ON TURKEY.\*

THE history of nations can hardly afford a more striking contrast, or a more valuable lesson, than that which is presented by the past and present situations of the two great despotisms of modern Europe. Spain, which made more rapid and determined strides to universal empire than any on record, if we except those of Napoleon,—and more formidable, perhaps, without any exception,—Spain, whose downfall, like that of the great ravager to whom we have alluded, dates from the destruction of her proudest armament, not by the enemy, but by the elements (for "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera,")—Spain, which was so long the war-cry of terror, is now sunk into a by-word of contempt. Turkey, as it

\* Military Reflections on Turkey. By Baron Von Valentini, Major-General in the Russian Service. Extracted and Translated from the General's Treatise on the Art of War. By a Military Officer. With a Map and Plan. 8vo. pp. 102. Rivington. London, 1838.

most closely resembled this unhappy land in its political institutions, has also sunk the nearest to its level of insignificance and degradation. They are, at this moment, the only two countries in Europe, which are at once rent by domestic insurrection, and insulted by foreign interference,—an interference, which, while it assumes the name of *alliance* in the one case, and of *mediation* in the other, can only be justified in either, by the utter impotence and incapability of managing their own affairs, to which a vicious and destructive system has at last reduced them. The power of the Turks has ebbed so rapidly, and the terror which they once inspired has been so completely superseded by insignificance, that we read the story of their renown with a kind of bewildered incredulity. It has already become like

"The echo of an unrepeatd sound,  
That dies away to silence."

And yet, (not to recur to Mohammed II., who, in the 15th century, extinguished the last embers of the Roman empire, in the blood of the last Roman emperor, and awed both Germany and Italy with the terror of his arms), little more than a century and a half has elapsed since a regular form of prayer against the Saracens was recited in almost all the churches of Christendom, and listened to by the faithful with a thrill of living fear,—since the kingdom of Poland was tributary to the Crescent, the capital of Austria besieged by a Turkish armament, and Louis XIV. of France concentrating his forces to oppose their further progress *on his own frontier*! At the present day, the Turks themselves have forgotten to dream of offensive warfare; the Danube may be considered as the last bulwark which remains to the city of Constantine, and the ultra-Danubian principalities themselves as but feeble outposts, ready to be evacuated on the first gleaming of a Christian bayonet, or echo of an "infidel" cannon. The question is now only as to the shortest route to the shores of the Bosphorus; and even that feeble and degenerate Greece, which was twice wrested by the Ottoman hordes from the sympathies of all Europe, has continued for seven years, single-handed, by little more than the *vis inertia* of resistance, to baffle all the efforts of the Mussulman empire, and has seen successive floods of invasion dash themselves to atoms against the bases of her mountain barriers. To use the picturesque expression of Valentin, (p. 5), "It is, in fact, only the jealousies and rivalries of the Christian powers, which still support the Crescent upon the horizon of Europe."

It is generally supposed, that the Turks lost their military superiority over the Christian armies by merely remaining stationary, while their enemies were advancing, in the art of war,—rivetted down, as it were, to their old customs, while the tide of improvement was raising all around them to a higher level. It is probable, however, that in addition to this cause, there has been in operation an actual degeneration among themselves; and this opinion is suggested by facts:

"It is worthy of remark," observes our au-

thor, "that Montecuculi, alike distinguished as a great general and a military writer, should present to us the Turks as models for imitation in war, as much on account of the wisdom with which they undertake it, as of the manner in which they conduct it; and that he should consider their marches, their encampments, and their dispositions for battle, equally worthy of commendation: nor did the victory of St. Gothard, which he gained in 1664, as generalissimo of the Christian army, shake the high opinion which he had previously formed of his enemies."

At the present day, amid the masses of confusion and insubordination which a Turkish army exhibits, and the weakness and uncertainty which mark their plans of campaign, we look in vain for any thing to justify the praises of this eminent commander, or to mitigate our emotions of astonishment and contempt:

"It is known that the Asiatic troops, which comprise the principal force of the Turks, abandon the field in winter; but Warnery's assertion, that they commence their march homewards so early as the month of July, is certainly an exaggeration. Even the Janisaries are by no means partial to winter campaigns, and, after having supported, for a time, the fatigues of war, long to return to their homes, where they follow different trades and occupations, and cannot therefore be said to be imbued with martial ardour. As to the cavalry, the nature of the country may in some degree excuse their returning home at the commencement of winter. The Albanians, the Macedonians, and the ancient Thracians,—children of the soil which gave warriors to Pyrrhus and Alexander,—are the only troops which still remain under arms, even during the most rigorous season, provided the horse-tail is planted by an energetic Pasha, such as old Ali of Janina.

"In general, the defence of towns is the only part of the art of war in which the Turks still maintain their ancient national bravery. Places, most imperfectly fortified, which European troops and engineers would have considered it impossible to defend for any length of time, were often purchased by the Russians at a great loss of men and time. This may proceed in some degree from the tranquillity and inactivity of the Turk, who is unwilling to move, and who will remain for whole weeks in a cave, abandoning himself to his inevitable destiny, indifferent to every thing which happens near him, or to what the morrow may bring forth. Panic terror, which has always so powerful an effect upon an undisciplined and impassioned multitude, is the only favourable chance which the besiegers have to expect; and will often cause a Turkish garrison to abandon the place, in a state of wild desperation, if a road be left open for its flight. It is even remarked by Berenhorst, that, in such cases, the belief in predestination serves as a cloak for cowardice. We may, however, consider it as a general rule, that the Turks will maintain the defence to the very last, and that the great strength of their garrisons, and their actual luxury in point of arms, will always render an assault one of great bloodshed and danger. Every Turk, when properly armed, carries with him,



besides his musket, at least, one pair of pistols, a sabre, and a long, and somewhat curved, dagger or knife, (the inward curve having the sharp edge,) called a *kinschal*, which he uses principally in cutting off heads. This weapon, which is about two feet long, is not unlike the Roman short sword, and at the brilliant era of the Ottomans, it may have been proved not less formidable in the *mêlée* than was the latter, with which the legions subdued the world. Hence it is very evident, that, in scaling a rampart, the European soldier, with his musket and fixed bayonet, is placed under great disadvantage against an enemy so well armed both for attack and defence."

The decided opinion of an experienced soldier, that European discipline is inapplicable to a Turkish force, may be worthy of consideration by those who look upon the reforms introduced by the present Sultan, as likely to produce a regeneration of the Turkish power:

"It is possible that the engineers of Louis XIV. introduced among them something of European tactics, of which, however, in other respects, no vestige is to be found at present. In general, they are by no means imitators, and this is, perhaps, their greatest wisdom. An enlightened sovereign, far from attempting to introduce among them any thing of European practice, would rather seek to develop those peculiar qualities of which the germ evidently exists in these extraordinary people; and they might then again become formidable, if not to the whole of Europe, at least to the neighbouring states."

The following passages will be read with interest, as describing the military peculiarities of this singular people:

"Formerly, the total want of light infantry in the unwieldy European armies must have given a grand advantage to the Turks. In all the accounts of that, and even of a more recent period, the Janissaries are extolled as the first light infantry in the world. They could not, however, have been very efficient at that time; as we may easily infer from their having been formidable only in intersected ground, and from the European cavalry never having feared them in the plain.

"The Turkish light cavalry have sustained their reputation to a more recent epoch. The being on horseback is quite a national habit. Travellers relate that, in the East, when proceeding from place to place on horseback, the Turkish guide ascends and descends the mountains at a gallop, over bushes and rocks, and puts to shame the European horseman, who fears to follow him.

"The same boldness is to be found in the masses. 'The Turkish cavalry,' says an experienced witness, 'dispersed itself in the mountains amid rocks and bushes, and then debouches unawares by the most narrow paths, without fearing any disorder, since it is not accustomed to be in order. Hence it is extremely dangerous in an intersected country; it passes through places which seem impracticable, and suddenly appears upon the flank or rear of the enemy. Two or three men advance, and look about them: then you will see all at once five or six hundred, and wo to the battalion that marches without precaution, or

which is seized with a panic.' This, however, only relates to the flower of the Turkish cavalry, known under the name of Spahis: there is a vast number of Asiatic rabble on horseback, to which this description does not at all apply.

"It cannot be denied, that our cavalry is inferior in comparison with the rest of our army, when opposed to the Turks. Being completely dependent on the protection of the batteries and squares of battalions, we cannot expect those grand, bold, and decisive effects, which are otherwise peculiar to it. It is only when the enemy is in full retreat, or half-beaten, that it can abandon its defensive position, so little consonant to its nature. In earlier times, however, the sword and lance of the knight have proved formidable to the sabre of the Saracen; and even in our own, individual combat has begun to be practised with success. The Christian horseman, conscious of his power and dexterity in the use of his weapons, will courageously attack the Spahi, but will probably confide more in the lance than the sabre, which the latter wields with a degree of perfection which we can scarcely hope to attain.\* It is natural, however, that when our adversary possesses a decided superiority in any particular thing, we should oppose to him something else which might place us on a more equal footing with him; and, in this respect, therefore, the well known saying of Montecuculi, that the pike is the queen of arms, seems particularly applicable.

"Russia is the most formidable enemy of the

\* The superiority of the Turks in the use of the sabre is founded partly on the quality of the weapon itself, and partly on their, what may be termed, *national* dexterity in handling it. The Turkish sabre, which is wrought out of fine iron-wire, in the hand of one of our powerful labourers, would perhaps break to pieces like glass at the first blow. The Turk, on the contrary, who gives rather a *cut* than a blow, makes it penetrate through helmet, cuirass, &c. and separates in a moment the head or the limbs from the body. Hence we seldom hear of *slight* wounds in an action of cavalry with Turks. It is a well known fact in the Russian army, that a colonel, who was in front of his regiment, seeing the Spahis make an unexpected attack upon him, drew his sabre, and was going to command his men to do the same, when, at the first word, *draw*, his head was severed from his body. The highly tempered Turkish sabres will fetch a price of from ten to a hundred ducats, even when they are not of fine metal. But, as Scanderberg said, such a sabre only produces its effect when in the hand of him who knows how to use it. It is related, that, at the storming of Ismael, a brave foreigner who served as a volunteer in the Russian army, and who was most actively engaged in the *mêlée*, broke in pieces several Turkish sabres, and constantly armed himself with a fresh one taken from the Turks who were slain. The substance, from which these valuable sabres are wrought, is called *tahan*, and they are proved to be genuine, when they admit of being written upon with a ducat, or any other piece of fine gold.

Turks, not only from her actual superiority, but from the opinion generally entertained among that people. In conformity with an ancient prophecy, the Turks consider it as doomed, by their immutable destiny, that they will be driven out of Europe by a neighbouring people, whom they believe to be the Russians, and whose sovereign will enter their capital in triumph. The idea of returning, at some future period, to Asia, whence they came, is tolerably familiar to the most enlightened among them; and they even appear to consider their establishment in Europe, as nothing more than an encampment. We may therefore easily conceive, that they do not enter the field against Russia, with that joyful ardour which is inspired by a presentiment of victory.

"The great disadvantage of their relative position with Russia, appears from the fact, that, since the time of Peter the Great, they have never been the aggressors in any war with that power. Even admitting that, when instigated by Charles XII., who had taken refuge among them, they commenced the celebrated campaign of the Pruth, which ended so disastrously for the Russians, we must recollect that the settlements of the latter upon the Black Sea, and their intercourse with the Cossack hordes, had already given sufficient provocation. The subsequent war, from 1736 to 1739, in which Field-Marshal Munich bore a distinguished part, brought these light troops completely under the banners of Russia, and thus added to the preponderance which she had already gained over the Turks in point of tactics and discipline. Nor did the Cossacks lose by the change; they having imbibed as much as was really useful to them, without losing any thing of their peculiar character. The Spahis are not at all to be compared with them in the look-out, in cunningness, or in patience; and although the proud Turkish horse looks like a Bucephalus, by the side of their modest hacks, yet, notwithstanding this advantage, they know how to avoid, with great dexterity, the impetuosity of his attack. The talent which the Cossacks possess for exploring a country, and for finding their way every where, is more useful to the Russian army in a war in Turkey than in any other. In waste and deserted countries the Cossacks, forming scouring parties in advance, supply, in a great measure, with their natural penetration, the defect which still exists in regard to correct maps of this part of the world. No movement of the enemy can be concealed from them; no scout can escape them; and every thing which the country, forming the seat of war, yields in the way of provision, they collect for the subsistence of the army. That which happened to the Russians in their campaign on the Pruth, surrounded and starved as they were by clouds of light cavalry, would also be the fate, at the present day, of every Turkish army which might venture to oppose them in any thing like an open plain."

General Valentini seems to consider the conquest of Constantinople by the Russians, in one, or at most in two, campaigns, as perfectly practicable and easy. He only demands, for this purpose, an army of 200,000 men; those required for the reserve, for supplying losses

by disease and the sword, and for keeping up the communications, included; together with a flotilla on the Black Sea, to advance on a parallel line along the coast. The country, he asserts, has resources enough, in the degree of cultivation and trade which it enjoys, to facilitate military operations very considerably; and he devotes a long chapter to the strategic details of a plan of invasion and conquest, calculated upon these data.

The justice of carrying these magnificent arrangements into execution does not appear to enter into the baron's calculations. One argument, however, we do find adduced in favour of it, which, from the incidental and matter-of-course style in which it is stated, he seems to look upon as quite decisive of the point. It is founded upon the assertion, (p. 3,) that "a peace with the Turks is, in reality, nothing more than a truce concluded for a certain number of years. The *Crescent*, a significant emblem, must extend itself over the whole terrestrial globe. The followers of Mohammed are bound, in conformity to the precepts of that prophet, and those of Osman, the founder of the Turkish empire, to carry on a continual war with the nations which do not share in their belief; and, of course, as we are left to conclude that those, who are thus denounced, have a right to take every advantage in return. But true as may be the facts here stated, we confess we are not altogether satisfied with the reasoning to which they are made to serve as a support. People are too generally inclined to attach a great practical importance to the *dogmas* of particular religions, while, in reality, they are always postponed to the interest of the moment, or the common impulses of human nature. Thus our author himself informs us, (p. 93.) that the pursuit of navigation was expressly forbidden to all Musulmans by their very highest spiritual authority, and that this prohibition was powerless against the promptings of political ambition. Coffee and opium were forbidden by the Koran equally with wine, (p. 95,) and, in this instance, the injunction of Heaven was superseded by mere animal inclination. Religious dogmas, in fact, whether for good or for evil, will only be influential while they are productive of advantage or of gratification. So long as the Turks found that war was a succession of victories, and peace but an interruption to conquest, this command of their prophet would, no doubt, be quoted with delight and obeyed with enthusiasm,—and other nations, with no such dogma of faith to plead in their excuse, would "do likewise," from a principle of ambition; but when the uniform result of hostilities became loss, and disappointment, and defeat, then would this part of the Mahomedan revelation remain, as now, in abeyance, and the sacred duty of propagating their faith by the sword would be as much neglected as the troublesome obligations of benevolence or self-denial.

As if it were to illustrate the more forcibly the utter inefficacy of religious principles, whether forbearing or aggressive, when placed in competition with political considerations, we find our Christian author himself, after having taken anticipated possession of Constantinople, proceeding to act upon the same convenient

maxims of political honesty which he ascribes to the infidels. "The river Prusak," he says, (p. 90,) "the Tymbris of the ancients, might become the provisional boundary of the Ottoman empire, to be forced still further back upon a future convenient occasion;" and he proceeds to support this idea by reasons of convenience and expediency, as relating to the territories already acquired,—reasons far more powerful than all the dogmas in the Koran, and which might be equally urged on every "convenient occasion," till the Christian conquests were pushed to the frontiers of the "Celestial Empire," or the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

In the same Christian spirit is the plan, which he proposes, of a perpetual war upon this perpetually receding boundary, and which is too good a thing not to be given in his own words.

"The great improvements which have been effected in our military system, certainly leave us little reason to dread a repetition of what was experienced by the Christian powers of former times. But it will be absolutely necessary that the colonies which may be founded in the conquered territories, should not lay by their arms, but that they should be maintained by the contingents which the mother countries will be obliged to furnish, during several generations, for the general security of Europe. In that part of the world, it might also prove a salutary measure to revive the *ancient orders of chivalry*, constituted and organized conformably with the spirit of the age. The conquered country, which the component parts of its military state would intimately connect with the European powers, far from becoming an apple of discord, would rather prove the means of establishing among them new ties of amity. The superfluity of the population of Europe would there find convenient settlements; and its youth, with highly excited ardour, would also repair thither to seek an opportunity of gaining spurs. This practical military school, situated at the extremity of the civilized continent, would be productive of general advantage; and Christian nations would no longer conceive themselves obliged to make war upon one another from time to time, in order to maintain among them a true military spirit."

Thus is the ebullient valour of Europe to find a safe and convenient vent, so that Christians shall not be compelled to recommence cutting the throats of each other, until, unfortunately, there shall be no Turks left, upon whom we may continue to perform that indispensable exercise!

The translation before us is well executed, and accompanied by a map of the probable theatre of war, with a plan of Shumla, which may be called the Turkish Thermopylæ. Its publication is also peculiarly well timed to meet the wide and intense interest which is excited by the events of the day. The Turkish dominion in Europe seems to be rapidly approaching its dissolution; and every one must feel anxious to know whether it will submit quietly to its fate, or whether it possesses sufficient remaining strength to shake in its expiring convulsions, the pillars of European tranquillity. The opinions of the Baron Valentini on this

subject, although of course not formed with a reference to existing circumstances, and perhaps the more on that account, are well worthy of attention, both from his own high military character, and from the fact of his having served in the country whose capabilities he discusses. From his testimony, then, it would appear that Turkey is arrived at such a pitch of feebleness and disorganization, as to be utterly unable to resist a vigorous demonstration from her formidable northern neighbour, and that much must be done before she can even be rendered capable of co-operating efficaciously with a powerful alliance in her own defence. The Greek question, while it furnishes to her natural enemy a continual pretext for aggression, is also a source of weakness to herself. It is a diseased limb, which drains the resources of the trunk, and can never be made to unite healthily with it again. Amputation is the only remedy; and it is easy to distinguish between the honest friendship which recommends its adoption at once, and the morbid sensibility, or concealed malice, which would await the inevitable approach of mortification and death.

There is a method of catching monkeys in the East Indies, which supplies a good illustration of the present situation of these two countries. A quantity of sugar is put into a cocoa nutshell, in which a hole has been made, large enough to admit the open paw of the animal, but not to allow its withdrawal when clenched. Pug inserts his paw, and grasps at the sweet temptation, which, however, he finds it impossible to extract. His avarice, being too powerful for his sagacity, prevents him from renouncing the fatal prize, which mocks him with a shadow of advantage; he remains encumbered with the clumsy shell, and falls an easy victim to his pursuers. The "Sublime Porte" is at present in the situation of the monkey. Having originally fixed her iron grip upon Greece, by nefarious and dishonest means, she has at length arrived at a crisis which leaves no alternative between restitution and ruin. The desperate and infatuated obstinacy with which she clings to her ill-gotten and useless plunder, is exactly what paralyzes all her powers of defence, and takes away all her possibilities of escape.

From the Monthly Review.

NARRATIVE OF AN ATTEMPT TO REACH THE NORTH POLE, in *Boats fitted for the Purpose, and attached to His Majesty's Ship Hecla, in the Year 1827; under the Command of Captain William Edward Parry, R.N., F.R.S., &c. Illustrated by Plates and Charts. Published by Authority of his Royal Highness, the Lord High Admiral. 4to. pp. 228. London: Murray. 1828.*

WE have here a notable instance of the uncompromising audacity with which facts sometimes laugh at the systems and theories of erudite men, and even at the grave decrees of most royal and learned bodies. After every effort

to win the North Pole by navigation had failed, it was surmised, with great appearance of probability, that if adventurers were found hardy enough, on reaching the nearest boundary of ice in the North Seas, to quit their ship, and to take with them a couple of boats, and plenty of provisions, they might, without much difficulty, accomplish the object which has been so long desired. The interval between the open sea and the Pole, was filled up, it was asserted, by a vast field or level plain of ice; the boats might be easily hauled up, placed on wheels, and drawn by reindeer or dogs to any distance; if perchance a lagoon of water should occur, the travellers had only to detach the wheels, launch the boats, and embarking with their dogs or deer, sail across it in a few minutes, haul up again, and proceed onward on their journey.

The practicability of this plan was grounded in the first place on the testimony of Captain Lutwidge, who was associated with Captain Phipps in the expedition towards the North Pole, in 1773; he described the ice as stretching to the north-eastward, of one of the Seven Islands (north of Spitzbergen), in "one continued plain," "smooth and unbroken," and "bounded only by the horizon." In Captain Phipps' chart of that voyage, the ice to the northward and the westward of the Seven Islands, is designated as "flat and unbroken," and "quite solid." That very intelligent Arctic voyager, Mr. Scoresby, jun., goes a little farther than this. He, it appears, once saw a field of ice so free from fissure or inequalities, that had it been clear of snow, "a coach might have been driven many leagues over it in a direct line, without obstruction or danger." Arguing from this solitary fact, he wrote a paper on the feasibility of the plan, which has been published in the *Memoirs of the Wernerian Society of Edinburgh*. The reports of several experienced whalers, who were consulted by Captain Parry, went to the same effect; he himself appears to have entertained so little doubt of the plan, that he proposed it to the lords of the Admiralty; and they referred it to the president and council of the Royal Society, who "strongly recommended its adoption." Captain Parry states, however, that his strongest hopes of success depended on the fact, that a similar proposition had been formerly made by Captain Franklin; who not only drew up a plan for making the attempt, but also volunteered to conduct it.

Considering the circumstances here stated, the credibility of the witnesses whose evidence is relied upon, the undoubted intelligence of the persons to whose decision the subject was submitted, and the great experience both of the officer who first proposed, and of him who ultimately attempted to execute, this novel enterprise; we believe that there is not upon record a more signal instance of the fallibility of human testimony, and of theoretical speculation, than that which will be found in the narrative now before us.

Every thing was provided for the expedition, which ingenuity could devise for ensuring its success. Boats were constructed, which were found, upon trial, to answer, in the most admirable manner, all the purposes for which they

were intended. On each side of the keel, and projecting considerably below it, was attached a strong "runner," shod with smooth steel, in the manner of a sledge, upon which the boat entirely rested while upon the ice. Wheels were also prepared for the purpose of being attached to the boats, but no opportunity offered for trying their utility. Resources were supplied in abundance: the boats, after leaving the Hecla in a safe harbour, were to leave Spitzbergen about the beginning of June, 1827, and to return to the ship about the end of August; it being supposed that all the meditated objects might have been accomplished within that interval.

The Hecla, accordingly, left the river on the 4th of April, and reached Hammerfest on the 19th, where eight Lapland reindeer were provided for the purpose of drawing the boats. The Hecla weighed again on the 29th, and on the 16th of the following month was off *Red Beach*, the highest latitude to which it was intended to take the ship. Here, however, difficulties occurred in discovering a secure harbour where she might be left; and some circumstances took place which afforded the commander very little encouragement.

"The nature of the ice was, beyond all comparison, the most unfavourable for our purpose that I ever remember to have seen. It consisted only of loose pieces, scarcely any of them fifteen or twenty yards square, and when any so large did occur, their margins were surrounded by the smaller ones thrown up by the recent pressure into ten thousand various shapes, and presenting high and sharp angular masses at every other step. The men compared it to a stone-mason's yard, which, except that the stones were of ten times the usual dimensions, it indeed very much resembled. The only inducement to set out over such a road, was the certainty that flocks and fields lay beyond it, and the hope that they were not far beyond it. In this respect, indeed, I considered our present easterly position as a probable advantage, since the ice was much less likely to have been disturbed to any great extent northwards in this meridian, than to the westward, clear of the land, where every southerly breeze was sure to be making havoc among it. Another very important advantage in setting off on this meridian appeared to me to be, that, the land of Spitzbergen lying immediately over against the ice, the latter could never drift so much or so fast to the southward, as it might further to the westward.

"Upon these grounds it was that I was anxious to make an attempt, at least, as soon as our arrangements could be completed; and the officers being of the same opinion with myself, we hoisted out the boats early in the morning of the 27th, and having put the things into one of them, endeavoured, by way of experiment, to get her to a little distance from the ship. Such, however, were the irregularities of the ice that, even with the assistance of an additional party of men, it was obvious that we could not have gained a single mile in a day, and what was still more important, not without almost certain and serious injury to the boats by their striking against the angular masses. Under these circumstances, it was but too evi-



dent to every one that it would have been highly imprudent to persist in setting out, since, if the ice after all should clear away, even in a week, so as to allow us to get a few miles nearer the main body, time would be ultimately saved by our delay, to say nothing of the wear and tear, and expense of our provisions. I was, therefore, very reluctantly compelled to yield to this necessity, and to order the things to be got on board again."—pp. 21, 22.

This was a bad beginning. The *Hecla*, mean time, was constantly beset with ice, and was considered to be in such a perilous situation, that Captain Parry deemed it his duty to remain on board until she could be worked into some place of safety. A great deal of time appears to have been expended in accomplishing this necessary object; every effort for the purpose failed until the 18th of June, when a bay was discovered, into which the ship was towed and warped on the 20th. Here she was to wait Captain Parry's return from the ice, under the care of Lieutenant Foster, who was instructed in the mean time to make a survey of the Eastern coast, if circumstances should permit.

The experiment already tried with the boats, determined Captain Parry on dispensing altogether with the reindeer, as he saw that if the ice were very rough, they would be rather an incumbrance than instruments of service. All his arrangements being concluded, he quitted the *Hecla* in the evening of the 21st of June, with the two boats. The weather was calm and beautiful, the sea open, and steering north, they were stopped by the ice on the 23d, when in latitude 81 deg. 12 min. 51 sec. The boats were then hauled upon the ice, and the following plan of travelling was adopted.

"It was my intention to travel wholly at night, and to rest by day, there being, of course, constant daylight in these regions during the summer season. The advantages of this plan, which was occasionally deranged by circumstances, consisted first, in our avoiding the intense and oppressive glare from the snow during the time of the sun's greatest altitude, so as to prevent, in some degree, the painful inflammation in the eyes, called 'snow-blindness,' which is common in all snowy countries.

"We also thus enjoyed greater warmth during the hours of rest, and had a better chance of drying our clothes; besides which, no small advantage was derived from the snow being harder at night for travelling. The only disadvantage of this plan was, that the fogs were somewhat more frequent and more thick by night than by day, though even in this respect there was less difference than might have been supposed, the temperature during the twenty-four hours undergoing but little variation. This travelling by night and sleeping by day so completely inverted the natural order of things, that it was difficult to persuade ourselves of the reality. Even the officers and myself, who were all furnished with pocket chronometers, could not always bear in mind at what part of the twenty-four hours we had arrived; and there were several of the men who declared, and I believe truly, that they

never knew night from day during the whole excursion.\*

"When we rose in the evening, we commenced our day by prayers, after which we took off our fur sleeping-dresses, and put on those for travelling; the former being made of camblet, lined with racoon-skin, and the latter of strong blue box-cloth. We made a point of always putting on the same stockings and boots for travelling in, whether they had dried during the day or not; and I believe it was only in five or six instances, at the most, that they were not either still wet or hard-frozen. This, indeed, was of no consequence, beyond the discomfort of first putting them on in this state, as they were sure to be thoroughly wet in a quarter of an hour after commencing our journey; while, on the other hand, it was of vital importance to keep dry things for sleeping in. Being 'rigged' for travelling, we breakfasted upon warm cocoa and biscuit, and after stowing the things in the boats and on the sledges, so as to secure them, as much as possible, from wet, we set off on our day's journey, and usually travelled from five to five and a half hours, then stopped an hour to dine, and again travelled four, five, or even six hours, according to circumstances. After this we halted for the night, as we called it, though it was usually early in the morning, selecting the largest surface of ice we happened to be near, for hauling the boats on, in order to avoid the danger of its breaking up by coming in contact with other masses, and also to prevent drift as much as possible. The boats were placed close alongside each other, with their sterns to the wind, the snow or wet cleared out of them, and the sails, supported by the bamboo masts and three paddles, placed over them as awnings, an entrance being left at the bow. Every man then immediately put on dry stockings and fur boots, after which we set about the necessary repairs of boats, sledges, or cloths; and, after serving the provisions for the succeeding day, we went to supper. Most of the officers and men then smoked their pipes, which served to dry the boats and awnings very much, and usually raised the temperature of our lodgings 10 or 15 deg. This part of the twenty-four hours was often a time, and the only one, of real enjoyment to us; the men told their stories and 'fought all their battles o'er again,' and the labours of the day, unsuccessful as they too often were, were forgotten. A regular watch was set during our resting-time, to look out for bears or for the ice breaking up round us, as well as to attend to the drying of the clothes,

\* "Had we succeeded in reaching the higher latitudes, where the change of the sun's altitude during the twenty-four hours is still less perceptible, it would have been essentially necessary to possess the certain means of knowing this; since an error of twelve hours of time would have carried us, when we intended to return, on a meridian opposite to, or 180° from, the right one. To obviate the possibility of this, we had some chronometers constructed by Messrs. Parkinson and Frodsham, of which the hour-hand made only one revolution in the day, the twenty-four hours being marked round the dial-plate."

each man alternately taking this duty for one hour. We then concluded our day with prayers, and having put on our fur-dresses, lay down to sleep with a degree of comfort, which perhaps few persons would imagine possible under such circumstances; our chief inconvenience being, that we were somewhat pinched for room, and therefore obliged to stow rather closer than was quite agreeable. The temperature, while we slept, was usually from 36 to 45 deg., according to the state of the external atmosphere; but on one or two occasions, in calm and warm weather, it rose as high as 60 to 66 deg., obliging us to throw off a part of our fur-dress. After we had slept seven hours, the man appointed to boil the cocoa roused us, when it was ready, by the sound of a bugle, when we commenced our day in the manner before described.

"Our allowance of provisions for each man per day was as follows:—Biscuit, 10 ounces; Pemican, 9 ounces; Sweetened Cocoa Powder, 1 ounce, to make one pint; Rum, 1 gill; Tobacco, 3 ounces per week.

Our fuel consisted entirely of spirits of wine, of which two pints formed our daily allowance, the cocoa being cooked in an iron boiler over a shallow iron lamp, with seven wicks; a simple apparatus, which answered our purpose remarkably well. We usually found one pint of the spirits of wine sufficient for preparing our breakfast, that is, for heating twenty-eight pints of water, though it always commenced from the temperature of 32 deg. If the weather was calm and fair, this quantity of fuel brought it to the boiling point in about an hour and a quarter; but more generally the wicks began to go out before it had reached 200 deg. This, however, made a very comfortable meal to persons situated as we were. Such, with very little variation, was our regular routine during the whole of this excursion."—pp. 55—59.

On the 24th the party set off on their first journey on the ice, at ten in the evening, in a thick fog that soon changed to rain. Difficulties, from which men of ordinary experience would have shrunk at once, attended them from the very beginning. "The pieces of ice were of small extent and very rugged, obliging them to make three journeys and sometimes four with the baggage, and to launch several times across narrow pools of water." By five o'clock the following morning they had made only about two miles and a half of northing by the log. In the evening they again set out. Similar difficulties encompassed them. Their way lay over nothing but "small, loose, rugged masses of ice, separated by little pools of water, obliging them constantly to launch and haul up the boats, each of which operations required them to be unloaded, and occupied nearly a quarter of an hour." The next day it rained very hard, which of course still further impeded their progress. Captain Parry states it as a remarkable fact that they had "already experienced, in the course of this summer, more rain than during the whole of the seven previous summers taken together, though passed in latitudes from 7 to 15 deg. lower than this." The effect of the rain upon the appearance of the ice, if indeed it be attributable to that cause, was quite novel.

"A great deal of the ice over which we passed to-day presented a very curious appearance and structure, being composed, on its upper surface, of numberless irregular needle-like crystals, placed vertically, and nearly close together; their length varying, in different pieces of ice from five to ten inches, and their breadth in the middle about half an inch, but pointed at both ends. The upper surface of ice having this structure sometimes looks like greenish velvet; a vertical section of it, which frequently occurs at the margin of floes, resembles, while it remains compact, the most beautiful satin-spar, and asbestos, when falling to pieces. At this early part of the season, this kind of ice afforded pretty firm footing, but as the summer advanced, the needles, became more loose and moveable, rendering it extremely fatiguing to walk over them, besides cutting our boots and feet, on which account the men called them 'penknives.' It appeared probable to us that this peculiarity might be produced by the heavy drops of rain piercing their way downwards through the ice, and thus separating the latter into needles of the form above described, rather than to any regular crystallization when in the act of freezing; which supposition seemed the more reasonable, as the needles are always placed in a vertical position, and never occur except from the upper surface downwards."—pp. 61—62.

On the 27th our travellers reached the only tolerably heavy ice they had yet seen, but even this, was "all broken up into masses of small extent." On the 28th they reached a floe\* covered with high and rugged hummocks, which they passed with the greatest difficulty, being obliged to get the boats up and down in directions almost perpendicular. The severity of the labour which the officers and men must have undergone on these occasions, can hardly be imagined, particularly when the hummocks occurred, as they sometimes did, in two or three successive tiers. Thus they continued from day to day, sailing among loose drift ice, or endeavouring to drag their boats over floes rugged beyond anything that could have been supposed. In order to carry forward the boats and provisions, the men were frequently obliged to make three, four, five, and sometimes even seven journeys, over the same distance. It is impossible not to feel for persons placed in such a situation. There is something pathetic in the degree of resignation and fortitude, with which Captain Parry and his companions pursued their way amid such formidable obstacles.

"As soon as we landed on a floe-piece, Lieutenant Ross and myself generally went on ahead, while the boats were unloading and hauling up, in order to select the easiest road for them. The sledges then followed in our track, Messrs. Beverly and Bird accompanying them; by which the snow was much trodden down, and the road thus improved for the boats. As soon as we arrived at the other end

\* A floe means a field of ice, the limits of which are discernible from a ship-mast's head; hummocks are masses of ice rising to a considerable height above the level of the floe; they are formed by the pressure of floes against each other.

of the floe, or came to any difficult place, we mounted one of the highest hummocks of ice near at hand, (many of which are from fifteen to five-and-twenty feet above the sea) in order to obtain a better view around us; and nothing could well exceed the dreariness which such a view presented. The eye wearied itself in vain to find an object but ice and sky to rest upon; and even the latter was often hidden from our view by the dense and dismal fogs which so generally prevailed. For want of variety, the most trifling circumstances engaged a more than ordinary share of our attention; a passing gull, or a mass of ice of unusual form, became objects which our situation and circumstances magnified into ridiculous importance; and we have since often smiled to remember the eager interest with which we regarded many insignificant occurrences. It may well be imagined, then, how cheering it was to turn from this scene of inanimate desolation, to our two little boats in the distance, to see the moving figures of our men winding with their sledges among the hummocks, and to hear once more the sound of human voices breaking the stillness of this icy wilderness. In some cases Lieutenant Ross and myself took separate routes to try the ground, which kept us almost continually floundering among deep snow and water. The sledges having then been brought up as far as we had explored, we all went back for the boats; each boat's crew, when the road was tolerable, dragging their own, and the officers labouring equally hard with the men. It was thus we proceeded for nine miles out of every ten that we travelled over ice; for it was very rarely indeed that we met with a surface sufficiently level and hard to drag all our loads at one journey, and in a great many instances, during the first fortnight, we had to make three journeys with the boats and baggage; that is, to traverse the same road five times over."—pp. 67—68.

Notwithstanding these serious impediments, the party still proceeded, only to encounter fresh obstacles. On the 3d of July they reached a floe, of about a mile in length, the average depth of the snow on which was about five inches; under the snow lay water four or five inches deep; "but," says Captain Parry, "the moment we approached a hummock, the depth to which we sunk increased to three feet or more, rendering it difficult at times to obtain sufficient footing for one leg, to enable us to extricate the other." This was not all.

"The pools of fresh water had now also become very large, some of them being a quarter of a mile in length, and their depth above our knees. Through these we were prevented taking the sledges, for fear of wetting all our provisions; but we preferred transporting the boats across them, notwithstanding the severe cold of the snow water, the bottom being harder for the 'runners' to slide upon. On this kind of road we were, in one instance, above two hours in proceeding a distance of one hundred yards!"—p. 70.

We imagine the hardships which these enterprising men endured, when we are informed that after emptying their boots of the water with which they were generally filled during the march, and after wringing their stockings,

they felt almost as if they had put on dry ones. As if to increase their misfortunes, the weather became on the 14th of July so thick and inclement, with snow, sleet and wind, that they were obliged to remain under cover.—They had now nothing but loose drift-ice to haul over; they could not discern a floe, still less a field of ice, towards which they might shape their course. The snow was so much softened by the rain, that it was almost impossible to get through it. "Lieutenant Ross and myself," says the narrator, "in performing our pioneering duty, were so frequently beset in it, that sometimes after trying in vain to extricate our legs, we were obliged to sit quietly down for a short time to rest ourselves, and then make another attempt; and the men, in dragging the sledges, were often under the necessity of crawling upon all-fours to make any progress at all." Of that progress the reader may judge, when he is told that on one occasion, they were two hours in proceeding a distance of not more than one hundred and fifty yards.

"Notwithstanding these discouraging difficulties, the men laboured with great cheerfulness and good will, being animated with the hope of soon reaching the more continuous body which had been considered as composing the 'main ice,' to the northward of Spitzbergen, and which Captain Lutwidge, about the same meridian, and more than a degree to the southward of this, describes as 'one continued plain of smooth unbroken ice, bounded only by the horizon.'"—p. 75.

Rain, fog, drift-ice, hummocks, and ponds of water in the ice, still day after day form the burden not of our author's complaints, for he never utters one, but of his plain manly narrative, in which the obstacles he encountered are indeed minutely described, but not more fully than the subject required, in order that he might show to the public in whose service he was engaged, that the failure which ultimately attended his efforts, was the inevitable result of circumstances, which could not be controlled.

Such, with little variation, was the description of the evils which Captain Parry and his companions endured in their fruitless attempt to reach the Pole. Towards the latter end of July, the weather indeed became more agreeable, and the floes larger and more practicable than those which they had already traversed.—But they found to their great mortification, that in addition to the other obstacles which retarded their progress, the ice, impelled by a strong southerly wind, was all drifting to the southward; so much so that although between noon on the 17th, and the morning of the 20th, they had travelled twelve miles in a N. N. W. direction, they found that in consequence of the drift of the ice to the southward, they had actually advanced less than five miles.

On the 23d they met some large floes, and deemed their travelling excellent; they traversed a distance of about seventeen miles, and concluded, that, allowing for the drift, they must have made at least ten or eleven miles in a N. N. E. direction. What, therefore, must have been their disappointment on discovering that instead of ten or eleven, they had actually

not made quite four miles to the northward of the observation made the day before! At midnight, they found themselves in latitude  $82^{\circ} 43' 32''$ . Between that period and noon on the 26th, they actually travelled between ten and eleven miles due north; yet, on taking an observation on the latter day, they found themselves *three miles* to the southward of the latitude which they had reached on the 23d. They calculated the northerly drift at this time to exceed four miles a day: considering, therefore, the nature of the ice which they had to traverse, it was evident that they were likely to lose during their hours of rest almost all that they could gain during their hours of labour. For some days Captain Parry had given up all hope of penetrating beyond the eighty-third parallel; but he now conceived that even this was more than he could accomplish. The highest latitude which he thinks it probable he reached, was  $82^{\circ} 45'$ , on the 23d. On the 26th, therefore, he resolved on returning, finding it useless to employ the men any longer in what he at length found to be an utterly impracticable attempt. He had, indeed, "reached a parallel considerably beyond that mentioned in any other well-authenticated record;" but no substantial benefit had been gained except the experience, which has shown the futility of Captain Franklin's original proposition, and of all the evidence and arguments by which it was supported.

In the course of their return (2d of August), the party met with "a quantity of snow, tinged, to the depth of several inches, with some red colouring matter, of which a portion was preserved in a bottle for future examination."

"This circumstance recalled to our mind our having frequently before remarked that the loaded sledges, in passing over hard snow, left upon it a light rose-coloured tint, which at the time we attributed to the colouring matter being pressed out of the birch of which they were made. To-day, however, we observed that the runners of the boats, and even our own footsteps, exhibited the same appearance; and on watching it more narrowly afterwards, we found the same effect to be produced, in a greater or less degree, by heavy pressure, on almost all the ice over which we passed, though a magnifying glass could detect nothing to give it this tinge."—pp. 109, 110.

Professor Hooker, and other learned botanists seem to have determined that the red snow here mentioned is nothing more than a vegetable "living and vegetating in snow," and belonging to the order *Alge*.

Captain Parry and his companions reached the open sea on the 11th of August, after having spent forty-eight days on the ice; and on the 21st they had the good fortune to reach the Hecla in perfect safety, though not altogether in the best health, as not only most of the men but the officers also, including the commander himself, had been sensibly weakened by the exertions which they had made.

"I cannot conclude," observes our enterprising author, "the account of our proceedings without endeavouring to do justice to the cheerful alacrity and unwearied zeal displayed by my companions, both officers and men, in the course of this excursion; and if steady per-

severance and active exertion on their parts could have accomplished our object, success would undoubtedly have crowned our labours. I must also mention, to the credit of the officers of Woolwich dock-yard, who took so much pains in the construction of our boats, that notwithstanding the constant and severe trial to which their strength had been put—and a more severe trial could not well be devised—not a timber was sprung, a plank split, or the smallest injury sustained by them; they were, indeed, as tight, and as fit for service when we reached the ship as when they were first received on board, and in every respect answered the intended purpose admirably."—pp. 128, 129.

From the abstract of meteorological observations given in the Appendix, it is to be inferred that Captain Parry was peculiarly unfortunate in the time selected by him for undertaking this enterprise; as it would appear, that twenty times as much rain fell in the course of this one summer, as during any preceding one he had passed in the polar regions.

On the 28th of August the Hecla got under weigh on her return homeward: she made Shetland on the 17th of September, and on the 24th, Captain Parry left her, and proceeded to Inverness by a revenue-cutter, which he found lying at Long Hope, in the Orkney Islands. Hence he travelled to London by land, and arrived at the admiralty on the 29th.

We subjoin Captain Parry's concluding observations:

"I cannot dismiss the subject of this enterprise, without attempting to explain, as far as I am able, how it may have happened that the ice over which we passed was found to answer so little to the description of that observed by the respectable authorities quoted in a former part of this volume.\* It frequently occurred to us, in the course of our daily journeys, that this may, in some degree, have arisen from our navigators having generally viewed the ice from a considerable height. The only clear and commanding view on board a ship is that from the crow's nest; and Phipps's most important remarks concerning the nature of the ice to the north of Spitzbergen were made from a station several hundred feet above the sea; and, as it is well known how much the most experienced eye may thus be deceived, it is possible enough that the irregularities which cost us so much time and labour may, when viewed in this manner, have entirely escaped notice, and the whole surface have appeared one smooth and level plain.

"It is, moreover, possible that the broken state in which we unexpectedly found the ice may have arisen, at least in part, from an unusually wet season, preceded, perhaps, by a winter of less than ordinary severity. Of the latter we have no means of judging, there being no record, that I am aware of, of the temperature of that or any other winter passed in the higher latitudes; but, on comparing our Meteorological Register with some others, kept during the corresponding season, and about the same latitude,† it does appear that, though no

\* Introduction.

† "Particularly that of Mr. Scoresby during the month of July, from 1812 to 1818 inclusive,



material difference is observable in the mean temperature of the atmosphere, the quantity of rain which we experienced is considerably greater than usual; and it is well known how very rapidly ice is dissolved by a fall of rain. At all events, from whatever cause it may have arisen, it is certain that, about the meridian on which we proceeded northward in the boats, the sea was in a totally different state from what Phipps experienced, as may be seen from comparing our accounts; his ship being closely beset, near the Seven Islands, for several days, about the beginning of August; whereas the *Hecla*, in the beginning of June, sailed about in the same neighbourhood without obstruction, and, before the close of July, not a piece of ice could be seen from Little Table Island.

"I may add, in conclusion, that, before the middle of August, when we left the ice in our boats, a ship might have sailed to the latitude of 83 deg., almost without touching a piece of ice; and it was the general opinion among us that, by the end of that month, it would probably have been no very difficult matter to reach the parallel of 83 deg., about the meridian of the Seven Islands."—pp. 146—148.

We cannot dismiss this volume better than by recording our high sense of the lofty spirit of enterprise and perseverance, displayed by Captain Parry and his companions during this very arduous service. The habits of subordination and regularity, and of attention to religious duties, which appear to have prevailed throughout the whole of the party employed on this occasion, reflect the greatest credit upon them. Although they failed in their object, we still consider them as having assisted to advance the character of our country, by showing how well they were prepared to endure hardship, and how resolved to overcome it, if the elements had not opposed their intentions. Exertion in war, if ever that should come, will look like child's play to men who have, under such circumstances, visited the polar regions; and their example will go far to keep alive amongst us the true indomitable spirit of the old honest TAR of England.

From the *Athenæum*.

THE FRESH WATER FISHES OF GREAT BRITAIN, Drawn and Described by Mrs. T. Edward Bowdich. No. 1. Printed for the Authoress, and sold by R. Ackerman. London. March, 1823.

This is a work of peculiar interest and beauty, and one that will be found worthy of every distinguished library in the kingdom. Its plan and object are so clearly and modestly explained in the Prospectus of the accomplished authoress, (the widow of the late enterprising Traveller, who fell a victim to his zeal for African discovery,) that we cannot do better than introduce it here:

"That a work on the present plan should never have been presented to the public, is a

and Captain Franklin's for July and August, 1818."

remarkable circumstance, though it is an unquestionable fact, that no adequate representation can be given on any other; for not only do the colours of many fishes, change, in the course of a few minutes after death, but even the shape of the head, in many instances, undergoes an alteration; so that, in the subjects preserved in our cabinets, the figure of this important part frequently differs considerably from that which it bore in its native element.

"As all the delineations will be coloured Drawings, and consequently occupy considerable time in finishing them with due attention to accuracy, it is necessary to limit the number of copies, which has been fixed at fifty; a circumstance that must naturally enhance the value of a work, in which the artist will undertake to exhibit the characters on which classification depends, so as to satisfy the *Naturalist*; while the brilliant hues that such specimens will display cannot fail to please the eye of the *Amateur*.

"The numbers will be published at moderate intervals, and will contain at least four subjects, in imperial quarto; and it is considered that the whole work will be completed in ten numbers, price two guineas each.

"The letter-press accompanying the drawings will contain a scientific description of the different Fishes, to which will be added authentic anecdotes, general notices on their habits, and changes of figure and colour, times of spawning, &c."

The Number before us realizes, to the full extent, the professions made in the prospectus. It contains, No. 1, the Stockbridge Trout; No. 2, the Carp; No. 3, the Roach; and No. 4, the Bleak. All of these are of the full size of the living fish, excepting only one, the Carp, which is of half the natural size. The drawing of all, (for it is to be understood that no aid is given by engraving, not even in outline,) is so perfect, and the colouring so rich and brilliant, as to place before the spectator the living fish itself. Every speck of the body, every scale of the skin, every ray of the fins, with all the silvery transparency of some parts, and golden hues of others, are preserved with a minuteness and freshness truly astonishing. The Carp may be especially mentioned as a splendid example of this: and the Roach is scarcely inferior to it. Every line has been drawn, and every tint imparted, by Mrs. Bowdich's own hand; so that the labour, (to say nothing of the rare talent required,) of producing fifty copies even of the first number, including, in the whole, two hundred separate drawings, must be immense: and the completion of the whole series, which will include fifty copies of each of the ten numbers, with four drawings in each, or two thousand separate drawings, all minutely and exquisitely finished, will be a monument of skill, industry, and patient perseverance, unexampled, we think, in the annals of Art, and worthy of the highest distinction, if only as an example to the sex of what can be done by them, when their energies are consecrated to useful as well as ornamental pursuits. The Preface to the work, which is given in the first number, is so short, yet so interesting in its explanations, that we give it entire.

"A work of the following description requires but little preface; at the same time, I am desirous of offering my readers a few words on the plan I have adopted, and the endeavours I have made, to ensure accuracy.

"My object has been to give, rather a correct representation of the individual fish, than to form a picture; and by so doing, I trust I have satisfied the naturalist, without offending the amateur.

"In my classification I have been kindly assisted by Baron Cuvier, whose system I have adopted, and who has given me the nomenclature he intends using in his forthcoming great work on Ichthyology. The regular series of the families, however, has been interrupted, for the sake of variety in each number, and those least interesting to the eye are mingled with their more beautiful companions. When the work is completed, the drawings may be easily unsewn, and classically arranged, according to the references given in the text. Another consideration has been the time and labour required, as far as it affects the appearance of the numbers at reasonable intervals. To ensure this, the large and small have been thrown together, that each set may bear its due proportion, and be published at regular periods.

"I have hitherto been particularly fortunate in procuring good specimens, and have been aided by friends and strangers with unusual zeal. Every drawing has been taken from the living fish immediately as it came from the water it inhabited; so that no tint has been lost or deadened, either by changing the quality of that element, or by exposure to the atmosphere."

"I have not felt anxious to secure the largest examples, as they are, many of them, of too rare occurrence to be generally recognised; and have rather selected those of a commoner magnitude, and directed my attention to the brilliancy of the colours, and the shape and thickness of the fish. Where it has been possible, I have preserved the natural size; but in those which the limits of the paper have obliged me to reduce, great care has been taken to observe the proportions.

"It has never been my intention to touch upon the manner of catching the fishes I have delineated, for that demands an experience and skill that a female cannot be expected to possess; and the domestic economy of this class of animals offers so little that is interesting, that anecdotes must necessarily bear a small proportion to other matter. Walton, Pennant, and Daniel, have so ably performed their task, that almost all, beyond minute description, on my part, would be but compilation from more elaborate authors."

We cannot close our notice of this splendid, and, in every respect, deeply interesting work, without giving it the highest commendation that any words of ours can bestow; nor with-

\* "The colours of the Trout change directly after they leave the stream; but I was lucky enough to avail myself of the skill of a friend, who supplied me with a succession of them as I sat on the bank, and by which I secured the tints, in all their delicacy and brightness."

out expressing our confident hope, that no noble family in the kingdom, in the lakes and streams of whose domains the living creatures here delineated are to be found, will omit the present opportunity of possessing one of the most complete collections of rich and beautiful representations of the finny tribe, that have ever yet been formed by human hands.

*From the Literary Gazette.*

#### MR. HENRY NEELE.

"He claims some record on the roll of Fame,  
And Rumour for a season learns his name,  
And Sorrow knows the prison where he lies—  
Mortality's cold signet on him set."

*Neele: Sonnet, 1820.*

HENRY NEELE, son of the late respectable map and heraldic engraver, was born January 29, 1798, at the house of his father in the Strand. His parents soon afterwards settled at Kentish Town, where Henry was sent to school as a daily boarder. The academy wherein he imbibed all the instruction he possessed previous to his entrance into life, did not offer much towards the attainment of a liberal education. Henry Neele, therefore, left school, possessing, as Dr. Johnson would say, a little Latin, and scarcely any Greek, but capable of reading and enjoying the best French writers. He added afterwards, by his own unassisted efforts, some acquaintance with Italian literature. He displayed no extraordinary application to study, no talent for mathematical or other science,—but he evinced an early inclination for poetry; and he wrote, at that period, unnoticed but not unnoticed, verses which would bear a comparison with those of the most precocious poet on record. His genius was purely lyrical, and Collins was his chief model. The Ode to Enthusiasm (the earliest of his printed poems) contains more natural images, and natural expression, than are ordinarily found in the productions of a boy of fifteen. Neele's father, a man of fair natural talents, had the discernment to perceive, and the good taste to encourage, his son's genius. The Odes and other Poems, published in 1817, were printed at his expense.

On quitting school, Mr. Neele was articulated to an attorney; and though at times he "penned a stanza when he should engross," he nevertheless, we believe, did not neglect the opportunities afforded of obtaining experience in his profession. At a later period, he practised as a solicitor in Great Blenheim Street.

In 1821, the Odes and Poems were reprinted, with a frontispiece, and attracted much notice from Dr. Drake and other critics of repute. Our author then began to be sought after by booksellers, and became a regular contributor to *Magazines, Forget-Me-Not, &c.*

The great success that had attended the *Dramatic Scenes* of Barry Cornwall gave rise to the composition of *Poems, Dramatic and Miscellaneous*, published in 1823. Mr. Neele had evidently no talent for dramatic poetry. His *Dramatic Sketches* contain many beautiful images, and much pure and excellent sentiment; but the personages rather improvise

than converse. They are efforts of the mind or the imagination,—but not effusions of the heart. Other and greater imitators of this style have failed. Halidon Hill does no credit to the Author of *Waverley*; and we recollect to have read an avowal of Lord Byron's, that, with all his ambition, he felt he could not succeed as a dramatist. He coquetted with the town in the publication of his Dramas, and was less sore that they had been forced on the stage than that they had been condemned by a mixed audience.

The Miscellaneous Poems in this second volume are written with more attempt at polish than his earlier productions, but are very beautiful specimens of his genius, especially the Songs. We have a melancholy pleasure in transcribing the following from the Fragments, which close the volume:—

"That which makes women vain, has taught  
my heart  
A deeper lesson; and my weary spirit  
Looks on this painted clay, but as the night  
garb  
Which the soul wears while slumbering here  
on earth,  
And, at its waking, gladly throws aside,  
For brighter ornaments."

If our author could not excel in dramatic poetry, he had a keen perception of dramatic excellence in others. He studied minutely the productions of (what is termed) the Elizabethan age, and was an enthusiastic admirer of Shakspere. He pleased himself with composing a series of Lectures on the works of the great Bard, and undertook (in 1819) a pilgrimage to his shrine. His *compagnon de voyage* (Mr. Britton, the antiquary,) read one of those lectures, at the Town Hall of Stratford, to a numerous audience; and the produce of the tickets (about ten pounds) was presented to a public charity at Stratford. Mr. Britton possesses the MS. of these Lectures. Poured forth with rapidity and apparent carelessness, they are yet acute, discriminative, and eloquent: they abound in illustration, and display considerable powers of humour. Mr. Neele showed on this, as on other occasions, that the cultivation of poetical talent is no impediment to the acquisition of a nervous and perspicuous style in prose composition.

In the winter of 1826 Mr. Neele completed a series of Lectures on the English Poets, from Chaucer to the present period. These Lectures he read at the Russell, and afterwards at the Western Institution. They are described by one who heard them as "displaying a high tone of poetical feeling in the lecturer, and an intimate acquaintance with the beauties and blemishes of the great subjects of his criticism." The public prints mentioned them in terms of approbation; and profit, as well as praise, accrued to our author by this undertaking.

At the commencement of the present year appeared his Romance of History, in three volumes, dedicated to the King. This production greatly enhanced Mr. Neele's fame as a writer of a higher order than the mere contributor to periodical publications. The object

of the author was to prove, as his motto stated, that

"Truth is strange—  
Stranger than fiction;"

and that tomes of romance need not alone be ransacked for the marvellous in incident. His compilation embraces tales of every age from the Conquest to the Reformation, extracted from the chronicles and more obscure sources of historical information. As a book of instruction, it is invaluable to readers who cannot be persuaded to sit down to the perusal of history in a legitimate form; for each tale is preceded by a chronological summary of the events referred to, arranged in a brief and accurate form. The narratives themselves are highly attractive, teeming with interest, and interspersed with lively and characteristic dialogue. The idea was a happy one, and capable of almost boundless extent. The early history of France, of Spain, of Italy, would have furnished fresh materials, and the excitement would have been renewed at every recurrence to the novel habits of a fresh people. The author had begun to avail himself of this advantage: he had commenced a second series of Romances, founded on the history of France. Known and appreciated, he was beginning to rear his head as a lion of the day. His Poetical Works had been collected, in two vols. with a portrait; but, alas!

"Scarce had their fame been whispered round,  
Before its shrill and mournful sound

Was whistling o'er (his) tomb:  
Scarce did the laurel 'gin to grow  
Around (his) early honoured brow,  
Before its grateful bloom

Was changed to cypress, sear and brown,  
Whose garlands meek the head they crown."

*Neele's Odes.*

The unfortunate subject of our memoir was found dead in his bed, on Thursday the 7th instant, with too certain tokens of self-destruction. He had exhibited symptoms of derangement the day previous. It is neither our purpose nor our wish to inquire into the cause of this aberration of intellect. The most probable is, incessant application to studious pursuits preying upon a system nervous even to irritability.

"Ah! noblest minds  
Sink soonest into ruin, like a tree  
That with the weight of its own golden fruitage  
Is bent down to the dust."

*H. N. (The Mourner, 1820.)*

Mr. Neele was short in stature—of appearance rather humble and unprepossessing; but his large expanse of forehead and the fire of his eye betokened mind and imagination; and whatever unfavourable impressions were occasioned by his first address were speedily effaced by the intelligence and good-humour which a few minutes' conversation with him elicited. His manners were bland and affable; his disposition free, open, and generous. He was naturally of a convivial turn, and enjoyed the society of men of kindred talent. That enjoyment, perhaps, brought with it indulgence of another kind. It is easy for "fat, contented ignorance" to sneer at such failings; but the candid and ingenuous inquirer, estimating the

strain of intellect which produce works that render men immortal, can readily comprehend that the relaxation of such gifted beings may not always be adapted to the sober simplicity of sages. The life of a man of letters is by no means an enviable one. "I persuade no man," says Owen Feltham, "to make meditation his life's whole business. *We have bodies as well as souls.*" Happy, if "the mind too finely wrought," which

"Preys on itself, and is o'erpowered by thought," can find alleviation in the momentary folly of the table, and sink not in despair, nor fly to the refuge of a premature grave." T. S. M.

*From the London Weekly Review.*

*Analysis of the Character of Napoleon. By Dr. Channing. London, 1828. Rainford.*

THIS is a just and admirable appreciation of the character of Napoleon. We a few weeks back remarked, that the present age could hardly come to a right conception of this singular despot, nor will it, notwithstanding that Dr. Channing has here placed the means of doing so before it. The vulgar are always overawed

\* We are under obligation to a friend for the foregoing sketch; and should have been sorry that the unfortunate subject of it had gone to his untimely grave without some such memorial of him in our page. Of the amenity of his disposition and the kindness of his heart, we had ourselves many opportunities of judging; and we felt accordingly the dismal catastrophe which closed his mortal career. We are afraid to think that the idea of self-destruction must have been long familiar to his imagination; yet it seems to have influenced several of his poetical effusions. So long ago as in Mr. Ackerman's *Forget-Me-Not* for 1826, the following composition from his pen appeared; and though it was ably responded to by the Editor in the same volume, it is painful to reflect on the state of morbid sensibility which must have inspired it:—

"Suns will set, and moons will wane,  
Yet they rise and wax again;  
Trees, that winter's storms subdue,  
Their leafy livery renew;  
Ebb and flow is ocean's lot;  
But Man lies down and rises not:  
Heav'n and earth shall pass away,  
Ere shall wake his slumbering clay.

Vessels but to havens steer;  
Paths denote a resting near;  
Rivers flow into the main;  
Ice-falls rest upon the plain;  
The final end of all is known;  
Man to darkness goes alone:  
Cloud, and doubt, and mystery,  
Hide his future destiny.

Nile, whose waves their bound'ries burst,  
Slakes the torrid desert's thirst;  
Dew, descending on the hills,  
Life in Nature's veins instils;  
Show'rs, that on the parch'd meads fall,  
Their faded loveliness recall;  
Man alone sheds tears of pain,  
Weeps, but ever weeps in vain!"

by power, no matter how attained or exercised; nay, are ready to fall down and worship even the accursed destroyer of freedom. That Dr. Channing is not dazzled by the splendour of despotism, we are not surprised, since, in his Character of Milton, a more glorious name than ever belonged to tyrant or satrap, he exhibited the capacity to comprehend and portray the majesty of republican virtue. We recommend this pamphlet to the attentive perusal of every man in England.

*The American Quarterly Review. No. IV. December, 1827. London, Miller.*

It is not many years since the very mention of the literature of America was the signal for a joke. In an article on the subject in a popular Magazine (we believe Blackwood's) it was thought sufficient to say, in order to dispose of the criminal in a summary manner,—"They have also another poet called Dwight, and his Christian name is Timothy." Such critics as these, however, have now begun to shove up their distorting spectacles, and to stare with their own gooseberry eyes on the literary phenomena of the transatlantic world. They now think that an Irving or a Cooper, or even a Dwight, are not to be sneered at in their respective walks. For ourselves, we are not of opinion that the literature of America should be expected to keep pace with her political growth. We do not look across the Atlantic for a Homer or a Milton or a Shakspeare; her knowledge and education are derived from Europe, and the literature of America must be essentially one of imitation for some time to come. In her citizens, however, who take a lead in these matters, we expect something more than mere literary expertness—we expect a philosophical calmness, and a republican honesty in argument. These expectations are grievously disappointed in the work before us. There is a perpetual recurrence to topics of national soreness, and the most paltry circumstances bearing thereon are caught up with a school-boy heat. Lieut. De Roos receives a most tremendous flogellation for calling a seventy-four, a seventy-four, and a sixty-four a sixty-four, and for imagining that dandyism has made greater progress in England than in America. Out of the most unfeigned good-will towards the American Review, we recommend the *collaborateur* who furnished this boyish article to be dismissed. In other respects the number possesses very great merit.

*Second Selection from the Papers of Addison in the Spectator. By the Rev. E. Berens. London, 1828. Rivingtons.*

THIS is a very judicious selection from the writings of one of the most beautiful and valuable authors in the English language. It must not, however, be supposed that any selection can serve as a substitute for the *Spectator* itself, a work of which not one line should be lost to posterity. Such selections are chiefly useful as precursors to the complete works, or as inducements to reading; and we are not acquainted with any thing of the kind more worthy of public patronage than the volume before us.



From the London Weekly Review.

THE PUBLIC ECONOMY OF ATHENS.

In Four Books. To which is added a Dissertation on the Silver Mines of Laurion. Translated from the German of Augustus Boeckh. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1823. Murray.

SALLUST was of opinion that the actions of the Athenians were by no means so great in themselves as in the representations of historians; and among the moderns there are many who imagine they exhibit superior powers of judgment when they write or speak of this "fierce democracy" with contempt. For this many causes might be assigned; but the principal cause, when it is not ignorance, is cowardice. Schoolboys and retired scholars admire the intellectual population of Attica, where ambition glowed like a furnace in almost every breast; where genius, kept almost constantly in a state of deep and powerful emotion, strained arduously to reach perfection in all its productions; and where fame spoke a language which was even from the beginning expected to be co-lasting with the world. But when our youth quit the workshops of learning, with the arms they have there purchased, to make their way in the world, they find, upon entering society, that their glittering weapons, if not absolutely objects of ridicule, are but slightly valued, and learn to conceal them beneath the folds of dissimulation or affected contempt, when they happen to move among a well-bred crowd. It is no impeachment of their judgment that they do not immediately perceive that in its affected disdain the world very much resembles the fox in the fable. Inaccessible heights frequently seem cold, and dreary, and uninviting; but would some god transport us to their summits, the wide and glorious prospects they command might perhaps give birth to more sublime emotions than our experience of inferior objects could ever make us believe in. Feeble minds are exceedingly fearful of the accusation of pedantry. They perceive that to have faith in the grandeur of antiquity is by many foppish and conceited litterateurs accounted pedantry, and therefore, lest they should be denounced as antiquated intellects, they unite with the mob in crying up the nineteenth century, and in covering the names of all those who had the misfortune to live previous to this age of light, with contumely and disdain.

It happens, however, that all those great men who have conspired to shed glory upon this age, are the very individuals who most venerate the illustrious names of antiquity. It is the barking jackalls, the unclean animals that creep through the obscure ways of literature, that raise a yell against the fathers of letters, and blaspheme their progenitors; but while they scream and jibber in their obscene dens, Time winds about them, like a boa-constrictor, and crushes them to atoms.

It is truly said by Boeckh, that our knowledge of Grecian history is almost in its infancy. There is, in fact, no history of Greece. The books so denominated are mere compilations—some more, some less able; but all faithless representations of antiquity. The

Museum.—VOL. XIII.

true genius of the Greeks, and of the Athenians especially, still remains hidden from our historians as well as from our critics; the notions that prevail and are bandied about in society are the most crude, shapeless, monstrous offspring of error that can be conceived, and we know of no one work to which the public might be referred for a corrective. The publication now before us is a very learned and a very useful work, and will undoubtedly contribute greatly towards diffusing a knowledge of the real condition of the Athenians. Still it does not appear to us that Mr. Boeckh, however extensive may be his learning, has the capacity to appreciate that extraordinary people, who, with a territory not more extensive than one of the counties of England, contrived to elevate themselves to the rank of a first-rate power among ancient nations, and to exert a more palpable and lasting influence upon the destinies of human nature itself, than any other nation, ancient or modern, with which we are acquainted. We would, however, recommend our readers to bestow a careful perusal on this work, which, at all events, is the best that has been written on the subject. As it is not of a nature to invite popular criticism, being much more useful than brilliant, we shall abstain from entering into any detailed account of it, and merely present our readers with two or three specimens of the sort of information it contains.

The author begins his work with the following very sensible remarks:—"If the character and importance of a nation were to be estimated only by the extent of its territory and population, the Athenian state would rank far below the hordes of the Huns and Mongols. But mere space and numbers are of little avail, without the presence of that spirit, by which alone the great body of a people can be animated and combined. To the operation of this cause must the superiority of the Athenians be ascribed; by this power their scanty bands overthrew the countless hosts of the barbarians at Marathon, at Salamis, and at Platea: and hundreds of subject states submitted to the dominion of one small city, as large armies obey the commands of one general. Not that Athens, while thus signaling herself in the field, was regardless of the more beneficial pursuits of peace: and having conceived and executed all that was most beautiful in art and profound in philosophy, she became the instructress of all liberal sciences and arts; the teacher alike of her own times and of posterity." i. p. 7.

Some idea of the commerce of Athens may be formed from the following passage:—"If a stagnation in trade was not produced by war or piracy, all the products of foreign countries came to Athens; and articles which in other places could hardly be obtained singly, were collected together at the Piræus. Besides the corn, the costly wines, iron, brass, and other objects of commerce which came from all the regions of the Mediterranean, they imported from the coasts of the Black Sea, slaves, timber for ship-building, salt-fish, honey, wax, tar, wool, rigging, leather, goat skins, &c.; from Byzantium, Thrace, and Macedonia, timber, slaves, and salt-fish; also slaves from Thessaly, whither they came from the interior; and car-

No. 71.—L

pets and fine wool from Phrygia and Miletus.

'All the finest products,' says Xenophon, 'of Sicily, of Italy, of Cyprus, Lydia, the Pontus, and the Peloponnese, Athens, by her empire of the sea, is able to collect into one spot.' To this far extended intercourse the same author attributes the mixture of all dialects which prevailed at Athens, and the admission of barbarous words into the language of common life. On the other hand, Athens conveyed to different regions the products of her own soil and labour; in addition to which the Athenian merchants trafficked in commodities which they collected in other countries. Thus they took up wine from the islands and shores of the Ægean Sea, at Peparethos, Cos, Thasos, Mende, Scione, and elsewhere, and transported it to the Pontus. The trade in books appears alone to have made but small advances in Greece, a branch of industry which was more widely extended in the Roman empire after the reign of Augustus. There was, it is true, a book-market (*τα βιβλία*) at Athens, and books were exported to the Pontus and to Thrace; but there can be no doubt that the books meant were merely blank volumes. The trade in manuscripts was in the time of Plato so little common, that Hermodorus, who sold the books of this writer in Sicily, gave occasion to a proverb, 'Hermodorus carries on trade with writings.' At a subsequent period, while Zeno the Stoic was still a youth, dealers in manuscripts are mentioned as having been at Athens. The merchant-vessels appear to have been of considerable size: not to quote an extraordinary instance, we find in Demosthenes a vessel of this kind, which, besides the cargo, the slaves, and the ship's crew, carried 300 free inhabitants." i. 65—67.

In the early ages of the republic, the Athenians were very modest in their private dwellings, though they afterwards ran into the extreme of magnificence. "With regard to houses, we know that Athens contained above 10,000; which probably does not include the public edifices and the buildings without the walls; the city and the harbour being nearly 200 stadia in circumference, there were many places within so large an area upon which no buildings were erected. The houses were for the most part small and mean in appearance, the streets crooked and narrow; 'a stranger,' says Demetrius, 'might doubt upon a sudden view whether this were really the city of Athens:' the Piræus alone had been laid out according to rule, in the time of Themistocles, by the architect Hippodamus. The upper stories often projected over the streets; staircases, balustrades, and doors, opening outwards, obstructed and narrowed the way. Themistocles and Aristides, with the entire co-operation of the Areopagus, gained nothing more by their endeavours than that a stop was put to any farther narrowing of the streets by building, a measure which was adhered to in later times. The plan of Hippias and Iphicrates for breaking down every thing that projected into the public streets was not carried into execution, because their object was not the embellishment of the city, but to obtain money by fraudulent means. With the exception of the magnificent public edifices, they did not begin

to build good houses until the time of Demosthenes." i. 88, 89.

The reader will perceive from the following passage, that if the Athenians were sober, it was not for want of wine:—"Who then is not astonished at the extraordinary cheapness of wine in ancient times, upon reading of such prices as have been already quoted with regard to Lusitania, at which more than ten gallons of unmixed wine sold for 3d.? And since the ancients allowed one part of wine to two of water, without intending to dilute it much, ten gallons of such liquor were sold for a penny. The common wine must therefore have been looked upon as the cheapest of all necessaries, the causes of which phenomenon have been already stated. In Lusitania the metretres of wine appears to have been equal in price to the medimnus of barley, but at Athens it seems to have been even cheaper than barley; for according to the speech against Phænippus, when prices were three times higher than usual, barley was sold at eighteen and the native Athenian wine at twelve drachmas." i. 133.

If the private houses of the Athenians were humble, the works undertaken by the state, such as fortifications and temples, were upon a splendid scale:—"The fortifications of Athens were enormous; besides the Acropolis, the city and the Piræus with Munychia were respectively fortified: the two latter embraced a circumference of eight English miles, with walls sixty Grecian feet high, which Pericles wished to make as much as double this height: and at the same time so wide that two carriages could easily pass one another upon them; they were built of square stones without cement, joined together with iron cramps. The city and the harbour were also connected by the long walls, the longer of which was equal to forty stadia (five English miles), the shorter to thirty-five; built upon marshy ground raised with stones. And these immense works were restored after their destruction in the time of the thirty tyrants; for which purpose the Athenians were, it is true, assisted by a donation of money from Persia. To these were added, in time of war, ramparts of earth, trenches and parapets for the strengthening of the works, together with the fortification of smaller places in Attica. Thus Eleusis was fortified as being an ancient, and formerly an independent city; also Anaphlystus, as we learn from Xenophon and Scylax; so again Sunium was fortified in the Peloponnesian war, as well as Thoricus and CEnoe, a strong hold upon the Ægean frontier; together with the secure defences of Phyle; lastly Aphidna and Rhamnus, which in the time of Philip, together with Phyle, Sunium, and Eleusis, were used as places of refuge. But how great was the number of splendid buildings which the city and its environs contained, if we consider the spaces used for the assembly, the courts of justice, and markets, the highly-ornamented porticos, the Pompeum, Prytæum, Tholus, Senate-house, and other buildings for the public offices; the innumerable temples, the Theatre, the Odeum, wrestling-schools, Gymnasia, Stadia, Hippodromes, aqueducts, fountains, baths, together with the buildings belonging to them, &c. And again how great must have

been the expense of the works upon the Acropolis. The entrance alone, the Propylæa, which occupied five years in its construction, cost 2012 talents. Here too the numerous temples, the Temple of Victory, the Erechtheum, with the Temple of Minerva Polias, and the Pandrosium, and the splendid Parthenon, all these were adorned with the most costly statues and works of art, and enriched with gold and silver vessels. And besides these great works, how many were the perpetual small expenses, of which we have scarcely any notion, that occurred in an ancient state: for example, the building of altars, which were always erected for certain festivals. Here we may also mention the construction of roads, not only as regards the paving of streets in Athens, but the formation of the roads to the harbours, of the sacred road to Eleusis and perhaps to Delphi as far as the boundary, since it is asserted that the Athenians first opened the road to this place. I grant that the Romans and Carthaginians expended more money upon the construction of roads than the Greeks; but roads were formed which were much travelled over, and intended in particular for sacred processions; these were not merely constructed with an uneven pavement, but were made firm and smooth with small stones taken out of the quarries. For the superintendence of all these labours there were some regular officers, and some only appointed for certain periods." i. 269-271.

We have scarcely had time to examine the correctness of Mr. Boeckh's statements, but he falls into one striking error in speaking of the trial of Socrates:—"Socrates," says he, "is represented as saying that he need not have given more than a mina of silver for his release." i. 149. Now in the Apology for Socrates, to which the writer refers, Plato makes Socrates say that *one mina* was the most that he could pay, but that as some of his friends then present were willing to pay a fine of *thirty minas* for his release, he condemned himself to a fine of that amount. We dare say there may be many other errors of the same kind, but they have escaped us, as they escaped the author and translator.

From the London Weekly Review.

#### SIMOND'S TRAVELS IN SICILY.\*

THOSE countries, over which poetry has shed the glorious colours of the imagination, can surely never be described as they ought, by a traveller of cold fancy and plain language. Such a traveller may contrive to write very sensibly on countries like China, New South Wales, and Holland, where the present condition of things is all that is to be looked to; but when he comes to speak of places upon which the muse hath left the mark of her footstep, and the perfume of her breath, places no less sacred than the spots hallowed by the presence of the woman we love, he is visibly out of his element, and the more he labours to adapt him-

self to his position, the more he blunders and loses his way. To what purpose should any one, who has not steeped his soul in Homeric enthusiasm, visit the plain of Troy, or the rocks of Ithaca? To him they would be ordinary fields or precipices. And Sicily,—unless viewed as the birth-place of Archimedes, of Dion, of Theocritus, as the scene of a thousand glorious exploits, and a thousand no less glorious fables, as a field enriched with the blood of Athens, Carthage, Rome, and Arabia,—is a country about which the world feels but little interest. In short, travels in Sicily, to be interesting, must be thoroughly pervaded by a classical spirit.

Of M. Simond, we may conscientiously say that he is thoroughly ignorant of antiquity, and consequently feels no disposition to call up classical ideas in the mind of his reader. However, to console us for his contempt for the ancients, he never fails to be absurd when he alludes to them, thus corroborating an old opinion of ours, that it is the most silly among the moderns who pride themselves most on their fancied superiority to the Greeks and Romans. One instance of our tourist's folly we shall place before our readers, from which they will be able to imagine the rest. The more clearly to convict M. Simond of ignorance and contradiction, it will be necessary to remark that, when Sicily was governed by a number of small republics, commerce, agriculture, the fine and useful arts, flourished; that, to a very great extent, the people were free and happy; that towns and cities, and theatres and temples, and aqueducts of the most superb construction, were erected all over the island; that the population, owing to the ease and affluence which abounded, was four times as great as it is now; and that when, from a state of independence and happiness, Sicily sank to the condition of a Roman province, the fertility of its plains was still so great, that it was called the "Granary of Rome." It is true that these plains were plundered by a Verres, that the territories of an old republic were inclosed within the farm of a Roman senator; but we shall see, from M. Simond's own account, that neither Verres, nor the most rapacious proconsul recorded in history, ever beggared a province as Sicily has been beggared by the legitimate king of Naples. We will begin with our traveller's enlightened notions of antiquity. "The ancients, whatever may be said, were a very contemptible race, even more contemptible than we moderns, and far more uselessly mischievous and cruel in their wars. This very island was inhabited in the whole extent of its coast by Greek colonies, which were all under republican government, *sisters by birth*, and" (what was very singular) "*friends by nature*, but nevertheless fully determined to destroy each other without aim and merely for their amusement."—vol. ii. p. 210.

This was unquestionably a very curious state of things; but then, according to the best historians, those contemptible ancients had food to eat, and were not so entirely overrun with the most loathsome vermin, as M. Simond himself says the modern Sicilians are. Philistus and Diodorus relate that Dionysius of Syracuse, even after the fall of liberty, could main-

\* Voyage en Italie et en Sicile. Par L. Simond. tome 2.

tain a standing force of 10,000 horse, and 100,000 foot, besides 400 galleys. Which of the modern cities of Sicily can do this? But let M. Simond himself describe the blessed condition of the island under its modern monarchical rulers, who, of course, never destroy any one without an *object*, and merely for pleasure. "It must be confessed, that the government of Sicily seems to unite within itself every defect of which political institutions are susceptible, whether in theory or in practice; it is, in fact, the very model of abuses: the system of laws is wholly barbarous, and their administration marked by the most shameless corruption." "The harvests, whether abundant or not, offer no chance of gain to the farmer, and the apathy which this occasions renders corn scarce in a country which was formerly the granary of Rome, while its population was four times as great as it is at present. The system of vexatious regulations is carried to such a pitch, that no one, without special permission, can transport a loaf or a joint of meat for his own use from the city to the country. Fiscal laws are every where tolerably vexatious, but at all events they attain their end, while in this country they torment the people to no purpose whatever; for, in the end, little or nothing reaches the public treasury, the whole revenue being absorbed on the way by malversations of every kind."—ii. p. 274—276.

In our opinion, even M. Simond himself, effeminate and timid as he is, would prefer the turbulent plenty of the old republics to the hungry and dishonourable tranquillity of the present monarchical government. But we quit this topic, which rouses our indignation, and proceed to extract a few agreeable paragraphs, which will in some measure atone for the above-cited nonsense.

Our tourist embarks at Naples, and sails direct for Palermo, where he arrives without encountering a single tempest, an extraordinary circumstance, considering that a storm greatly enlivens a traveller's narrative. In this city he sees many marvellous things: for example, elegant carriages, and a clean inn; and observes—"The Strada di Toledo was full of carriages and people in the evening; the shops are elegant and well lighted up, and beggars are less numerous than at Naples. There are very few women, however, in the crowd; it seems they do not walk much about the streets, although the pavement, composed of large slabs of lava, as at Naples, is excellent: the portion of the street which was meant for foot-passengers is quite impassable, the artizans carrying on their various trades in the street in front of their houses, even by candle-light. In spite, however, of this apparent industry," (the industry, we opine, was *real* in those who were industrious,) "the square in which our hotel is situated, *La Marina*, has been all day filled with vagabonds of all ages, gambling or sleeping, stretched out upon the pavement, and devoured by the mosquitoes."—ii. 168-9.

The day after our adventurous traveller's arrival, the sirocco, as if on purpose to bid him welcome, "blew all day, and covered the whole face of the country with a white powder. In the city the dust was blinding; but in the fields and on the surrounding mountains the hoary

appearance was owing to another cause." "When the sirocco and other southern winds blow, the leaves of plants curl up, as if they were attacked by insects, the sun's light grows of a bluish tint, and the air seems to lose its transparency."—ii. 169.

When a man walks through the wilderness of this world in search of adventures, with his pen and memorandum-book in his hand, he is absolutely sure to have occasion for his tablets at every turning. Such a man never wanders, like Smelfungus or Mundungus, from Dan to Beersheba, crying "it is all barren!" Our conscience smites us at observing the industry and acuteness of travellers, who turn every thing "on the earth beneath or in the waters under the earth" to account. How often have adventures more romantic than the following occurred to us, in returning from the Opera—but occurred to us in vain, since we have never had the *will* to write an article on them! "Returning from the Opera," says our hero, "about one o'clock in the morning, and having (fortunately) missed my companions, I inquired the way to the Piazza Marina. 'This is the shortest way,' said some one to me, pointing down a narrow, sombre, solitary street, 'but yonder is the *safest* way, through the Strada di Toledo,' which in fact was well lighted and full of people, especially in the vicinity of certain travelling coffee-houses, which were mounted upon four wheels, and decorated with flowers, bunches of ribbon, and streamers. On all sides were pyramids of oranges and other fruit, sherbets, and barrels of iced lemonade, suspended on their axes, ready to pour out their contents for the crowd, whose ardent thirst seemed to be unquenchable. No one, however, was intoxicated, and there were very few women seen. The sirocco blew with extreme violence, the dust rose in clouds to the roofs of the houses, and the heat was excessive."—ii. 170-1.

In the neighbourhood of Palermo our traveller found the very singular castle of Palagonia, "which you approach through two rows of statues. It is said that the building and grounds contain a thousand, representing all manner of monsters, such as a bear with an ass's head, playing upon the fiddle; a lady at her toilet, with the head and tail of a horse, surrounded by suitors of the same species, possessing limbs belonging to other animals, and more in number than nature bestows upon their kind: many heads on the same body, and one head fastened to many bodies, nay, several heads growing upon the same neck; in one word, the most ridiculous and absurd creations of a deranged imagination. The walls, the floor, the ceiling, incrustated with variegated marble, are covered with the same monstrous images, while vast mirrors, suspended at intervals from the walls, multiply these objects to infinity. I remember an Adoration of the Magi, where the kings of the east appear in the old French court dress, of velvet embroidered with gold. The noble proprietor seems to enjoy the inheritance bequeathed him by his ancestors, and lives very comfortably among his monsters."—ii. 174-5.

Tour-makers are as inveterately fond of scandal as a coterie of old dowagers; and we be



to the ladies of the countries frequented by them:

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I rede ye tent it;  
A child's amang ye taking notes,  
An' faith he'll prent it."

The very colour of the children's hair, in a school at Palermo, sets M. Simond guessing at the cause:—"I observed," says he, "*with surprise*, that half of the boys had auburn hair. 'The English,' said a jesting Sicilian, 'are the cause of it.' 'No,' replied another, offended at the remark, 'our women prefer dark complexions.'"—ii. 180.

There are other women who prefer dark complexions, though, of course, they cannot tell why. But leaving all these mysterious matters to be resolved by Mr. Coleridge in his treatise on the Logos, in which he engages to unfold the nature of the imagination, we come to something in which people of all complexions, who do not deserve to be hanged, delight—to music, which, the reader will perceive, was regarded by Prince Eugene as an excellent supplement to conversation:—"It is not uncommon here to have music at large dinner-parties. This custom, said Prince Eugene, delivers one from the fatigue of conversation, and sometimes also from its inconvenience, while it does not prevent people from chatting in small knots. Nay, it gives these little circles the charm of a tête-à-tête. At one of these dinner-parties a stranger was relating a piquant anecdote, perhaps a little too piquant, to two or three ladies, but when he came to the most interesting and delicate point, he hesitated timidly instead of proceeding: 'go on, go on,' exclaimed one of the ladies, '*capisco niente! niente!*'"—ii. 182-3.

We cannot resist the temptation to translate the author's testimony in favour of the modern government of Sicily:—"Such is the corruption of the judges, and so little is the pains they take to conceal it, that their servants have no other wages than the presents they receive from litigants, though they provide straw and provender for the horses of their masters. It is an understood thing that justice is sold to the highest bidder, and if both parties are obstinate, it often happens that the expenses are three or four times as much as the value of the property in dispute. The more powerful is sure to gain his point."—ii. 185.

Some notion of the expense of travelling in Sicily may be formed from the following passage:—"It would cost less to make the tour of France in a post-chaise, finding every night a good supper and bed, and receiving the thanks of your landlord," (a pleasure about which Englishmen care very little,) "than it would to ride round Sicily on horseback, carrying about both bed and kettle, and compelled every evening to have recourse to the hospitality of a stranger."—ii. 190.

We despise those laboured descriptions of common objects which abound but too much in the writings of modern travellers, and give them the appearance, and often the reality of romance, but M. Simond does not sin in this way. His pen is a sober, plain, and, we dare say, very honest pen, but it is not particularly brilliant. However, once upon a time, he *did* see

a landscape which tempted him to try his hand at the picturesque, and the following is the result:—"On the day of our departure from Palermo we visited Monte Reale, a small town in the mountains, at a short distance to the southwest of the valley of Palermo. The wheat and the beans were in flower, and covered the greater part of the valley, under the shade of olive plantations. The orange-tree and the vine usurped the remainder of the soil, and the latter was at least six weeks more forward than the vines of Burgundy; the wheat-fields were already yellow. Clumps of orange-trees, scarcely twenty feet high, and beneath which nothing will grow, have nothing very beautiful except their name, unless when the eye falls from lofty eminences upon their thick masses of shining leaves; they were covered with fruit and flowers, and the perfume of the latter was excessive. The palm-tree balanced its elegant summit in the air, the aloe rose like a pyramid fifteen feet high, resembling a colossal asparagus, the gigantic bamboo, the laurel, the oleander, and above all, the *ficus opuntia* displayed upon the rocks its enormous mass of leaves, each as large and thick as a mattress—all these various plants gave to the landscape a physiognomy which was entirely new to us."—ii. 190-191.

From the following paragraph we conclude that the modern Sicilian ladies are somewhat less prudish than the dames of the olden time:—"We were preceded by a party of Sicilian ladies in brilliant dresses of blue silk, and sitting astride upon their mules. They wore men's boots which reached above the knee, and yet scarcely met their petticoats, which were absolutely too short to cover the saddle. Their numerous tribe of servants followed them dressed in rags."—ii. 196.

With these few brief extracts we dismiss the last book of travels which M. Simond intends to publish.

From the Athenæum.

THE MAN OF TON: A SATIRE.—Sec.  
pp. 112. Colburn. London, 1828.

THIS is a small brochure, in which a fashionable Baronet has endeavoured to record, in verse, the fashionable follies of the present day. He has taken for his motto, these lines of Byron:

"Here's the great world! which being interpreted  
Meaneth the west or worst end of a city,  
And about twice two thousand people bred  
By no means to be very wise or witty,  
But to sit up while others lie in bed,  
And look down on the universe with pity."

Byron.

To a certain class of readers, this satire will, no doubt, be highly acceptable; we confess, however, that we find, in the body of the poem, much less of matter for extract than in the notes, where certain explanations of phrases used in the text, contain information which, we doubt not, will be as new to many of our read-

ers, (and, especially, those in the country,) as it has been to us. We, therefore, confine our selections to these:

*"To bleed at Crocky's."*—Those readers who have not lately visited London, should be informed that Crocky is the familiar abbreviation of Crockford; a personage of great note and importance, once a general dealer in fish, but now confining himself to the disposal of gudgeons, for which branch of his former trade he has built a palace in St. James's Street, which is, at once, a grace and a disgrace to the metropolis.

*"And of good books."*—So comprehensive a term requires explanation for the unlearned. A good book, in this sense, means a well-arranged set of bets, so balanced by changes in the odds, that the composer considers himself certain to be a winner, be the event what it may; which said certainty, as will hereafter appear, depends on the validity of the component parts.

*"From White's bay-window."*—A sort of critic's row, (seated in the bay or bow-window of White's Clubhouse, St. James's) before which it is as dangerous for a man of fashion to pass in an ill-cut coat, or a lady in a last year's bonnet, as it would be for Charles Kemble to forget his cue in a new tragedy, or for Mathews to be out when he is at home.

*"A drag drives up."*—A cant and fashionable term for any carriage.

*"An Opera box."*—Of late years an opera box has become an object of traffic with ladies of the highest fashion, and on those nights when the proprietor does not occupy the box herself, instead of lending it to a friend, as the custom was in days of yore, she hesitates not to sell it to the best bidder, and trust to the discretion of Mr. Ainsworth, or Mr. Sams, or some such agent, for the selection of its occasional occupant.

*"A pigeon shooting."*—To such an extent has the rage for this amusement been carried, that the supply of pigeons can hardly be made equal to the demand, notwithstanding the activity of those who plunder the dove-cotes for fifty miles round London. Several regular clubs are established in the outskirts of the metropolis, the most fashionable at the Red-house in Battersea-fields, where such of the poor birds as escape from the patrician fusée, are exposed to the fire of the plebeians who assemble round the confines, to the no small danger and annoyance of those whose occupations oblige them to pass that way.

*"Now dowagers in fashionable slang."*—A rich heir is called a desirable—a younger brother, a detrimental, or a viper—a good man, one in actual possession of his estate—a frump, male or female, one who pays tradesmen's bills, and subscribes to Bible Societies.

*"The complicated web of bets explains."*—To an eye unaccustomed to such arrangements, a betting-book would appear a kind of chaos, and frequently the sums engaged backwards and forwards may amount to tens, nay, hundreds of thousands, when the result is intended to be only a few hundreds.

*"And fill, great Tattersall! thy fatal yard!"*—On the Tuesday after the great race for the Derby, all bets are understood to be settled at

Tattersall's; and a non-appearance on that day, and at that place, is fatal to the character of a better.

*"A rumour spreads, that some levant to-day."*—To *levant* is, in plain English, to run away from the payment of debts of honour, and from the occasional occurrence of such failures, arises the great danger of making what is called a book; for the most skilful calculation, the nicest attention for months paid to the variation of the odds, is utterly defeated, if one of the parties does not make good his engagements; and what would prove a good book to its owner, if all stood right, may entail ruin upon him, if any one component part of his structure gives way.

*"To make the five times ten he lent his own."*—It is not uncommon, on the occasion of great losses, for young men to grant a post-obit, or obligation to pay five times the sum advanced on the death of a parent, or other life-tenant of an estate.

*"We call such brutes Carthagines."*—A cant term for cart-horses, often applied to inferior hunters.

*"He's damned for doing nothing and too much."*—This is a common fate of strangers, who appear amongst these great sportsmen, who, in a moment of disappointment, find it convenient to have something to vent their rage upon. The following occurrence is illustrative of such feeling: A gentleman coming out of a club in St. James's Street, after having sustained heavy losses at play, in a high state of nervous irritation, observed a person on the curb-stone, stooping down to tie his shoe-string; upon which he immediately kicked the poor man into the kennel, and upon being asked why he inflicted this unprovoked punishment, replied, 'Damn it, sir, you are always tying your shoe!'

*"And Ude's first pupil sure can give a feed!"*—We boast in this age, that we have abolished the vice of drinking to excess; but we have substituted in its place that of eating. Formerly, young sportsmen were contented with homely fare after their day's exercise; but now, nothing less than a dog-cock will suffice; and it is necessary he should have received his education under such an artist as Ude, now principal cook to the great Crockford.

*"On men, fine men, she number'd in her train."*—Fine men, is a term requiring explanation; it does not, in this sense, relate to animal proportion or intellectual merit: but to that particular class of persons who are stamped with the impress of fashionable society, or are distinguished by patrician birth.

*"And live with us upon five thousand clear."*—To possess nothing and to live well, is applauded; to be rich and extravagant, is a necessary duty; but to live well upon moderation, is a high crime and misdemeanor.

## Short Reviews.

*Tour through Parts of the United States and Canada.* By a British Subject. Etc. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

This is a volume of Letters written by a British Tourist in America to his friend at

home. They are such as would probably give pleasure to a family circle interested in the author personally; but as they do not contain any thing new, and are not distinguished by any particular felicity in the manner of repeating what is old, we fear the publication will not prove very attractive to the general reader. At the same time, a man, when he chooses it, has as good a right to send his letters to the press as to the post-office; and if there is little in this work to be praised highly, there is still less to condemn.

*Journal Asiatique. Number LXII. Paris. Published by the Asiatic Society.*

This interesting monthly journal carefully collects a number of historical fragments which would otherwise be lost; and publishes important documents connected with oriental literature. The present number contains a very curious article on the history of the wars of the Crusades, under the reign of Bibars, a sultan of Egypt, derived from Arabic authors, translated by M. Reinaud. This Bibars successively seized Jaffa, Antioch, and several castles occupied by the Templars; and burnt and put to the sword all in the environs of St. Jean d'Acre. He received deputies from Conradin and Charles of Anjou; promised much, and performed nothing. The letter that he wrote to Bohemond, the prince of Antioch, to announce to him that he had taken possession of his capital, is a model of Mussulman pleasantry; a little gross, but perfectly original. The chronicles from which M. Reinaud has derived his materials are the more interesting, as, without them, the events of that epoch would be almost unknown—as the Latin authors of the time say nothing of most of them. A paper on the employment of Mussulman mercenaries in the Christian armies, states, that Mainfroy had them among his troops when he made war upon Charles of Anjou; that they afterwards established themselves at Luceria in Sicily; and that they were not definitively expelled from Italy until the fourteenth century. This paper was contributed by Lieutenant-Colonel Fitz-Clarence.—*Revue Encyclopédique.*

*Johnson's Dictionary. Imp. 8vo. London, 1828. Robinson.*

MR. ROBINSON, of the late firm of Hurst, Robinson & Co., has just completed the singular undertaking of supplying an edition of Dr. Johnson's four ponderous quartos in *one volume, octavo*, containing all the illustrations, notes, and quotations, preface, preliminary discourse, &c. of the colossal lexicographer. It is beautifully stereotyped by Mr. Clarke, of Bungay; and, as far as we have had leisure to examine, its accuracy is equal to its elegance. A very clever preface, prefixed to this edition, is written by a gentleman highly distinguished for philological pursuits, and contains an admirable censure on the arrogance or vanity of those who have attempted to impugn or undervalue the hitherto unequalled Dictionary of the Doctor. We are confident that an extensive sale will reward Mr. Robinson for this valuable enterprise,—the expense of which must have been very great.

*A Connexion of Sacred and Profane History, from the Death of Joshua to the Decline of the Kingdoms of Israel and Judah. By the Rev. Michael Russell, LL.D. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Rivingtons.*

DR. SHUCKFORD's narrative of sacred history, although purporting in the title-page to be brought down from the creation of the world to the decline of the kingdoms of Israel and Judah, in reality extends no farther than to the times of Joshua. The author intended, in another volume, to complete the undertaking; but death interrupted his plan, and the ignorance of publishers, or some other cause, has allowed a promise that could never be fulfilled to remain uncanceled to this day. Prideaux, the learned dean of Norwich, in his "Old and New Testament connected," had previously filled up, from materials collected from profane authors, the historical gap of five hundred years, between the conclusion of the period referred to in the canonical Jewish scriptures, and the commencement of the narrative by the Christian writers of the New Testament; and it was the object of Shuckford, by bringing down his work to the beginning of this undertaking, to render the history complete from the creation of the world to the time of Christ. The chain, however, as we have said, although apparently entire, as far as title-pages go, was broken off abruptly at the age of Joshua, by the death of the author, thus leaving untold a history of about eight hundred years, comprising the government of the Judges, the reigns of Saul, David, and Solomon, and those of the successive princes of Israel and Judah till the end of the canonical books.

It is the object of Dr. Russell in the volumes before us, to fill up in a certain measure this hiatus, and to complete the period in two future volumes, containing, as well as "a view of the civil and religious history of the Hebrews," an outline of the chronology, literature, and policy of the Egyptians, the Chinese, and the Hindus.

The meagreness of the details in a part of this portion of Scripture, particularly from the death of Joshua to the reign of Saul, as well as the paucity of other materials, although rendering the undertaking a work of extreme difficulty, yet affords ample scope for the display of learning and ingenuity. And accordingly, although, strictly speaking, the historical part of these volumes bears but a small proportion to their bulk, yet we hardly know of any contemporary work that may be perused with more profit and delight by the student of oriental history.

Were we to enter into a critical review of such a book, we should certainly not be consulting the taste of the great mass of our readers. We shall, therefore, only mention, that the work, as far as it is published, besides a preliminary dissertation on ancient chronology, consists of two books, one containing a connexion of sacred and profane history from the death of Joshua to the commencement of regal government among the Hebrews; and the other, a treatise on the ancient history of the oriental nations, as connected with that of the Hebrews in the times of the Judges. The first, besides the historical part, contains a treatise

on the civil and political constitution of the ancient Hebrews, and on their religious belief and practices; and the second, in addition to the more immediate historical connexions of the subject, a treatise on the origin of some of the states and kingdoms of ancient Greece, on the Argonautic expedition, the capture of Troy, and the return of the Heracleidae.

*De Statu et conditione Paganorum sub Imperatoribus Romanis post Constantinum. Scripsit Samuel Theophilus Rudiger Ph. D. Svo. pp. 85. Wrattislawii. 1825.*

A succinct historical account of one of the most important events in history,—the gradual abolition of Paganism in the Roman empire. The emperor Constantine repealed all the penal laws against the Christians, and legalised the immoveable and moveable property of their churches, and other ecclesiastical establishments. He held the scales between his catholic and pagan subjects with complete impartiality: the same impartiality was continued by his immediate successors; they even went so far as to accept the robe and ensigns appropriated to the Pontifex Maximus. Gratian was the first emperor by whom they were rejected; he also deprived the heathen clergy of many of their legal possessions, and all their legal immunities; and he assigned a great portion of their revenues to the Christian Church. Still, heathenism continued the religion of the state. The removal of the statue of victory from the senate-house was the first direct attack on the established church: it was followed by others; and finally, the edicts of Theodosius I. proscribed the ancient religion of Rome, and established Christianity in its stead. Heathenism, however, languished in the provinces: from these it was gradually removed; its last vestiges are discoverable among the philosophers and schools of Athens, in the reign of Justinian; and the diligence of some modern writers has traced marks of it, at a subsequent era, in some obscure villages: from these, it was totally extirpated by the barbarian invaders of the empire. In the work before us, all this is briefly and elegantly related.

It is curious that, soon after the revival of letters, attempts were made to restore paganism. At the synod of Florence, Gemisthus Pletho went so far as to express his expectations, that, before long, Jupiter would be restored to his former honours. Some of the principal members of the Royal Academy were severely punished by Pope Paul II., for Pagan practices. Some French writers celebrated the success of Jodelle's Sophonisba, by profane libations, and the sacrifice of a cock.

The heathenism of the barbarians of the north reached England at an earlier, and remained in it till a later period, than that of Rome: vestiges of it through the whole of the Saxon, and the early portion of the Norman era, are clearly discernible. It is generally supposed that the division of England into the Saxon and Norman classes of subjects, which the conquest of it by William I. introduced, terminated in the reign of Edward III. If any remnant of Saxon heathenism continued till that period, it certainly was the last moment of its existence.

*De Scepticismo Commentatio in Academia Tridertiana præmio regio ornata, auctore Adolpho Siedlero. pp. 186. Svo. 1827.*

A SCEPTIC may, for the purpose of the present article, be described as one, who, to be convinced of any fact or proposition, requires stronger evidence or stronger proof, than the established order of things renders possible. The author of the work before us divides it into three parts.

The first is employed in defining scepticism, and describing its degrees: beginning with the lowest, he ascends to the highest. There, the sceptic is supposed to be persuaded that, without absolute certainty, nothing should be believed; and that absolute certainty can, in no case, be obtained: this he calls Transcendental Scepticism. At this, in questions of jurisprudence, the late Lord Ashburton was supposed to have arrived. From seeing how much was to be said on each side of most questions, and the general uncertainty how a question would be decided, he reached a kind of legal Pyrrhonism, so that, when he came to act, in a judicial capacity, first as recorder of Bristol, and afterwards as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, he showed a proneness to hesitation, which surprised, and we had almost said, scandalized every one. The Marquis of Argenson gives a similar description of the celebrated Chancellor d'Aguesseau.

In his second part, our author gives a chronological account of the most eminent Sceptics. *Pyrrho* is generally said to have been the founder of the sceptic school; but our author shows, that he had been preceded by several. It appears that he accompanied Alexander the Great in his eastern expeditions; and made himself master of all the learning of the Indian Gymnosophsists. After the death of Alexander, he returned to Greece, and died at an advanced age: he left behind him no work: but it sufficiently appears, that all his philosophy of doubt was grounded on this principle,—that all our knowledge is derived from our senses; that our senses are liable to error, and consequently that in all our knowledge, error may, and most probably, does exist. Of his philosophic pause on all subjects,—never venturing either to assert or deny, our author gives an interesting account. He then introduces us to the *Ancient and Modern Academics*; to Plato, Arcesilaus, Carneades, Philo, and Antiochus, the five leaders of the principal sects, which germinated from them. It is the glory of the ancient academy, to reckon Plato; the glory of the modern, to reckon Cicero, among her disciples. The last of ancient Sceptics ends in *Sextus Empiricus*; he lived in the reign of the Antonines; this is all we know of him; but two of his works reached us: it is acknowledged that they do honour to his memory. In one, he combats the supposed inerrancy of mathematical demonstration. His fundamental proposition is, that no reason can be urged in support of any position, to which a reason of equal force, that, proving the contrary, may not be opposed. This he urges against mathematicians, and dogmatists with surprising ingenuity and sometimes with surprising success.

The modern series of sceptics commences



with *Cornelius Agrippa*, who flourished between the years 1486 and 1535. After bewildering himself for many years in the occult sciences of *Raymond Lully*, he became convinced of their vanity: and then, believing all other sciences to be equally vain, he attacked the certitude of them all. "His declamation on the vanity of the sciences," to use the words of *Milton*, "walked the world awhile, numbering good intellects, but now is seldom pored on."—*Montaigne* then arrived, and flooded every rank of society with sceptic lore. The fascination of his talk opened to him every library, every parlour, and every toilet: the praise of being an easy friend, all will allow him; but neither virtue nor delicacy will consider him a safe companion. *Charron*, at first his pupil and then his critic, was, as *Mr. Pope* justly describes him in two words, "more wise."

Here the sceptics began to divaricate: some thought to serve the cause of religion, by showing the uncertainty of human reasoning, and the wisdom of submitting the understanding to faith. Among these virtues, *Hermayus*, a premonstratensian monk, and *Huetius*, the celebrated bishop of *Avranches*, deserve particular mention. The latter was, unquestionably, one of the most learned men whom the world has seen. He was complete master of the learned languages, profoundly versed in theology, history, and philosophy; he wrote with taste, both in poetry and prose. When his work "On the Weakness of Human Reason," appeared, it raised universal astonishment: it contains all the arguments which can be offered in support of scepticism; and all, by which the objections to it can be answered. From them, he deduces three propositions:—1st, that faith, the pure gift of God, is, alone, infallible:—2d, that human reason has, of herself, no means of arriving at any truth:—3d, that consequently, in those points when faith appears to be opposed to reason, it is proper not to defer to the pretended lights of reason, and is a duty to attach oneself entirely to the infallibility of faith.

It was the second of the three propositions which gave the alarm: it must be admitted that in an unqualified meaning of the words, in which it is expressed, it imports the purest scepticism. But no one would have protested against this consequence more warmly than himself. He had a singular veneration for the Bible. The abbe d'Olivet, his biographer, informed us, that in his latter years, *Huetius* read little else; and that he had perused twenty-four times the original Hebrew. The treatise we have mentioned was not published till after his death. Scared at the doctrines imputed to it, his friends denied for a time its authenticity; but it was proved beyond controversy, by his biographers. *Huetius* had precluded to this treatise by "*Alnetanic*," or "*Conversations at Alnat*," (the country seat belonging to his see,) which evidently contains the germ of the sceptical notions, propounded in his treatise.

The infidel series of sceptics, unless we are to class *Montaigne* among them, commenced with *la Mothe le Vayer*; his works gave great scandal in France, and did much mischief in

their days.—*Peter Bayle*, and *David Hume*, equally illustrious by the greatness of their talents and their misuse of them, are too generally known to require particular mention. A neat refutation of the most objectionable tenets, in the sceptical works of the latter, closes the second part of the work before us.

The third part contains a general refutation of the sceptic philosophy: it is expressed with clearness and method. The work is ably written throughout. It deserves an English translation. The parts of *Brucker's History of Philosophy*, which regard the sceptic systems, appear to have been always under our author's eye; if a translation of this work should be undertaken, they should be always under the eye of the translator.

*Ismalie, ou la Mort et l'Amour: Roman-poème.*  
Par M. le Vicomte d'Arincourt. Paris, 1822.  
Ponthieu.

THE storm struck the forest of Gisors, the rain struck the astonished earth in torrents, the spirit of the tempest struck the whole world with the thunder of his voice, the clock of the castle of St. Paër struck nine, and the whole struck a young page with terror who was wandering at that unseasonable hour among these uncomfortable woods. Alarmed at the lightning, and unacquainted with the philosophy of the thing, he leant his back against a tree, and in that dangerous situation awaited his fortune. A woman suddenly appeared, as if emerging from the bosom of the storm, and presenting an aspect so absolutely unalluring as to be quite in keeping with her title, which was "the daughter of hell," invited him into a desecrated chapel, with the assurance, that although a dark lantern, she was still capable of lighting his path.

Addressing him by the epithets of "thinking insect," and "atom king," she here plunged with very little preamble in *medias res*, and told him the fortune of his young mistress *Ismalie*. The oracle, however, exhibited only the blind side of the lantern: "Tremble, O daughter of Neustria; the casque of gold will appear! \*\*\* The tomb has its lover, the dust its voice, and nothingness (le néant) its prodigies." Such was the mysterious message of the sybil, and its effect, when delivered by the page, on the sensitive mind of *Ismalie*, was just such as might have been expected. The event of it was, that the words were no sooner repeated to her than a golden eagle did make its appearance, and she observed a young knight bearing that conspicuous ornament into the castle of her fathers. With this personage she, of course, fell in love, notwithstanding the sinister ending of the prediction, and her mother at length prevailed on Oscar to consent to his happiness. There was something strange in this young man's conduct. He was as handsome and intelligent as a hero is expected to be; but he was very little versed in the science of love-making: he would go a certain length, but there stop short; and when *Ismalie* would show any inclination to be fonder than his mysterious notions of decorum allowed, he would suddenly fly off at a tangent. This was teasing; and the young lady at last became so much alarmed, that she voted it unbecoming to

marry a man who had never even told her, in the customary language of suitors, that "he loved her." The sorceress, the daughter of hell, was of the same opinion, and by the persuasion of that equivocal character, Ismalie vowed a vow, in her lover's presence, never to be his until he had said to her, in express language, "I love thee." The effect on the young knight was terrific; but "love mastered pen," and although aware of the consequences, he uttered, at his mistress's command, the fatal words, and fell dead at her feet!

This catastrophe was the consequence of a rash vow he had made never to tell mortal maiden that he loved her till the ceremonies of the church had removed every taint of sin from his passion; and this vow had been wrung from him by contrition for having seduced and abandoned the "daughter of hell" before she became a student and an adept in the art of magic. In the mean time, Oscar was buried, and Ismalie, of course, went to weep at his grave. While engaged in this duty, she beheld the stone which covered the grave moving, as if in an earthquake, and the voice of the dead lover exclaimed with more ardour than it had ever expressed when he was alive, "I love thee," "I love thee!" exactly a hundred times. Ismalie stared; and the amorous corpse stood before her in all the attraction of "love and death." In life, his eyes had spoken volumes of love, but his tongue was silent; it was now, alas, the reverse, for although his tongue was hot, even to blistering, his eye was as dull as a boiled oyster. On observing this last circumstance, Ismalie, overcome with horror, fainted, and the spectre vanished.

Another suitor presented himself, and her mother, still willing that she should be married, administered so much of the usual maternal persecution, that the unfortunate damsel was driven again to her lover's grave. The dead man again appeared, and this time she overlooked the querness in his optics, and now, by his passionate speeches, consented to become his bride. At the third visit, the ceremony was consummated. Death himself was the priest; the dead were the witnesses; and thunder, lightning, tempest, fire, and fury, the orchestra and accompaniments. The reader, who expects a grave criticism from us on such a performance, will perhaps find pleasure in the book itself; but we are quite certain no other will.

*History of George Godfrey, written by himself. 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn. London. 1828.*

THE object of the author of these volumes seems to be, an attempt to blend the flippant raciness of style, and everchanging variety of incident, which characterize the novels of Smollet and Fielding, with the sentiment and personalities of the present race of fictions. It is a bold attempt, but not a thoroughly successful one. The early chapters are by far the best, in point of dry humour and quaintness of imitation; but in the sequel of the hero's adventures, the author seems to have sacrificed manner to matter, and though he introduces an abundance of "change and circumstance," it

becomes common-place from the want of piquancy and equivocal in its recital.

Its aim seems to be to attack a class of individuals who have as yet been unscathed by literary censure, and to show up the vices of "the wise men of the East," as a counterpart to the late exposures of the follies of the West.

From the nature of the book itself, the style of its execution is coarse, vulgar, and often unintelligible and uninteresting; and though some of its exposures may be correct, yet we doubt much if these publications be not injurious. We have seldom seen a student of "Buchan's Domestic Medicine," who could not fancy, in every breath he drew, some symptoms of the ailments he had been pondering over. We have ourselves read a series of medical reports on hydrophobia, which made us, for months afterwards, shudder at the very idea of a dog, however harmless; and we have no doubt that, in like manner, the most probable effect of these exposures of commercial and social trickery will be, to engender suspicion and distrust in the minds of its weaker readers, and entail disgust and misconception, on the simplest acts of many of the worthiest members of society. Nor do we approve of the introduction of several of the cutting personalities which abound in its pages; in more than one instance, we know them to be false, and in all they are egregiously exaggerated. The tendency of the book is decidedly cynical and exasperating; it possesses some most powerful passages, but even these blend disgust with information. The author is thoroughly master of his materials and his pen, and with all its faults and venom, we have little doubt that his publication will be extremely popular, from the varied pictures which it presents of commercial "Life in London."

*Sophia de Lissau, or a Portraiture of the Jews of the Nineteenth Century, by the Author of "Elizabeth Allen," &c. pp. 268. Gardiner. London, 1828.*

THIS little work contains some very curious and interesting particulars respecting the present state of the Jews, and a good account of their religious and domestic habits. If the author really derived the materials from personal observation, and there is every appearance of its having been so, the information the volume contains is most valuable, and deserves considerable attention. The interest of the work is not a little increased also, by its lively representation of the feelings likely to take place in the mind of a person newly converted from Judaism to Christianity.

*A Discourse on the Objects, Advantages, and Pleasures of Science. 18mo. pp. 182. Baldwin and Cradock. London. 1828.*

THIS is the Introductory Treatise, written by Mr. Brougham, for the First of the Series of Tracts, published under the direction of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. It is now published (by permission of the Society) in a separate volume, illustrated with wood Engravings, by eminent artists. Its original price, in the Tract form, was, if we remember rightly, Sixpence. In its present form it makes a volume of the extent usually sold

at Five or Six Shillings—a contrast which is of itself sufficient to show the great advantage, to the majority of the community, of the mode of publication adopted by the Society. The Illustrative Engravings by which this more expensive edition is characterized, add, however, much to the value and interest of the Treatise, and fit it for the Library of the most accomplished person. Of the Discourse itself, when we say it is from the pen of Mr. Brougham, and that it ranks among the most successful of even his productions, we cannot be required to add a word of further praise.

*Arcana of Science and Art, or One Thousand and Popular Inventions and Improvements, abridged from the Transactions of Public Societies and from the Scientific Journals, British and Foreign, of the past year. Illustrated with Engravings. 12mo. pp. 246. Limbird. London, 1828.*

This is a collection made with great taste and judgment, of the most important facts connected with scientific improvements, within the last twelve months; and it is delightful to see what a mass of useful, as well as ingenious discovery and knowledge has been produced within that comparatively brief period. The volume is closely printed, and contains as much matter as would, in any other form, cost double the price charged for this; the illustrations (nineteen in number) are of a character suited to the work, and the whole may be recommended as a fit companion for the rich and poor; as it is suited to every rank, and may be consulted with advantage by persons in all the varied circumstances of life.

*Tales of an Antiquary; chiefly illustrative of the Manners, Traditions, and Remarkable Localities of Ancient London. 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn. London, 1828.*

This is an attractive title.—London, although unallied to the great recollections of antiquity, has a sort of classical interest peculiar to itself. As it now exists, it is perhaps the greatest repository of human emulation and passion—of wealth and its concomitant luxury—of the charms of civilized life, and its attendant vices, in the known world. What numberless conflicting emotions, what a mass of thought and activity, what an intermingled chaos of good and evil, does Night, when it drops its ebony shade over our famed metropolis, lull into brief repose!—a repose unshared, however, by many a child of misfortune, to whom the giant city, whether sleeping or waking, presents alike a dark brow and stony bosom.

To an Englishman, the older and more noted parts of London offer a multitude of absorbing reminiscences. Is he attached to the historic or political? There is the Tower of Julius Cæsar, the Hall of William Rufus, Westminster Abbey, and a hundred other points of interest. Does the gentler genius of imagination and poetry hold sway over his sympathies? There is the Globe Theatre, where Shakspeare and Ben Jonson played; and the Mitre Tavern, where Doctor Johnson dogmatized, and Garrick, Burke, and Goldsmith consorted; and Eastcheap, where, at the sign of the Boar,

the Elizabethan poets joined in "catches that would draw three souls out of one weaver."

It will readily be imagined, therefore, that, with so pregnant a theme, the volumes before us are full of interest; and the reader will not find himself disappointed on opening them. They present faithful and spirited sketches of the condition of London at successive eras; of the changes which time has wrought in the pretensions and character of various districts; and of the olden manners and customs, as contrasted with those of the present day; with, here and there, an entertaining historical portrait. Every source of information has apparently been ransacked; the dust that had congregated on many a black-letter folio shaken away; the rusty clasps of many a sealed book of knowledge unhinged, in order to produce this curious collection of stories.

#### *The Red Rover.*

*Extract.*—We must admit, that in the present production of Mr. Cooper, we have been considerably disappointed, as our expectations of its merits were not only grounded on our own estimate of the author's distinguished talents, but in some degree prejudiced in its favour, by the flattering opinions of our contemporaries. It is, however, one of the disadvantages attendant on voluminous authorship, that the talent displayed in a man's subsequent productions is too frequently measured by the standard of his earlier works, and positive merit is weighed by comparative investigation. In this point of view, the "Red Rover" is far inferior to its predecessors from the same pen, as it excels in power and originality the similar attempts of its author's literary rivals. As a tale of the sea, it possesses the same characteristics with the "Pilot" in style and expression, whilst the plot is totally divested of imagination or probability, and the agents of the story are marked with less vivid individuality. For our own parts, we do not conceive the overflow of technicalities with which the style of the "American Novelist" is burdened, to be either suitable or popular in a work of amusement. To the particular class from whom it is drawn, it must be, naturally, highly attractive; but these unfortunately form but a small portion of the "reading public," and to two-thirds of the remainder, the peculiar excellencies of Mr. Cooper are either inapparent or unappreciated. We have no objection to the occasional introduction of a seaman; or the faithful delineation of a nautical scene, as a relief to the less marked positions and personages of a novel; but what we dissent from is the assumption of that character by the narrator. Throughout all his volumes the author before us is particularly fond of *first* alluding to the intended or immediate motions of his vessel, and then proceeding to particularize the peculiar and minute manoeuvres for effecting the requisite movement. Now the *first* is all that is requisite, the second is unintelligible to one half of his readers, and superfluous to all. It is quite sufficient to inform us of the course or tacks of the ship in question, without enumerating every sheet and block, overhauling and belaying, by which this is effected. It would appear very ridiculous if some of our

medical authors, instead of simply mentioning that their heroine had gracefully moved her head from left to right, should state, "that she contracted, by a gentle exertion, the sternocleidomastoideus muscle of the neck; that the condyles of the os occipitis slowly moved in their recipient cavities in the atlanteo-vertebræ, and her cranium was inclined in a lateral direction;" yet the bulk of readers would be as much at home in the one description as the other, and perhaps more so. In this, however, we by no means wish to detract from the real talent displayed in Mr. Cooper's novels; we only conceive his technical descriptions to be often overdone, and still more often out of place.

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### Miscellany.

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#### MEMOIRS OF TOM JONES.

*Heard by the late Mr. Colquhoun from the lips of Millar the Bookseller.*

FIELDING, having finished the manuscript of "Tom Jones," and being at the time hard pressed for money, went with it to one of your second-rate booksellers, with a view of selling it for what it would fetch at the moment. He left it with this trader in the children of other men's brains, and called upon him the succeeding morning, full of anxiety, both to know at how high a rate his labours were appreciated, as well as how far he might calculate upon its producing him wherewithal to discharge a debt of some twenty pounds, which he had promised to pay the next day. He had reason to imagine, from the judgment of some literary friends, to whom he had shown his MS., that it should, at least, produce twice that sum. But alas! when the Bookseller, with a significant shrug, showed a hesitation as to publishing the work at all, even the moderate expectations with which our Cervantes had buoyed up his hopes seemed at once to close upon him at this unexpected and distressing intimation.

"And will you give me no hopes?" said he, in a tone of despair.—"Very faint ones, indeed, Sir," replied the bookseller, "for I have scarcely any that the book *will* more."—"Well, Sir," answered Fielding, "money I must have for it, and little as that may be, pray give me some idea of what you can afford to give for it."—"Why, Sir," returned our Bookseller, again shrugging up his shoulders, "I have read some part of your 'Jones,' and, in justice to myself, must even think again before I name a price for it;—the book will *not* more; it is not to the public, nor do I think any inducement can make me offer you more than £25 for it."—"And that you *will* give for it," said Fielding, anxiously and quickly.—"Really, I must think again, and will endeavour to make up my mind by to-morrow."—"Well, Sir," replied Fielding, "I will look in again to-morrow morning. The book is yours for the £25; but these must positively be laid out for me when I call. I am pressed for the money, and, if you decline, must go elsewhere with my manuscript."—"I will see what I can do," returned the Bookseller: and so the two parted.

Our author, returning homewards from this unpromising visit, met his friend, Thomson, the poet, and told him how the negotiation for the manuscript, he had formerly shown him, stood. The poet, sensible of the extraordinary merit of his friend's production, reproached Fielding with his headstrong bargain, conjured him, if he could do it honourably, to cancel it, and promised him, in that event, to find him a purchaser, whose purse would do more credit to his judgment. Fielding, therefore, posted away to his appointment the next morning, with as much apprehension lest the Bookseller should stick to his bargain, as he had felt the day before lest he should altogether decline it. To his great joy, the ignorant trafficker in literature, either from inability to advance the money, or a want of common discrimination, returned the MS. very safely into Fielding's hands. Our author set off, with a gay heart, to his friend Thomson, and went, in company with him, to Mr. Andrew Millar (a popular bookseller at that day). Mr. M. was in the habit of publishing no work of light reading, but on his wife's approbation; the work was, therefore, left with him, and some days after, she having perused it, *bid him by no means let it slip through his fingers*. M. accordingly invited the two friends to meet him at a coffee-house in the Strand, where, having disposed of a good dinner and two bottles of port, Thomson at last suggested, "It would be as well if they proceeded to business." Fielding, still with no little trepidation, arising from his recent rebuff in another quarter, asked Millar what he had concluded upon giving for his work. "I am a man," said Millar, "of few words, and fond of coming to the point; but really, after giving every consideration I am able to your novel, I do not think I can afford to give you more than *two hundred pounds* for it."—"What!" exclaimed Fielding; "two hundred pounds!"—"Indeed, Mr. Fielding," returned Millar, "indeed, I am sensible of your talents; but my mind is made up."—"Two hundred pounds!" continued Fielding, in a tone of perfect astonishment; *two hundred pounds*, did you say?"—"Upon my word, Sir, I mean no disparagement to the writer or his great merit; but my mind is made up, and I cannot give one farthing more."—"Allow me to ask you," continued Fielding, with undiminished surprise,—"Allow me, Mr. Millar, to ask you—whether you are—*so—serious*?"—"Never more so," replied Millar, "in all my life; and I hope you will candidly acquit me of every intention to injure your feelings, or depreciate your abilities, when I repeat that I positively cannot afford you more than two hundred pounds for your novel."—"Then, my good Sir," said Fielding, recovering himself from this unexpected stroke of fortune, "give me your hand; the book is yours. And, waiter," continued he, "bring us a couple of bottles of your best port."

Before Millar died, he had cleared *eighteen thousand pounds* by "Tom Jones;" out of which he had the generosity to make Fielding presents at different times of various sums, till they amounted to £2000. And he closed his life by bequeathing a handsome legacy to each of Mr. Fielding's sons.



## THE SAVOYARDS IN PARIS.

THESE are certainly the most industrious and enduring of God's creatures, and like the Irishmen in London, they perform all the heavy, ill-paid, and dirty work of Paris. The Savoyards generally leave their native country at from four to five years of age; their whole property consisting of a coarse woollen jacket, which performs the double duty of coat and waistcoat, a thick red night cap of the same coarse material, a small piece of wood and cord along across their back, for the purpose of carrying burdens, and a monkey! On their journey, and for a long time after their arrival in the capital, the monkey is their chief support; and they certainly demonstrate their gratitude to the "double of our species" in a very palpable manner; for the animal is always better clad, and generally better fed, than his owner. After a couple of years spent in this fashion, our young urchin thinks of bettering his condition, sells his monkey, and turns sweep. Two or three years more being spent as a "*rammoneur*," a change of occupation again ensues, and behold the Savoyard a collector of skins, crying "*Peau de lapin, peau de lapin*!" This trade in its turn is abandoned for that of a *commissionnaire* or porter, as manhood approaches, and at the corner of every street behold a Savoyard by turns a shoe-black and ticket-porter. Next he becomes a *frotteur* at an *hôtel garni*, or, mayhap, a wood-sawyer; at other times he degenerates into a *chiffonnier*, an organ-grinder, or hurdy-gurdy man; but in whatever station he may be placed, you will find him active, intelligent and obliging, and always ready to do whatever he undertakes, at the very lowest price. This is one reason why the Savoyards are hated by the French; they consider them a race who will work for any thing, and live on almost nothing; and they always exclaim, "Why don't they stay in their own country? Why do they come to interfere with our profits?" It is, however, the invariable practice of the Savoyards, like the Scotch, whom they resemble in frugality and patient endurance of fatigue, to return to their native land when they have amassed a little money; but hardly are they seated down quietly, when up springs a new family, who, in their turn, undergo the toil of their fathers. Yet, notwithstanding this wandering life, they preserve their primitive simplicity and moral honesty, and there is not one of the race to be found in any of the prisons, or even the black books of the police of Paris.

**Literary Meetings.**—The Monthly dinners given by the Editor of the "*Revue Encyclopedique*," during the last nine years, have an interest and a peculiarity of character which no other re-union of this nature possesses. Celebrated individuals of every nation then meet for the purposes of literary or social intercourse, and for destroying those baneful prejudices which formerly set nations in array against each other, and perpetuated enmities which a more frank and cordial intercourse might have altogether prevented. At a recent meeting of this nature, we observed, natives of Britain, Russia, Poland, Denmark, Germany,

Switzerland, Dalmatia, Moldavia, Italy, Corfu, Greece, Spain, the Netherlands, &c., together with many Frenchmen. Learned men, in short, of every nation, then meet to communicate those ideas which may afterwards become the fruitful germ of civilization over far distant countries.

**Public Singers.**—An eminent vocalist, Brahman, has stood at the head of his profession longer than any tenor singer who preceded him. Incledon's voice broke down about five years after he came out in London, in one of his favourite songs, *Tom Bowling*, we think, which he would never afterward attempt; and, in our own day, Sapio, the most recent aspirant after *primo tenore* honours (unless we include Mr. Wood) is already thought to be on the wane.

**Mr. Martin, the Engraver.**—The Emperor of Russia, desirous of testifying his approbation of Mr. Martin's magnificent engravings of *Belshazzar's Feast* and *Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still*, has presented that celebrated Artist with a diamond ring of considerable value.

The well known archæologist Ciampi, in a dissertation which he communicated to the Italian Athenæum of Florence, maintains that the runic characters are but alterations of the Greek and Latin letters which were introduced by the Celts and Scandinavians returning from their wars with Rome.

## From Cradock's Memoirs.

**Controversy with Gibbon.**—About the time that every knight-errant was inclined to break a spear on the Gibbonian shield, Sir T. A. — was advised to enter the lists, and he informed me that he should engage in a controversy with Gibbon. "With Gibbon, Sir, about what, his fifteenth and sixteenth chapters?" "No, about his pump." At that time he was next door neighbour to Mr. Gibbon in Bentinck street, and there was a pump common to both premises, and some wits had furnished Sir Thomas with a learned dissertation on the subject. When he first wrote to Gibbon, the great historian sent for a workman, but he could find nothing that was amiss with the pump; but the first letter not obtaining an answer, Sir Thomas followed it up with a learned "Dissertation on the Origin of Pumps," and favoured me with the sight of some copy, which he said, "if he could obtain no full answer he should publish, and he was assured that it would sell." I told him, "I did not doubt it;" but being intimate with his lady's family, I earnestly entreated him to desist. He, however, pursued the persecution, till Gibbon became much annoyed. Some time after, I asked Sir Thomas what became of his controversy. "Oh!" says he, "Gibbon never dared to write an answer; he gave in, and only at last sent a message to desire 'that I would take the pump altogether, and do what I pleased with it.'" The Essay on the Pump was not ill drawn up either as to elegant style or historical information, whoever had been the writer of it.

**Proof Sheets.**—I particularly recollect, that when Goldsmith was near completing his "Natural History," he sent to Dr. Percy and me, to state that he wished not to return to town, from Windsor, I think, for a fortnight, if we would only complete a proof that lay upon his table in the Temple. It was concerning birds, and many books lay open that he occasionally consulted for his own materials. We met by appointment; and Dr. Percy, smiling, said, "Do you know any thing about birds?" "Not an atom," was my reply: "do you?" "Not I," says he, "scarce know a goose from a swan: however, let us try what we can do." We set to work, and our task was not very difficult. Some time after the work appeared, we compared notes, but could not either of us recognise our own share.

### Literary Intelligence.

Literature has its statistics. It has been calculated, that the purchasing material in France does not exceed eight thousand individuals. The receipts of the different theatres of Paris do not vary from one year to another more than two hundred thousand francs. The total is nearly the same; its partition alone is unequal. Hence it follows, that one theatre prospers only at the expense of its neighbour.

The Geographical Society, at Paris, consists of 348 members, and sends 22 travellers to Peru, Columbia, Chili, Persia, India, Thibet, Arabia, Georgia, Armenia, Nubia, Abyssinia, and Senegal, not to mention the Antilles, or a voyage round the world. It is now proposed to grant one or two annual prizes for geographical discoveries, and to receive, at the meetings, papers written in English, Spanish and Latin.

Mr. Hurwitz has presented to the University of London, a very valuable ancient Hebrew manuscript of the Pentateuch. It contains 220 columns written upon 47 skins. It was purchased about a year ago from the heirs of a Mr. Samuel Chai Ricco, a descendant of a Jewish family, which flourished in Italy some centuries ago, and gave birth to several learned men, whose works are still esteemed amongst the Jews. The form of the letters is evidently in the African and Spanish style, and the material upon which it is written is African skin, peculiarly prepared, being the substance denominated *gevil* in Rabbinical Hebrew, and on which only, according to the Talmud and Maimonides, was the law allowed to be written in ancient times. This circumstance proves the high antiquity of this manuscript, for almost all modern copies are written on *kelaif*, parchment. Mr. Hurwitz is of opinion, that it was written in the 11th or 12th century.

The posthumous work of Dr. Spix, on the shells of Brazil, has just appeared, edited by Drs. Schrank and Martius. It forms one of the volumes of the interesting series of works on the natural history of Brazil, undertaken at the expense of the late King of Bavaria, by Drs. Spix and Martius, who travelled for several years over these magnificent regions.

Dr. Bischof, of Eisenach, has just published a dictionary of nearly 3,500 words and expres-

sions used by the gipsies, with a German translation. These he collected with uncommon labour, from a number of gipsies who were confined in prison at Eisenach.

M. Jahn, of Copenhagen, has published a view of the military system of the northern nations, particularly the Danes, during the middle ages, till the invention of gunpowder; his work, however, is deficient in information respecting naval affairs.

The best of the Danish annuals appears to be the *Gefion*, edited by a lady named Eliza Beyer, an actress on the Copenhagen boards. She is ably supported by some of the first names in Danish literature, and she also judiciously adorns her pages with unpublished pieces of the older poets of Denmark.

The Norwegian press, is one of the least prolific in Europe. It does not send forth more works in a year than that of Denmark in a month. Its productions are for the greater part mere pamphlets.

The History of the War in the island of Cyprus (*Storia della guerra di Cipro*), by Paruta, the Venetian historian, has been lately republished at Sienna in one vol. 8vo. Paruta was a man of rank and office under the Venetian government, and contemporary with the events he describes. The valorous defence of the Venetians against the immense forces of Solim II., the murderous sieges of Nicosia and Famagosta, the cruelties of the Turks at the taking of the latter place, and the lamentable fate of the Venetian commander Bragadino, who after a capitulation signed by the Turkish Pacha, was by order of the latter *slayed alive* in the square of Famagosta, exhibit a frightful picture of Mahomedan ferocity, and a memorable instance of the little security afforded by the "Ottoman word of honour."

Nota, the celebrated comic poet of Italy, produced a new piece in April last at Turin. It is entitled *La Novella Sposa*; and although the author had concealed his name, he was generally recognised by the regularity of the plot, the truth of the characters, and the dialogue.

The Death-song of the Danish king Regnar Ladbrog, who, having been taken prisoner by the English, was thrown into a tower filled with serpents and venomous animals, and is supposed to have expired in the year 817, in the most dreadful torments, singing this wild and funeral song, has been published at Copenhagen, by M. Rafn—who has collated his copy with various manuscripts, added French and Latin translations, and accompanied the work with philological notes. This song is considered one of the most ancient productions of Icelandic literature.

The price of the translation of the history of Napoleon, by Sir Walter Scott, which was originally 54 francs at Paris, has fallen to 30 francs.

The same work has been reprinted in New York, in six volumes, and is sold for about half-a-guinea! [For "six" read three, and for "New York" read Philadelphia.]

It appears that the Cherokee Indians have formed a popular government, and adopted a

constitution similar in its principles to the constitutions of the American Union.

A new edition of the "Adventures of Naufagus," is in the press, and will be ready in a few weeks.

There will shortly appear a novel, in three volumes, entitled "The Croppies," the scene of which is of course laid in Ireland.

Mr. Gray, of the British Museum, has in the press *Spicelegia Zoologica*, consisting of coloured figures and short systematic descriptions of new and hitherto unfigured animals, with occasional synoptical monographs. The first number will very soon appear.

M. Frederick Degeorge has nearly ready for publication a work, in one volume 8vo., to be entitled, "Du Journalism en Angleterre," with the following motto from Voltaire:

"Nourri dans le serail, j'en connois les detours." This work will be published simultaneously in London and Paris.

The second series of *Chronicles of the Canonage*, in three volumes, is nearly ready.

Sir Walter Scott has also a volume of *Practical Essays on Gardening and Planting*, which will be published by Murray, next winter.

The first number of a literary work, entitled the *Harrovian*, and edited by a Harrow boy, is announced. Among other articles, it promises *Sketches of Contemporaries in the years 1825* —6—7.

Mr. Moore has it seems entered into an arrangement with Mr. Murray for the publication of a *Life of Lord Byron*, in consideration of the sum of 4,000 guineas. It may therefore be expected in the course of next season.

The celebrated Politz, assisted by many of the most eminent literati in the department of history, intends publishing an annual register for history and statistics for 1828.

A history of Bohemia, Hungary, and Austria is expected, from the pen of professor Schneller, of Freyburg.

Miss Edgeworth has far advanced in a novel called, "Taking for Granted."

It is intended to publish, at Halle, a *Corpus Reformatorum*, or complete collection of the Works of the Reformers; commencing with Melancthon, and continuing with Luther, Calvin, Zuinglius, and the minor Reformers. The celebrated Dr. Bretschneider is to be the editor. The works of every Reformer will be accompanied with a portrait, a fac-simile of his hand-writing, and a short account of his life, together with a supplement of literary matter, and a copious index.

Several of the minor German states have recently united in taking measures to prevent the piratical invasions of the rights of authors. Goethe, indeed, by the unanimous vote of the German people, is secured from all such invasions of his property; and the heirs of Schiller also enjoy a similar privilege for his works.

An interesting pamphlet has just been published in the Russian and German languages, under the title of "The Last Days of the Life

of his late Majesty, Alexander I." ornamented by a pretty view of the Port of Taganrog, and a plan of the Palace which the late Emperor Alexander and the Empress Elizabeth inhabited in that town. It contains many affecting particulars, derived from sources the authenticity of which appears to be unquestionable.

M. Kutschinskji, of Moscow, has published in Russian, a small work, entitled "A Village in Little Russia," which exhibits a romantic picture of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of that district, compared with those of Great Russia. The author has annexed some popular songs and pastoral poems.

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### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

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The Pomological Magazine, or coloured portraits, with history, &c. of the various fruits most worthy of cultivation for the dessert, &c. No. IV., 5s.

The British Farmer's Quarterly Magazine, exclusively devoted to agriculture and rural affairs. Plates, No. VI., 4s.

The Gardener's Remembrancer and Apian's Monthly Calendar, 7s.

### BIOGRAPHY.

Gregory's Memoirs of the late John Mason Good, &c. &c., M.D., F.R.S., 8vo. 16s., bds.

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Nouvelle Correspondance Politique et Administrative. Par J. Fievée. Première partie. Paris.



